# POEMS

## Affairs of State.

FROM

The Reign of K. James the First,
To this Present Year 1703.

Written by the Greatest Wits of the Age,

VIZ.

The Duke of Bucking-

The Earl of Rochester.

The Earl of D—t. Lord J—s.

Mr. Milton.

Mr. Marvel.

Mr. St. 7-1.

Mr. John Dryden.

Dr. G-th.

Mr. Toland.

Mr. Hughes.

Mr. F-e.

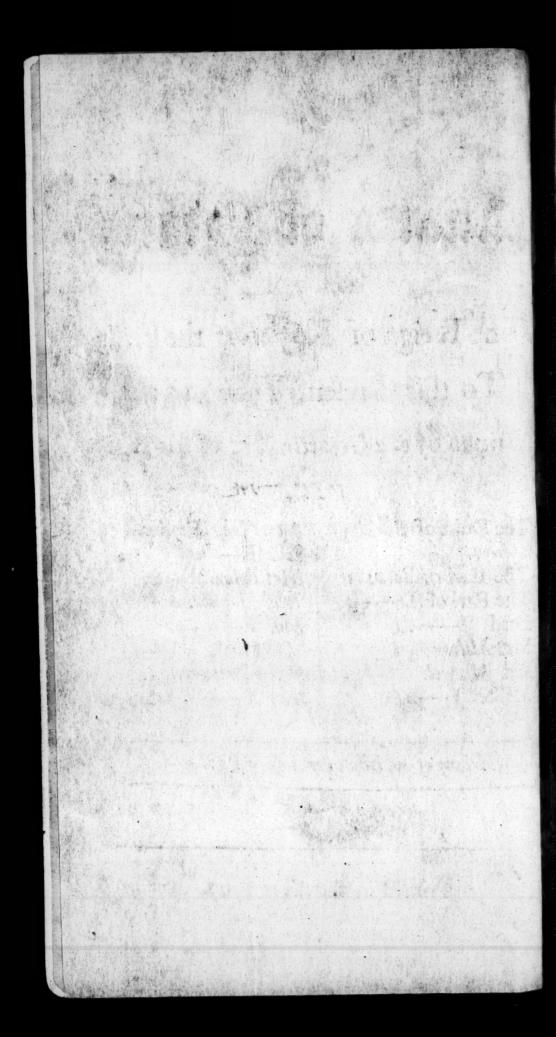
Mr. Finch.

Mr. Harcourt.

Mr. T---- 8, &c.

Many of which never before Publish'd.

Printed in the Year 170%



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#### The PREFACE:

her of the Subject required their being pre-

HERE having been published fome time since a Collection of State-Poems, from the time of Oliver Cromwel to the Abdication of the late K. James; and the same having met with a General Reception, notwithstanding several valuable Pieces both in Print and Manuscript had not come to the Publisher's hands; 'twas therefore thought sit to present the World with a Second Volume, that that Desect might be supplied.

This Collection, of which a great part never appear'd in Print, commences from the beginning of K. Charles the First's Reign, and comes down to this present Year 1703. It must be own'd, the Poems are not plac'd in an exact Chronological Order, as 'twas design'd they should be; but the Difficulty of getting them all together, gave occasion to the misplacing 'em. However, a transient View of the Table will in a great measure make amends for that, where the Authors of several of 'em, and the Time when written, are specified.

There are some Miscellany Poems, which at first may be thought improper to have been in this Collection; but 'tis hop'd the Publisher will

not be blam'd for inferting 'em, particularly the Historical ones, when 'tis observ'd, that they either come from Considerable Hands, or the Dignity of the Subject requir'd their being preferv'd.

The Reader need not be furpriz'd to find the Poems of all Partys; for therein the Publisher has shewn himself a faithful Collector, and that he is of no Party himself. Besides, the Design of Collections of this kind, is to assort some affistance to History; the Spirit of the several Parties in the Nation being to be discovered hereby, as much, if not more, than from any other fort of Writings.

All that remains to be faid, is, that the Difficulty of making a good Collection of Poems (not to mention the Charge, which would be at least ten times the Price of this Book) is a fufficient Argument of the Usefulness of this Defign.

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# A TABLE of all the PORMS contain'd in this Second Volume.

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/ / / /-

e

er at of des as

if-

ns at Hi-

F**	eduniació en	Aller.	a noil s	Challe.	Pag.
THE	oreigners,	by Mr.	T-1	1. Writt	en in the
1 Tear	1700.	. 50 .L	instrucció	11.01	1
The True-bo	orn English	oman, a	Satyr,	occasion'	d by the
foregoing	Poem. V	Vritten i	n the fam	e Year.	7
Elop at T	unbridg,	on a fi	ow select	Fables i	n Verse.
Written	in the Tear	1698.	Contain	ing the	following
Fables.	1		spunge:	eP LI	47
Fab. 1	. Fair W	rning.	they to	四、四	48
	. The Co			10. 101	49
Co	. The Ho	rie and	Ass.		ib.
4	. The Jud	igment o	f the Ap	e.	50
5	. The Hon	se and i	Man.		51
6	. The Bar	gain.	of the v	78.7	52
7	. The Fro	gs Comoe	rn.	NY , Q 1	54
	. A Man	and bis	AS.	20. 70	55.
	. The Wo	olf.	quiple.	2010	56
37	. The Pla	ntiff and	Defend	lant. s	ib.
	The Pig				57
CO DENT 2	. The Fari	mer and	the Har	9,	58
12	. Poetry it	Cure.	OTTO TY	137	60

3 ' 5

## Several other Fables on State Affairs, chiefly occasion'd by Esop at Tunbridg, viz.

Mark Street	The state of the s	
ab. 1.	The Fox and the Poultry.	/61
1 2.	The Poor Man and the Devil.	63
3.	The Farmer and the Badger.	64
4.	아들이 하나 있다면 그는 사람들이 아니라 하나 나는 사람들이 되었다면 하는데 그는 사람들이 되는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하	65
۲.	The Summons.	67
	The Interview.	68
	The Frogs Concern.	69
	The Lion and Fox.	71
	The Weefil, Rats and Mice.	72
	Lubberland.	74
	The Hawk and Birds.	75
	The Afylum.	76
	The other Members conspiring against	100
of only	with Belly. Soot was a state water	\$ 77
	The Spunge.	78
	Æsop sent to Bedlam.	79
	The Priest and Pears, occasion'd by	2
	Dr. Sh-'s taking the Oaths to K.	\$ 80
	. William o transport of T. A.	5
17.	The Owl and the Bat.	81
	The Sharper and the Cullies.	83
	The Wolf and Dogo	84
	The Apple and the Horfe-turd.	85
	The Pump. John Signature	86
RESERVED AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR	The Bear and the Bees.	87
	The Devil and the Priest, occasion'd by	
	the King of Spain's Will, made	<b>\$88</b>
	by Porto Carero	5
24	The Courtier.	92
	The Pilgrims.	93
	26.	- 21
56	£ 4	

The Table.	vii
26. The Confederates.	96
27. The Lions Treaty of Partition.	100
28. The Blind Woman and her Doctor,	, 101
29. The Satyrs Address.	102
30. The Farmer and his Dog.	104
A Copy of Verses written in the Year 1623. rela-	) miles
ting to many things that would happen to the	5105
Government of England. By Geo. Withers. With Notes thereupon.	
Another Copy by the same Author, written in	1
1628 de la commentante de la destaction de la contraction de la co	\$108
A Panegyrick upon Oates.	113
The Roundheads. The Roundheads.	115
Song Sweet and the state of the Tear Song	118
The Last Will and Testament of Anthony King	110
of Poland.	
The Combate. The town Miles of white with the	122
A Letter.	127
Rochester's Ghost, addressing himself to the Se-3 cretary of the Muses.	128
A Consolatory Epistle to Julian in his Confine-	
ment. a sobvid way 1 201 m water	132
A Riddle.	133
To Julian, Secretary of the Muses.	135
A Satyr upon the Poets, being a Translation of the	
7th Satyr of Juvenal.	138
Letter to C - Walle Lands of Salimilla the la	143
The Female Laureat.	146
Advice to a Painter, upon the Defeat of the Rebels	
in the West, and the Execution of the late	148
Duke of Monmouth was well and it is	
Madam Le Croy.	152
The Lovers Session, in Imitation of Sir John 3 Suckling's Session of Poets.	156
Dr. Wild's Ghost, on King James's Declaration 1	0
for Liberty of Conscience.	- 166
The Renegado Poet.	168
7	The

The

### The Table.

The Tribe of Levi, written about the Year 1689.	169
Clito, a Poem on the Force of Eloquence, by Mr.	)
Toland. Written about the Year 1700-	7 779
Some Verses sent to one who had twice ventur'd	
his Carcase in Marriage.	18
Signior Dildoe, by the Earl of Rochester.	18
The Incouragement, by the same Author.	00,19
The Commons Petition to the King, with the	1
King's Answer, by the same Author.	192
A Satyr by the E. of Rochester, which K.	Mila
X Charles took out of his Pocket.	- ib
An Epitaph on a Stumbling-Horse, written by	
Mr. L-s. Pound more bringer	19
Ad Populum Phalera, or the Twin-Shams, by	2
the same Author. Written about the Year	
1600. A Vacdin A material Plan Ten ha	A Acti
The Campaign, 1692.	203
A Satyr, written when the King went into Flan-	lo ver
ders, and left nine Lords fulfices.	
A Prophecy which had been in Manuscript in the	2
Lord POWIS S FAMILY TOT ADDUCT DO LEGIC.	10,1000
An Epitaph on the E. of R- s being dismist	ko 3 k
the Treasury in 1687. by Mr. Dryden.	310
King James to bimfelf, by Mr. D-n.	ig ib.
On the Duke of Bucks, by Min. D-un.	216
Prologue to Sir John Falkaff, rifing flowly to foft	218
Mulick. Jenoval to want	Jan I
To the Lords affembled in Council, the Humble Pe-	Leiser
ration of 1 om. Brown.	通 数十二条
To Mr. Dryden, upon his declaring bimself a	devis
Roman Catholick Man And San ban And Sa	NE
Upon Mr. Neal's projecting new Taxos and to so	N 223
Dr. Hans Diffected in a Familiar Epiftle, by way	/ Awels
lotters , Sellion, in Initiational que Solo Pors	1 30 T
A Poem on the Death of his Highness the Duke of ?	, Suc
and the contract of the state o	V W
A Description of Mr. Dryden's Famorales grade I	10229
CO Let 1	and at

9

8

I

12

b.

15

17

3

13

5

b.

6

8

20

21

23

24

47

29

On the Divorces by Parliament.	272
Some Verses found in the Ruins of the Privy Garden, which were carried to the Gentle-	273
man Osher, written in a Scroll of Parchment. The Life and Actions of that Valiant Hero, Ro-	
bert Blake Esq; General of the Forces of the	KA :
Commonwealth of England, from the Year?	174
1649 to 1657. when he died in Plimouth	1941
Sound, much lamented. An Historical Poem.	G AU
The Mock-Mourners, a Satyr, by way of Elegy?	201
on King William.	
The Whim, dedicated to two Kings, that of Ma-	300
drid and that of St. Germains.	(E-W)
In Germanos ab alto ad Veronam, & ex imo in Cremonam prodeuntes.	311
The same in English.	
A Prologue defign'd for Tamerlane, but never	00
Spoke. Written by Dr. G-th.	, 1b.
To the French King.	313
On King William.	
The Ghast of K.C. II. Written about the Year 1692.	M. T
The Mourners found in the Streets, 1702.	320
The Counterpart.	ib.
On Sir John Fenwick.	
An Allusion to the 7th Epode of Horace, 1690.7	
Quo, quo scelesti ruitis, &c.	
A Song, 1696. 20-41 and any of TED ve dies & South	323
The House of Nassaw, a Pindarick Ode, by Mr. 2	A e Y
John Hughes, 1702.	325
Reformation of Manners, a Satyr, 1702.	338
The Playbouse, a Satyr, by T. G. Gent.	374
The Dream, to Sir Charles Duncomb, written by ]	378
Mr. Gold.	3/0
The British Muse, a Satyr, occasion'd by all the	
Fulfom Elegies and Poems that have been writ-	387
ten on the Death of the late K. James, 1701.	
By Mr. T—n.	0

	The Table.	<b>Zi</b>
2	On the Promoted Bishops, 1691.  A Ballad on the Confederates, in Imitation of Rat-2	395
3	cliff Ramble. And git Assert and to memory of	397
,	ACurfe, 1690.	398
	Answer to the Prophecy, As when the Knight,	399
4	On the Exchequer Bills.	400
4	A Ballad on the Poll-Act.	ib.
34	on the Earl of Castlemain's Embassy to Rome?	401
I	in K. James the Second's Reign, 1687.	402
T	On the Lord-Chief Justice Treby's Death, 1700.]	404
9	in Latin. On K. VVilliam's Statue at Dublin, in memory	
I 1	of the Victory at the Boyne, July the ist. >	ib.
12		
ib.	On the Countess of Dor	405
	A Pfalm fung the 30th of Jan. 1696. at the C-s	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
13		
17	An Answer to a Jacobite Panegyrick upon Sorrel.	408
20	On the Expedition to Cales under the Duke of Cormond.	409
ib. 21	Several Copys of Verses on ber Majesty and the	inO
NO I	Prince's coming to Oxford, 1702.	10.
22	The first by Mr. Harcourt, Son to Sir Si- mon Harcourt, her Majesty's Sollicitor	
323	General; addrest to the Queen at her co-	411
0 2	ming to Christ-Church.	
325	To the Prince at his coming to Christ-Church, spoke by Mr. Cowslade.	412
338	To the Queen at Supper, Spoke by Mr. Finch,	
374	Son to the Honourable Heneage Finch	413
378	To the Queen going to Bed, spoke by Mr. 7	
	Pultney.	
387	On the Duke of Ormand's Success at Vigo, 1702	. 415
0		On
On		"

A Poem in Defence of the Church of England; in opposition to the Hind and Panther, written by Mr. John Dryden.

On K. VVIlliam the Third.

non Harcourt, boy Resigly's Soliestor
General, address to the Societ at her coming to Christo Church
To the Prince as his commerts Christo Church
Rote by Nr. Cowslad Arthur

the Human Bask III store

The first by Mr. Harcourt, Son to Sir Si

To the green going to Red The to De.

To the Othern of Suday Come of the

Vol. II. T OCE 1105 ON But fill refair'd to fullt on Foreign Shelves. 116 Rather than venture once, 417 To find a King their Freedoms Of one for mighty Actions famild the re told. Profoundly Wile, and difference 419 Skilfin War, Saccelful Mil 420 St Was Back of Was a charges co well to fleer the Ship of State in Peace, 422 ve approaching to their fight, Him chey appro ONG time had Ifrael been difus'd from Reft, 426 Long had they been by Tyrants fore opprest; 428 Kings of all forts they ignorantly crav'd, And grew more stupid as they were enslav'd: 432 Yet want of Grace they impioully disown'd, And still like Slaves beneath the Burden groan'd: 438 With languid Eyes their Race of Kings they view, The Bad too many, and the Good too few; 441 Some rob'd their Houses, and destroy'd their Lives, Ravish'd thein Daughters, and debauch'd their Wives; 445 Prophan'd the Alters with polluted Loves, And worthin'd idols in the Woods and Groves 467 To Foreign Macions next they have recourse 468 Striving to mend, they made their State much worfe. They first from Hebron all their Plagues did bring, Cramm'd in the Single Person of a King; From whose base Loins ten thousand Evils flow Which by Succession they must undergo.
Yet sense of Native Freedom still remains.
They free and grunible underneath their Chains; Incens'd, enrag'd, their Pallion does arife, IE Till at his Palace Gate their Monarch dies This Glorious Feat was by the Fathers done, Whose Children next depos'd his Tyrant Son, Made him, like Cain, a murd rous Wanderer Both of his Crimes, and of his Fortunes thare.

But still resolv'd to split on Foreign Shelves, Rather than venture once to trust Themselves, To Foreign Courts and Councils do refort, To find a King their Freedoms to support : Of one for mighty Actions fam'd the're told, Profoundly Wife, and desperately Bold, Skilful in War, Successful still in Fight, Had vanquish'd Hosts, and Armies put to flight; And when the Storms of War and Battels cease, Knew well to steer the Ship of State in Peace. Him they approve, approaching to their fight, Lov'd by the Gods, of Mankind the Delight. The numerous Tribes refort to fee him land, Cover the Beach, and blacken all the Strand; With loud Huzza's they welcome him on Thore, And for their Bleffing do the Gods implore.

The Sanhedrim conven'd, at length debate
The sad Condition of their drooping State,
And Sinking Church, just ready now to drown;
And with one Shout they do the Hero crown.

Ah Happy Ifrael! had there never come Into his Councils crafty Knaves at home, In combination with a Foreign Brood, Sworn Foes to Ifrael's Rights and Ifrael's Good Who impionfly foment intestine fars, Exhaust our Treasure, and prolong our Wars; Make Israel's People to themselves a Prey, Mislead their King, and steal his Heart away: United Interests thus they do divide, do lo The State declines by Avarice and Pride; Like Beafts of Prey they ravage all the Land, Acquire Preferments, and usurp Command The Foreign Inmates the Housekeepers spoil, And drain the Moisture of our fruitful Soil. If to our Monarch there are Honours due, Yet what with Gibeonites have we to do? When Foreign States employ'em for their Food, To draw their Water, and to hew their Wood. Wha What Mushroom Honours does our Soil afford!
One day a Begger and the next a Lord.
What dastard Souls do Jewish Nobles wear!
The Commons such Affronts would never bear.
Let no Historian the sad Stories tell
Of thy base Sons, O servile Israel!
But thou, my Muse, more Generous and Brave,
Shalt their black Crimes from dark Oblivion save;
To suture Ages shalt their Sins disclose,
And brand with Insamy thy Nation's Foes.

A Country lies, due East from Judah's Shoar, Where stormy Winds and noify Billows roar; A Land much differing from all other Soils, Forc'd from the Sea, and buttress'd up with Piles. No marble Quarrys bind the fpungy Ground, But Loads of Sand and Cockle-shells are found: Its Natives void of Honesty and Grace, A Bootish, brude, and an inhumane Race; From Nature's Excrement their Life is drawn, Are born in Bogs, and nourish'd up from Spawn. Their hard-smoak'd Beef is their continual Meat, Which they with Rusk, their Inscious Manna, eat. Such Food with their chill Stomachs best agrees, They fing Hofannah to a Mare's-milk Cheefe. To supplicate no God, their Lips will move; Who speaks in Thunder like Almighty Jove, But watry Deities they do invoke, Who from the Marshes most Divinely croak, Their Land, as if asham'd their Crimes to see, Dives down beneath the Surface of the Sea. Neptune, the God who does the Seas command; Ne'er stands on Tip toe to descry their Land; But seated on a Billow of the Sea, With Ease their humble Marshes does survey. These are the Vermin do our State molest; Eclipse our Glory, and diffurb our Rest.

BENTIR in the Inglorious Roll the first, Butir to this and future Ages curst, B 2

Wha

Of

Of mean Descent, yet insolently proud, Shun'd by the Great, and hated by the Crowd; Who neither Blood nor Parentage can boaft, And what he got the Jewish Nation lost: By lavish Grants whole Provinces he gains, Made forfeit by the Jewish Peoples Pains; Till angry Sanhedrims fuch Grants refume, world And from the Peacock take each borrow'd Plume. Why should the Gibeonites our Land engross, And aggrandize their Fortunes with our Loss? Let them in foreign States proudly command, They have no Portion in the Promis'd Land, Which immemorially has been decreed To be the Birth-right of the Jewish Seed. How ill does Bentir in the Head appear Of Warriours, who do Jewish Ensigns bear, By fuch we're grown e'en scandalous in War. Our Fathers Trophies wore, and oft could well How by their Swords the mighty Thousands fell; What mighty Deeds our Grandfathers had done. What Battels fought, what Wreaths of Honour won: Thro the extended Orb they purchas'd Fame, The Nations trembling at their Awful Name: Such wondrous Heroes our Fore-fathers were, When we, base Souls ! but Pigmies are in War : By Foreign Chieftains we improve in Skill; We learn how to intrench, not how to kill: For all our Charge are good Proficients made In using both the Pickax and the Spade. But in what Field have we a Conquest wrought? In Ten Years War what Battel have we fought? If we a Foreign Slave may use in War, Yet why in Council should that Slave appear?

If we a Foreign Slave may use in War, Yet why in Council should that Slave appear? If we with Jewish Treasure make him great, Must it be done to undermine the State? Where are the Antient Sages of Renown? No Magi left, sit to advise the Crown? Must we by Foreign Councils be undone?

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Unhappy Israel, who such Measures takes,
And seeks for Statesmen in the Bogs and Lakes;
Who speak the Language of most abject Slaves,
Under the Conduct of our Jewish Knaves.
Our Hebrew's murder'd in their hoarser Throats;
How ill their Tongues agree with Jewish Notes!
Their untun'd Prattle does our Sense confound,
Which in our Princely Palaces does sound;
The self-same Language the old Serpent spoke,
When misbelieving Eve the Apple took;
When misbelieving Eve the Apple took;
Of our first Mother why are we asham'd,
When by the self-same Rhetorick we are damn'd?
But Bentir, not content with such Command,

To canton out the Jewish Nation's Land; He does extend to other Coasts his Pride, And other Kingdoms into Parts divide: Unhappy Hiram! dismal is thy Song; Tho born to Empire, thou art ever young ! Ever in Nonage, canil no Right transfer: But who made Bentir thy Executor? What mighty Power does Ifrael's Land afford? What Power has made the famous Bentir Lord? The Peoples Voice, and Sanhedrim's Accord. Are not the Rights of People still the same? Did they e'er differ in or Place or Name? Have not Mankind on equal Terms still stood, Without Distinction, since the mighty Flood? And have not Hiram's Subjects a free Choice To chuse a King by their united Voice? If Ifrael's People cou'd a Monarch chule, A living King at the same time refuse; That Hiram's People, shall it e'er be said, Have not the Right of Choice when he is dead? When no Successor to the Crown's in light. The Crown is certainly the Peoples Right. If Kings are made the People to enthral,

We had much better have no King at all:

But Kings, appointed for the Common Good,
Always as Guardians to their People stood.
And Heaven allows the People sure a Power
To chuse such Kings as shall not them devour:
They know full well what best will serve themselves,
How to avoid the dangerous Rocks and Shelves.

Unthinking Ifrael! Ah henceforth beware
How you entrust this faithless Wanderer!
He who another Kingdom can divide,
May set your Constitution soon aside,
And o'er your Liberties in Triumph ride.
Support your Rightful Monarch and his Crown,
But pull this proud, this croaking Mortal down.

Proceed, my Muse; the Story next relate Of Keppech the Imperious Chit of State, Mounted to Grandeur by the usual Courfe Of Whoring, Pimping, or a Crime that's worse Of Foreign Birth, and undescended too, Yet he, like Bentir, mighty Feats can do. He robs our Treasure, to augment his State, And Jewish Nobles on his Fortunes wait: Our ravish'd Honours on his Shoulder wears, And Titles from our Antient Rolls he tears. Was e'er a prudent People thus befool'd, By upftart Foreigners thus basely gull'd? Ye Jewish Nobles, boast no more your Race, Or facred Badges did your Fathers grace! In vain is Blood, or Parentages, when Ribbons and Garters can ennoble Men. To Chivalry you need have no recourse, The gawdy Trappings make the Ass a Horse. No more, no more your Antient Honours own, By flavish Gibeonites you are outdone: Or else your Antient Courage reassume, And to affert your Honours once prefume; From off their Heads your ravish'd Lawrels tear, And let them know what Tewish Nobles are.

to

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The

#### The True-Born Englishman

## ASATYR.

#### An Explanatory Preface.

It is not that I see any Reason to alter my Opinion in any thing I have writ, which occasions this Epistle; but I find it necessary for the satisfaction of some Persons of Honour, as well as Wit, to pass a short Explication upon it, and tell the World what I mean, or rather what I do not mean, in some things

wherein I find I am liable to be mif-understood.

I confess my felf something surprized to bear that I am tax'd with Bewraying my Own Nest, and Abusing our Nation, by Discovering the Meanness of our Original, in order to make the English contemptible abroad and at bome; in which, I think, they are mistaken: For why should not our Neighbours be as good as We to Derive from? And I must add, That had we been an unmix'd Nation, I am of opinion it had been to our Disadvantage: For to go no farther, we have three Nations about us as clear from Mixtures of Blood as any in the World, and I know not which of them I could wish our selves to be like; I mean the Scots, the Welsh and Irish: and if I were to write a Reverse to the Satyr, I would examine all the Nations of Europe, and prove, That these Nations which are most mix'd, are the best, and have least of Barbarism and Brutality among them; and abundance of Reasons might be given for it, too long to bring into a Preface. es are open to punch their cour

But I give this Hint, to let the World know, that I am far from thinking 'tis a Satyr upon the English Nation, to tell them, They are derived from all the Nations under Heaven; that is, from several Nations. Nor isit meant to undervalue the Original of the English, for we see no reason to like them worse, being the Relicks of Romans, Danes, Saxons and Normans, than we should ha' done, if they had remain'd Britains, that is, than if they had been all Welshmen.

But the Intent of the Satyr is pointed at the Vanity of those who talk of their Antiquity, and value themselves upon their Pedigree, their Antient Families, and being True Born; whereas 'tis impossible we should be True Born; and if we could, should have lost by the Bar-

gain white

These fort of People, who call themselves True Born, and tell long Stories of their Families, and like a Nobleman of Venice, think a Foreigner ought not to walk on the same side of the Street with them, are own'd to be meant in this Satyr. What they would infer from their long Original, I know not, nor is it easie to make out whether they are the better, or the worse for their Anceftors: Our English Nation may value themselves for their Wit, Wealth and Courage, and I believe few Nations will dispute it with them; but for long Originals, and Antient True Born Families of English, I would advise them to wave the Discourse. A True English Man is one that deserves a Character, and I have no where lessened bim, that I know of; but as for a True Born English Man, I confest I do not understand bim.

From bence I only infer, That an English Man of all Men ought not to despise Foreigners as such; and I think the Inference is just, since what they are to day, we were yesterday, and to morrow they will be like us. If Foreigners mishehave in their several Stations and Employments, I have nothing to do with that; the Laws are open to punish them equally with Natives, and let them have no Favour.

But

#### An Explanatory Preface.

But when I see the Town full of Lampoons and Investives against Dutchmen, only because they are Foreigners, and the King Reproached and Insulted by Insolent Pedants, and Ballad-making Poets, for employing Foreigners, and for being a Foreigner himself; I confess my self mov'd by it to remind our Nation of their own Original, thereby to let them see what a Banter is put upon our selves in it. fince speaking of Englishmen ab Origine, we are really all

Foreigners our selves.

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I could go on to prove 'tis alfo Impolitick in us to difcourage Foreigners; since 'tis easie to make it appear that the multitudes of Foreign Nations who have took Sancfuary here, have been the greatest Additions to the Wealth and Strength of the Nation; the great Essential whereof is the number of its Inhabitants: Nor would this Nation have ever arriv'd to the Degree of Wealth and Glory it now boasts of, if the addition of Foreign Nations, both as to Manufactures and Arms, had not been helpful to it. This is fo plain, that he who is ignorant of it, is too dull to be talk'd with.

The Satyr therefore I must allow to be just, till I am othermise convinc'd; because nothing can be more ridiculous, than to bear our People boast of that Antiquity, which if it had been true, would have left us in so much worse a Condition than we are in now: Whereas we ought rather to boast among our Neighbours, that we are a part of themselves, of the same Original as they, but better'd by our Climate, and like our Language and Manufactures, deriv'd from them, and improv'd by us to a Perfection

greater than they can pretend to.

This we might have valued our selves upon without Vanity: But to disown our Descent from them, talk big of our Antient Families, and long Originals, and stand at a distance from Foreigners, like the Enthusiast in Religion, with a Stand off, I am more holy than thou: This is a thing so ridiculous, in a Nation deriv'd from Foreigners as we are, that I could not but attack them as I bave done.

And whereas I am threatn'd to be call'd to a publick Account for this Freedom; and the Publisher of this has been News-paper'd into Goal already for it; tho I see nothing in it for which the Government can be displeased; yet if at the same time those People who with an Unlimited Arrogance in Print, every day Affront the King, Prescribe the Parliament, and Lampoon the Government, may be either Punished or Restrained, I am content to stand and fall by the Publick Justice of my Native Country, which I am not sensible I have any where injur'd.

Nor would I be misunderstood concerning the Clergy; with whom if I have taken any Licence more than becomes a Satyr, I question not but those Gentlemen, who are Men of Letters, are also Men of so much Candor, as to allow me a Loose at the Crimes of the Guilty, without thinking the whole Profession lash'd, who are Innocent. I profess to have very mean Thoughts of those Gentlemen who have deserted their own Principles, and expos'd even their Morals as well as Loyalty; but not at all to think

it affects any but such as are concern'd in the Fact.

Nor would I be mis-represented as to the Ingratitude of the English to the King and his Friends; as if I meant the English as a Nation, are so. The contrary is so apparent, that I wou'd hope it shou'd not be suggested of me: And therefore when I have brought in Britannia speaking of the King, I suppose Her to be the Representative and Mouth of the Nation, as a Body. But if I say we are full of such who daily affront the King, and abuse his Friends; who print Scurrilous Pamphlets, Virulent Lampoons, and reproachful publick Banters, against both the King's Person and his Government; I say nothing but what is too true: and that the Satyr is directed at such, I freely own; and cannot say, but I should think it very bard to be Censur'd for this Satyr, while such remain Unquestion'd, and tacitly approv'd. That I can mean none but such, is plain from these few Lines:

Ye Heavens regard! Almighty Jove look down, And view thy Injur'd Monarch on the Throne. On their Ungrateful Heads due Vengeance take, Who fought his Aid, and then his Part for fake.

If I have fallen rudely upon our Vices, I hope none but the Vicious will be angry. As for Writing for Interest, I disown it; I have neither Place nor Pension, nor Prospect; nor seek none, nor will have none: If matter of Fact justifies the Truth of the Crimes, the Satyr is Just. As to the Poetick Liberties, I hope the Crime is Pardonable: I am content to be ston'd provided none will attack me but the Innocent.

If my Country-Men would take the Hint, and grow better-Natur'd from my ill-Natur'd Poem, as fome call it; I would say this of it, that the 'tis far from the best Satyr that ever was Wrote, 'twould do the most Good

that ever Satyr did.

And yet I amready to ask Pardon of some Gentlemen too; who tho they are English-men, have good nature enough to see themselves Reprovid, and can bear it. These are Gentlemen in a true Sense, that can bear to be told of their Faux Pas, and not abuse their Reprover. To such I must say, this is no Satyr; they are Exceptions to the General Rule; and I value my Performance from their Generous Approbation, more than I can from any Opinion I have of its Worth.

The hasty Errors of my Verse I have made my Excuse for; and since the time I have been upon it has been but little, and my Leisure less, I have all along strove rather to make the Thoughts Explicite, than the Poem Correct. However, I have mended some Faults in this Editi-

on, and the rest must be plac'd to my account.

while an Homes Drunkers i cliow is a Character in a Mara Praise? All our Resions are Bunters and will no so, till our Magifrates and Centry resident them fives by way of Example and a can relation, they may be a refer to punch others with

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#### To the Reader.

THE End of Satyr is Reformation: And the Author, tho he doubts the Work of Conversion is at a General Stop, has put his Hand to the Plow.

I expect a Storm of Ill Language from the Fury of the Town, and especially from those whose English Talent it is to Rail: and without being taken for a Conjurer, I may venture to foretel, That I shall be cavil'd at about my Mean Stile, Rough Verse, and Incorrest Language; things I might indeed have taken more Care in. But the Book is Printed; and tho I see some Faults, 'tis too late to mend them: And this is all I think needful to say to them.

Possibly somebody may take me for a Dutchman, in which they are mistaken: But I am one that would be glad to see Englishmen behave themselves better to Strangers, and to Governors also; that one might not be reproach'd in Foreign Countries for belonging to a Nation that wants Man-

ners.

I assure you, Gentlemen, Strangers use us better abroad; and we can give no reason but our Ill-Nature

for the contrary here.

Methinks an Englishman, who is so proud of being call'd A Goodsellow, shou'd be Civil: And it cannot be denied but we are in many Cases, and particularly to Strangers, the Churlishest People alive.

As to Vices, who can dispute our Intemperance, whilst an Honest Drunken Fellow is a Character in a Mans Praise? All our Reformations are Banters, and will be so, till our Magistrates and Gentry reform themselves by way of Example; then, and not till then, they may be expected to punish others without Blushing.

As

As to our Ingratitude, I defire to be understood of that particular People, who pretending to be Protestants, have all along endeavour'd to reduce the Liberties and Religion of this Nation into the Hands of King James and his Popish Powers: Together with such who enjoy the Peace and Protection of the present Government, and yet abuse and affront the King who procur'd it, and openly profess their Uneafiness under him: These, by whatsoever Names or Titles they are dignified, or diftingnish'd, are the People aim'd at. Nor do I disown, but that it is so much the Temper of an Englishman to abuse his Benefactor, that I could be glad to see it recmake Men Knaves in cobohit

They who think I have been guilty of any Error, in exposing the Crimes of my own Countrymen to themselves, may among many honest Instances of the like nature, find the same thing in Mr. Cowly, in his Imitation of the fecond Olympick Ode of Pindar: His words are thefe; of him at a received to I

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But in this Thankless World, the Givers Are envy'd even by th' Receivers : 'Tis now the Cheap and Frugal Fashion, Rather to hide than pay an Obligation. Nay 'tis much worse than Jo; It now an Artifice doth grow, Alle bat A Wrongs and Outrages to do, Left Men should think we Owe.

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The Rolling Spart constabout again. Library Brain Brain Com all all and the While they their own, it will select the Who as the Wara Cave in definition And no was falling out with onbaneth

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mer and his Panh Power Peak, Satyr; for there's none can tell like thee, Whether tis Folly, Pride, or Knavery, That makes this discontented Land appear Lefs happy now in Times of Peace, than War: Why Civil Feuds diffurb the Nation more to come Than all our Bloody Wars have done before. Fools out of Favour grudg at Knaves in Place, And Men are always bonest in Disgrave forisness ein stud The Court Preferments make Men Knaves in course! But they who woold be in them would be worfe. Tis not at Foreigners that werepined anilogy on Won'd Foreigners their Perquifites refign : avialmod The Grand Contention's plainly to be feen a sail and To get some Men put out, and Tome put in the For this our S - rs make long Harangues low all And florid M-rs whet their polifi'd Tongues. Statesmen are always fick of one Disease; And a good Penfion gives them prefent Eafe. That's the Specifick makes them all content With any King and any Government. Good Patriots at Court-Abuses rail, And all the Nation's Grievances bewail: But when the Sov'reign Balfam's once apply'd, The Zealot never fails to change his Side : And when he must the Golden Key relign, The Railing Spirit comes about again. Who shall this Bubbl'd Nation disabuse, While they their own Felicities refuse? Who at the Wars have made such mighty Pother, And now are falling out with one another: With needless Fears the Jealous Nation fill, And always bave been fav'd against their Will :

Who fifty Millions Sterling have disburs'd,
To be with Peace and too much Plenty curs'd:
Who their Old Monarch eagerly undo,
And yet uneafily obey the New.
Search, Satyr, fearch; a deep Incision make;
The Poison's strong, the Antidote's too weak.
Tis pointed Truth must manage this Dispute,
And down-right English Englishmen consute.

Whet thy just Anger at the Nation's Pride; And with keen Phrase repel the Vicious Tide. To Englishmen their own beginnings show, And ask them why they slight their Neighbours so. Go back to elder Times and Ages past, And Nations into long Oblivion cast; To old Britannia's Youthful Days retire, And there for True-Born Englishmen enquire. Britannia freely will disown the Name, And hardly knows her felf from whence they came : Wonders that They of all Men shou'd pretend To Birth and Blood, and for a Name contend. Goback to Caufes where our Follies dwell, And fetch the dark Original from Hell: Speak, Satyr, for there's none like thee can tell. On thele the Colden Mines of Alexnost

## The True-Born Englishman.

### So proud a Pearle, T. Roy Recti

Here ever God erects a House of Prayer,
The Devils always builds a Chappel there:
And 'twill be found upon Examination,
The latter has the largest Congregation:
For ever since he first debauch'd the Mind,
He made a perfect Conquest of Mankind.

With Uniformity of Service, he Reigns with a general Aristocracy, No Nonconforming Sects difturb his Reign, For of his Yoke there's very few Complain. He knows the Genius and the Inclination. And matches proper Sins for ev'ry Nation. He needs no Standing-Army Government ; He always Rules us by our own Confent: His Laws are easie, and his gentle Sway. Makes it exceeding pleafant to obey. The Lift of his Vice-gerents and Commanders Out-does your Cafars, or your Alexanders. They never fail of his Infernal Aid, 1961 of and do And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd. quite in had Thro' all the World they spread his vast Command And Death's Eternal Empire is maintain'd. They rule fo politickly and forwell, visit him to As if they were Latter I am of Hell bran bas Duly divided to debauch Mankind, I and are how And plant Infernal Dictates in his Minding and a of

Pride the first Peer, and President of Hell; To his share Spain, the largest Province, fell: The subtile Prince thought sittest to bestow. On these the Golden Mines of Mexico; With all the Silver Mountains of Peru; Wealth which would in wise bands the World undo: Because he knew their Genius was such; Too Lazy and too Haughty to be Rich.

So proud a People, so above their Fate, That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in State. Lavish of Money, to be counted Brave, And proudly starve, because they scorn to save. Naver was Nation in the World before, So very Rich, and yet so very Poor.

Lust chose the Torrid Zone of Italy,
Where Blood ferments in Rapes and Sodomy:
Where swelling Veins o'erflow with livid Streams
With Heat impregnate from Vesuvian Flames:

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Whose flowing Sulphur forms Infernal Lakes,
And humane Body of the Soil partakes.
There Nature ever burns with hot Desires,
Fann'd with Luxuriant Air from Subterranean Fires:
Here undisturb'd in Floods of scalding Lust,
Th' Infernal King reigns with Infernal Gust.

Drunk'nness, the Darling Favorite of Hell,
Chose Germany to Rule; and Rules so well,
No Subjects more obsequiously obey,
None please so well or are so pleas'd as they.
The cunning Artist manages so well,
He lets them bow to Heav'n and drink to Hell.
If but to Wine and him they Homage pay,
He cares not to what Deity they pray,
What God they worship most, or in what way:
Whether by Luther, Calvin, or by Rome,
They sail for Heav n, by Wine he steers them home.

Ungovern'd Passion settled first in France,
Where Mankind lives in Hast, and thrives by chance,
A Dancing Nation, Fickle and Untrue:

Have oft undone themselves and others too: Prompt the Infernal Dictates to Obey,

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And in Hell's Favour none more great than they.

The Pagan World he blindly leads away,
And personally rules with Arbitrary Sway:
The Mask thrown off, Plain Devil his Title stands;
And what elsewhere he Tempts, he there Commands.
There with full Gust th' Ambition of his Mind
Governs, as he of old in Heav'n design'd.
Worship'd as God, his Painim Altars smoke,
Embru'd with Blood of those that him Invoke.

The rest by Deputies he rules as well, And plants the distant Golonies of Hell. By them his secret Power he maintains, And binds the World in his Infernal Chains.

By Zeal the Irifh; and the Rush by Folly: Fury the Dane: The Swede by Melancholy:

By stupid Ignorance, the Muscovite:
The Chinese by a Child of Hell, call'd Wit;
Wealth makes the Persian too Esseminate:
And Poverty the Tartars Desperate:
The Turks and Moors by Mah'met he subdues:
And God has giv'n him leave to rule the Jews:
Rage rules the Portuguese, and Fraud the Scotch,
Revenge the Pole, and Avarice the Dutch.

Satyr be kind, and draw a filent Veil, Thy Native England's Vices to conceal: Or if that Task's impossible to do, At least be just, and show her Virtues too; Too Great the first, Alas! the last too Few.

Happy, had she remain'd so to this day,
And not to every Nation been a Prey.
Her Open Harbours, and her Fertile Plains,
The Merchants Glory these, and those the Swains,
To ev'ry Barbarous Nation have betray'd her,
Who Conquer her as oft as they Invade her.
So Beauty guarded but by Innocence,
That ruins her which should be her Desence.

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Ingratitude, a Devil of Black Renown,
Posses'd her very early for his own.
An Ugly, Surly, Sullen, Selfish Spirit,
Who Satan's worst Perfections does Inherit:
Second to him in Malice and in Force,
All Devil without, and all within him Worse.

He made her First-born Race to be so rude,
And suffer'd her to be so oft subdu'd:
By sev'ral Crowds of wandring Thieves o'er-run,
Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone.
While ev'ry Nation that her Powers reduc'd,
Their Languages and Manners introduc'd;
From whose mix'd Relicks our compounded Breed,
By Spurious Generation does succeed;
Making a Race uncertain and unev'n,
Deriv'd from all the Nations under Heav'n.

The Romans first with Julius Casar came, Including all the Nations of that Name, Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards; and by Computation, Auxiliaries, or Slaves of every Nation.

With Hengist, Saxons; Danes with Sueno came, In search of Plunder, not in search of Fame.

Soots, Pitts, and Irish from th' Hibernian Shore:

And Conqu'ring William brought the Normans o'et.

All these their barbarous Off-spring lest behind, The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind: Blended with Britons who before were here, of whom the Welsh ha' blest the Character.

From this Amphibious Ill-born Mob began
That vain ill-natur'd thing, an Englishman.
The Customs, Sir-names, Languages, and Manners,
Of all these Nations are their own Explainers:
Whose Relicks are so lasting and so strong,
They've lest a Shibboleth upon our Tongue;
By which with easy search you may distinguish
Your Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman English.

\*Wm.the The great invading \*Norman let us know What Conquerors in after-Times might do. To ev'ry \* Musqueteer he brought to Town, \*Or Archer. He gave the Lands which never were his own. When first the English Crown he did obtain, he did not fend his Dutchmen home again. No Reassumptions in his Reign were known, "Avenant might there ha' let his Book alone." lo Parliament his Army cou'd disband : rais'd no Money, for be paid in Land. gave his Legions their Eternal Station, and made them all Freeholders of the Nation. Canton'd out the Country to his Men, and ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen. the Rascals thus enrich'd, he call'd them Lords, oplease their upstart Pride with new made words,

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nd Doomsday Book his Tyranny records.

And here begins our Antient Pedigree
That so exalts our poor Nobility:
Tis that from some French Trooper they derive,
Who with the Norman Bastard did arrive:
The Trophies of the Families appear;
Some show the Sword, the Bow, and some the Spear,
Which their Great Ancestor, for sooth, did wear.
These in the Heralds Register remain,
Their Noble mean Extraction to explain.
Yet who the Heroe was, no Man can tell,
Whether a Drummer or a Colonel:
The silent Record blushes to reveal
Their Undescended Dark Original.
But grant the best, How came the Change to pass:

A True-Born Englishman of Norman Race?

A Turkish Horse can show more History,
To prove his Well-descended Family.

Conquest, as by the \* Moderns' tis exprest, \* Dr. Sher May give a Title to the Lands possess.

But that the Longest Sword shou'd be so Civil,
To make a Frenchman English, that's the Devil.

Thefe are the Heroes that despise the Dutch, And rail at new-come Foreigners so much; Forgetting that themselves are all deriv'd From the most Scoundrel Race that ever liv'd, A horrid Croud of Rambling Thieves and Drones, Who ransack'd Kingdoms and dispeopled Towns. The Pict and Painted Briton, Treach'rous Scot, By Hunger, Thest, and Rapine, hither brought: Norwegian Pirates, Buccaneering Danes, Whose Red-hair'd Oss-spring ev'ry where remains: Who join'd with Norman-French, compound the Breed From whence your True-Born Englishmen proceed.

And lest by Length of Time it be pretended, The Climate may this Modern Breed ha' mended; Wise Providence, to keep us where we are, Mixes us daily with exceeding Care:

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We have been Europe's Sink, the Jakes where the Voids all her Offal Out-cast Progeny.

From our Fifth Henry's time, the Strolling Bands Of banish'd Fugitives from neighb'ring Lands, Have here a certain Sanctuary found,

Th' Eternal Refuge of the Vagabond:

Where in but half a common Age of Time,

Borr'wing new Blood and Manners from the Clime,

Proudly they learn all Mankind to contemn,

And all their Race are True-born Englishmen.

Dutch, Walloons, Flemings, Irishmen, and Scots,

Vaudois and Valtolins, and Hugonots, Ingood Queen Befs's Charitable Reign,

Supply'd us with three hundred thousand Men.
Religion, God we thank thee, fent them hither,
Priests, Protestants, the Devil and all together:

Of all Professions, and of ev'ry Trade,

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All that were persecuted or afraid; Whether for Debt or other Crimes they fled,

David at Hackelah was flill their Head.

The Off-spring of this Miscellanous Crowd Had not their new Plantations long enjoy'd, But they grew Englishmen, and rais'd their Votes At Foreign Shoals for Interloping Scots.

The || Royal Branch from Pictiand did succeed, || K.J.1.
With Troops of Scots and Scabs from North-by-Tweed.

The Seven first Years of his Pacifick Reign Made him and half his Nation Englishmen.

Scots from the Northern Frozen Banks of Tay, With Packs and Plods came Whigging all away: Thick as the Locusts which in Egypt swarm'd,

With Pride and hungry Hopes compleatly arm'd: With native Truth, Difeases, and no Money,

Plunder'd our Canaan of the Milk and Honey. Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen, And all their Race are True-Born Englishmen.

The Civil Wars, the common Purgative, Which always use to make the Nation thrive,

Made

Made way for all that strolling Congregation, Which throng'd in Pious Ch - s's Restoration. The Royal Refugee our Breed restores. With Foreign Courtiers, and with Foreign Whores : And carefully repeopled us again, Throughout his Lazy, Long, Lascivious Reign, With fuch a bleft and True-born English Fry, As much Illustrates our Nobility. A Gratitude which will so black appear, As future Ages must abhor to hear ; When they look back on all that Crimfon Flood, Which stream'd in Lindsey's and Caernarvan's Blood: Bold Strafford, Cambridge, Capel, Lucas, Lifle, Who crown'd in Death his Father's Fun'ral Pile. The Loss of whom, in order to supply, With a True-Born-English N-ty, Six Baftard Dukes survive his Luscious Reign, The Labours of Italian C \_\_\_\_ n. French, P-b, Tabby S-t, and Cambrian: Besides the Num'rous Bright and Virgin Throng, Whose Female Glories shade them from my Song. This Off-fpring, if one Age they multiply,

May half the House with English Peers supply:

There with true English Pride they may contemn  $\Delta - g$  and P - d, new-made Noblemen.

French Cooks, Scotch Pedlars, and Italian Whores, Were all made L—ds, or L—ds Progenitors.

Beggars and Bastards by this new Creation,

Much multiply'd the P—ge of the Nation;

Who will be all, e'er one short Age runs o'er,

As True-Born L—ds as those we had before.

Then to recruit the Commons he prepares,
And heals the Latent Breaches of the Wars;
The pious Purpose better to advance,
H' invites the banish'd Protestants of France:
Hither for God's-sake and their own they sled,
Some for Religion came, and some for Bread;

Two hundred thousand Pair of Wooden Shoos, Who, God be thank'd, had nothing left to lose, To Heav'n's great Praise did for Religion fly, To make us starve our Poor in Charity. In ev'ry Port they plant their fruitful Train, To get a Race of True-Born Englishmen: Whose Children will, when Riper Years they see, Be as Ill-natur'd and as Proud as we: Call themselves English, Foreigners despise, Be Surly like us all, and just as Wise.

Thus from a Mixture of all Kinds began
That Het'rogeneous Thing, An Englishman:
In eager Rapes, and furious Lust begot,
Betwixt a Painted Briton and a Scot:
Whose gend'ring Off-spring quickly learn'd to Bow,
And yoke their Heisers to the Roman Plough:
From whence a Mongrel half-bred Race there came,
With neither Name, nor Nation, Speech or Fame:
In whose hot Veins new Mixtures quickly ran,
Insus'd betwixt a Saxon and a Dane.
While their Rank Daughters, to their Parents just,
Receiv'd all Nations with Promiscuous Lust.
This Nauseous Brood directly did contain

The well-extracted Blood of Englishmen.
Which Medly canton'd in a Heptarchy,
A Rhapfody of Nations to supply,
Among themselves maintain'd eternal Wars,

And still the Ladies lov'd the Conquerors.

The Western Angles all the rest subdu'd;
A bloody Nation, barbarous and rude:
Who by the Tenure of the Sword possest
One part of Britain, and subdu'd the rest.
And as great things denominate the small,
The Conqu'ring part gave Title to the Whole.
The Scot, Piet, Britain, Roman, Dane, submit,
And with the English-Saxon all Unite:

And these the Mixture have so close pursu'd, The very Name and Memory's subdu'd:

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No Roman now, no Britain does remain.

Wales strove to separate, but strove in vain:
The silent Nations undistinguish'd fall,
And Englishman's the common Name for all.
Fate jumbled them together, God knows how;

What e'er they were, they're True-Born English now.
The Wonder which remains is at our Pride,
To value that which all wife Men deride.
For Englishmen to boast of Generation,
Cancels their Knowledg, and sampoons the Nation.
A True-Born-Englishman's a Contradiction,
In Speech an Irony, in Fact a Fiction.
A Banter made to be a Test of Fools,

Which those that use it justly ridicules.

A Metaphor invented to express

A Man a kin to all the Universe.

For as the Scots, as Learned Men ha' faid, Throughout the Worl I their Wand'ring Seed have So open handed England, 'tis believ'd, (fpread; Has all the Gleanings of the World receiv'd.

Some think of England, 'twas our Saviour meant, The Gospel should to all the World be sent: Since, when the Blessed Sound did hither reach, They to all Nations might be said to preach.

Tis well that Virtue gives Nobility,
How shall we else the want of Birth and Blood supSince scarce one Family is left alive, (ply
Which does not from some Foreigner derive.
Of sixty thousand English Gentlemen,
Whose Names and Arms in Registers remain,
We challenge all our Heralds to declare
Ten Families which English Saxons are.

Of Bourbon, Montmorency, and Lorain.
The Germans too their House of Austria show, And Holland their Invincible Nassau.
Lines which in Heraldry were Antient grown, Before the Name of Englishman was known.

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Even Scotland too her Elder Glorys shows. Her Gourdons, Hamiltons, and her Monroes; Domglas, Mackays, and Grabams, Names well known, Long before Antient England knew her own. But England, Modern to the last degree, Borrows or makes her own Nobility, And yet the boldly boafts of Pedigree: Repines that Foreigners are put upon her, And talks of her Antiquity and Honour: Her S - Us, S - Is, C - Is, De - M -- rs, M-ns and M ues, D-s and V-rs, Not one have English Names, yet all are English Peers. ) Your H-ns, P - llons, and L - liers, Pass now for Trueborn-English Knights and Squires, And make good Senate-Members or Lord-Mayors. Wealth, howfoever got, in England makes Lords of Mechanicks, Gentlemen of Rakes: Antiquity and Birth are needless here; Tis impudence and Money makes a P-r. 10 od F Innumerable City-Knights we know, and hard but From Blewcoat-Hospitals and Bridewell flow. Draymen and Porters fill the City Chair, And Foot-Boys Magisterial Purple wear. Fate has but very small Distinction fet Betwixt the Counter and the Coronet Tarpaulin L.—ds, Pages of high Renown,

Rife up by Poor Mens Valour, not their own. Great Families of Yesterday we show,

And Lords, whose Parents were the Lord knows who, green own modefected Througher, and others too.

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Sections, and remarks

# The True-Born Englishman.

## PART II.

Their Temper show, for Manners make the Man. Fierce, as the Britain; as the Roman, Brave; And less inclin'd to Conquer, than to Save: Eager to Fight, and lavish of their Blood; And equally of Fear and Forecast void.

The Pitt has made em Sour, the Dane Morose: False from the Scot, and from the Norman worse. What Honesty they have, the Saxons gave them, And That, now they grow old, begins to leave them. The Climate makes them Terrible and Bold; And English Beef their Courage does uphold: No Danger can their Daring Spirit pall, Always provided that their Belly's full.

In close Intrigues their Faculty's but weak,
For gen'rally whate'er they know, they speak:
And often their own Councils undermine,
By their infirmity, and not Design;
From whence the Learned say it does proceed,
That English Treasons never can succeed:
For they're so open-hearted, you may know
Their own most secret Thoughts, and others too.

The Lab'ring Poor, in spite of Double Pay,

Are Sawcy, Mutinous, and Beggarly:

So lavish of their Money and their Time,

That want of Forecast is the Nation's Crime.

Good drunken Company is their Delight;

And what they get by Day, they spend by Night.

Dull Thinking seldom does their Heads engage,

But Drink their Youth away, and Hurry on Old Age.

Empty of all good Husbandry and Sense; And void of Manners most, when void of Pence. Their strong Aversion to Behaviour's such, They always talk too little, or too much. So dull, they never take the pains to think: And seldom are good natur'd but in Drink.

In English Ale their dear Enjoyment lies, For which they'll starve themselves and Families. An Englishman will fairly drink as much As will maintain two Families of Dutch:

Subjecting all their Labour to their Pots; The greatest Artists are the greatest Sots.

The Country poor do by Example live,
The Gentry lead them, and the Clergy drive;
What may we not from such Examples hope?
The Landlord is their God, the Priest their Pope.
A Drunken Clergy, and a Swearing Bench,
Has giv'n the Reformation such a Drench,
As wise Men think there is some cause to doubt,
Will purge good Manners and Religion out.

Nor do the Poor alone their Liquor prize,
The Sages join in this great Sacrifice,
The Learned Men who study Aristotle,
Correct him with an Explanation Bottle;
Praise Epicurus rather than Lysander,
And \* Aristippus more than Alexander. \* The Drunkards
The Doctors too their Galen here resign, Name for Canary.
And gen'rally prescribe Specifick Wine.
The Graduates Study's grown an easier Task,
While for the Urinal they toss the Flask.
The Surgeon's Art grows plainer ev'ry Hour,
And Wine's the Balm which into Wounds they pour.

Poets long since Parnassus have for saken,
And say the antient Bards were all mistaken.

Apollo's lately abdicate and sled,
And good King Bacchus governs in his stead;
He does the Chaos of the Head refine,
And Atom. Thoughts jump into Words by Wine:

The Inspiration's of a finer Nature;

As Wine must needs excel Parnassus Water! Statesmen their weighty Politicks refine,

And Soldiers raise their Courages by Wine: Cæcilia gives her Choristers their Choice,

And lets them all drink Wine to clear their Voice.

Some think the Clergy first found out the way,

And Wine's the only Spirit by which they Pray.

But others, less profane than so, agree,

It clears the Lungs and helps the Memory:

And therefore all of them Divinely think,

Instead of Study, 'tis as well to Drink.

And here I would be very glad to know, Whether our Afgilites may drink or no.

Th' Enlightening Fumes of Wine would certainly

Affift them much when they begin to fly:
Or if a Fiery Chariot shou'd appear,

Inflam'd by Wine, they'd ha' the less to fear.

Even the Gods themselves, as Mortals say, Were they on Earth, wou'd be as drunk as they: Nectar would be no more Celestial Drink, They'd all take Wine, to teach them how to think. But English Drunkards, Gods and Men out-do, Drink their Estates away, and Senses too. Colon's in Debt, and if his Friends should fail To help him out, must die at last in Goal; His Wealthy Uncle sent a Hundred Nobles, To pay his tristes off, and rid him of his Troubles: But Colon like a True-Born-Englishman, Drank all the Money out in bright Champain; And Colon does in Custody remain.

Drunk'nness has been the Darling of this Realm,

E'er since a Drunken Pilot had the Helm.

In their Religion they are so uneven,
That each Man goes his own By-way to Heaven:
Tenacious of Mistakes to that degree,
That ev'ry Man pursues it sep'rately,
And fancies none can find the Way but he:

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So shy of one another they are grown,
As if they strove to get to Heav'n alone:
Rigid and Zealous, Positive and Grave,
And ev'ry Grace, but Charity, they have:
This makes them so Ill-natur'd and Un civil,
That all men think an Englishman the Devil.

Surly to Strangers, Froward to their Friend; Submit to Love with a reluctant Mind, Resolv'd to be Ungrateful and Unkind.

If by Necessity reduc'd to ask,

The Giver has the difficultest Task:
For what's bestow'd they aukwardly receive,
And always take less freely than they give.

The Obligation is their highest Grief; And never love, where they accept Relief.

So Sullen in their Sorrows, that 'tis known, They'll rather die than their Afflictions own:

And if reliev'd, it is too often true, That they'll abuse their Benefactors too.

For in Distress their Haughty Stomach's such, They hate to see themselves oblig'd too much,

Seldom contented, often in the Wrong; Hard to be Pleas'd at all, and never long.

If your Mistakes their Ill-Opinion gain,
No Merit can their Favour re-obtain:
And if they're not Vindictive in their Fury,
'Tis their Unconstant Temper does secure-ye;
Their Brain's so cool, their Passion seldom burns;
For all's condens'd before the Flame returns:
The Fermentation's of so weak a Matter,
The Humid damps the sume, and runs it all to Wat

The Humid damps the fume, and runs it all to Water So tho the Inclination may be strong,

They're pleas'd by fits, and never angry long.
Then if good Nature shows some slender Proof,
They never think they have reward enough:
But like our Modern Quakers of the Town,
Expest your Manners and return you none.

Friend-

Which all Men seek, but very few can find;
Of all the Nations in the Universe,
None talk on't more, or understand it less:
For if it does their Property annoy,

Their Property their Friendship will destroy.

As you discourse them, you shall hear them tell All things in which they think they do excel: No Panegyrick needs their Praise record; An Englishman ne'er wants bis own good word. His long Discourses gen'rally appear Prolong'd with his own wond'rous Character: But to illustrate first his own good Name, He never fails his Neighbour to defame. And yet he really defigns no wrong; His Malice goes no further than his Tongue. But pleas'd to Tattle, he delights to Rail, To fatisfy the Letch'ry of a Tale. His own dear Praises close the ample Speech, Tells you how, Wife he is that is, bom Rich : For Wealth is Wisdom; be that's Rich is Wife; And all Men Learned Poverty despise. His Generosity comes next, and then Concludes that he's a True-Born-Englishman; And they'tis known, are Generous and Free, Forgetting, and forgiving Injury: Which may be true, thus rightly understood, Forgiving Ill turns, and forgetting Good.

Chearful in Labour when they've undertook it, But out of Humour when they're out of Pocket. But if their Belly and their Pocket's full, They may be Phlegmatick, but never Dull.

And if a Bottle does their Brains refine, It makes their Wit as sparkling as their Wine.

As for the general Vices which we find They're guilty of in common with Mankind, Satyr, forbear, and silently endure; We must conceal the Crimes we cannot cure. Nor shall my Verse the Brighter Sex defame:
For English Beauty will preserve her Name.
Beyond dispute, Agreeable and Fair;
And Modester than other Nations are:
For where the Vice prevails, the great Temptation Is want of Money more than Inclination.
In general, this only is allowed,
They're something Noisy, and a little Proud.

An Englishman is gentlest in Command, Obedience is a Stranger in the Land: Hardly subjected to the Magistrate; For Englishmen do all Subjection bate.

Humblest when rich, but peevish when they're poor?
And think whate'er they have, they merit more.

The meanest English Plow-man studies Law, And keeps thereby the Magistrates in Awe; Will boldly tell them what they ought to do, And sometimes punish their Omissions too.

Their Liberty and Property's so dear,
They scorn their Laws or Governours to sear:
So bugbear'd with the Name of Slavery,
They cann't submit to their own Liberty.
Restraint from Ill, is Freedom to the Wise;
But Englishmen do all Restraint despise.
Slaves to the Liquor, Drudges to the Pots,
The Mob are Statesmen, and their Statesmen Sots.

Their Governours they count such dangerous things;
That 'tis their Custom to affront their Kings:
So jealous of the Power their Kings posses'd,
They suffer neither Power nor Kings to rest.
The Bad with Force they eagerly subdue;
The Good with constant Clamours they pursue:
And did King Jesus reign, they'd murmur too.
A discontented Nation, and by far
Harder to rule in Times of Peace than War:
Easily set together by the Ears,
And full of causeless Jealouses and Fears:

Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,

And never are contented when they're well.

No Government cou'd ever please them long,
Cou'd tie their Hands, or rectify their Tongue.

In this to Antient Israel well compar'd,

Eternal Murmurs are among them heard.

It was but lately that they were oppress.

Their Rights invaded, and their Laws suppress:

When nicely tender of their Liberty,

Lordwhat a Noise they made of Slavery!

In daily Tumults show'd their Discontent;

Lampoon'd their King, and mock'd his Government,

And if in Arms they did not first appear,

'Twas wont of Force, and not for want of Fear.

In humbler Tone than English us'd to do,

At Foreign Hands for Foreign Aid they sue.

William, the Great Successor of Nassau,
Their Prayers heard, and their Oppressions saw:
He saw and sav'd them: God and Him they prais'd;
To this their Thanks, to that their Trophies rais'd,
But glutted with their own Felicities,
They soon their New Deliverer despile;
Say all their Prayers back, their Joy disown,
Unsing their Thanks, and pull their Trophies down:
Their Harps of Praise are on the Willows hung;

For Englishmen are ne'er contented long.

The Rev'rend Clergy too! and who'd ha' thought?

That they who had such Non-resistance taught,

Should e'er to Arms against their Prince be brought?

Who up to Heaven did Regal Pow'r advance;

Subjecting English Laws to Modes of France:

Twisting Religions to with Loyalty,

As one cou'd never live, and t'other die.

And yet no sooner did their Prince design

Their Glebes and Perquitites to undermine, But all their Passive Doctrines laid aside; The Clergy their own Principles deny'd: Unpreach'd their Non-resisting Cant, and pray'd To Heaven for Help, and to the Dutch for Aid. The Church chim'd all her Doctrines back again, and Pulpit Champions did the Cause maintain; Flew in the Face of all their former Zeal, and Non-Resistance did at once repeal.

The Rabbies say it would be too prolix,
To tye Religion up to Politicks:
The Churches Safety is Suprema Lex.
And so by a New Figure of their own,
Their former Doctrines all at once disown.
As Laws Post Facto in the Parliament,
In urgent Cases have obtain'd Assent;
But are as dangerous Precedents lay'd by,

Made Lawful only by Necessity.

The Rev'rend Fathers then in Arms appear,

And Men of God became the Men of War.

The Nation, Fir'd by them, to Arms apply;

Assault their Antichristian Monarchy.

To their due Channel all our Laws restore,
And made things what they shou'd ha' been before.
But when they came to fill the Vacant Throne,
And the Pale Priests look'd back on what they'd done;
How English Liberty began to Thrive,
And Church of England Loyalty out-live:
How all their persecuting Days were done,
And their Deliv'rer plac'd upon the Throne;
The Priests, as Priests are wont to do, turn'd Tail;
They're Englishmen, and Nature will prevail.

Now they deplore the Ruins they ha' made,
And murmur for the Master they betray'd:
Excuse those Crimes they cou'd not make him mend;
And suffer for the Cause they can't defend.
Pretend they'd not have carry'd things so high;
And Proto-Martyrs make for Popery.
Had the Prince done as they design'd the thing.

Had the Prince done as they design'd the thing, Ha' set the Clergy up to rule the King;

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Taken a Donative for coming hither, And so ha' left their King and them together, We had, fay they, been now a happy Nation; No doubt we 'ad feen a Blessed Reformation: For Wife Men fay 'tis as dangerous a thing. A Ruling Priestbood, as a Priest-rid King. And of all Plagues with which Mankind are Curst,

Ecclesiastick Tyranny's the Worst.

If all our former Grievances were feign'd, King James has been abus'd, and we Trapann'd; Bugbeard with Popery and Power Despotick, Tyrannick Government, and Leagues Exotick: The Revolution's a Phanatick Plot, W—— a Tyrant, S—— a Scot:

A Factious Army, and a poyfon'd Nation, Unjustly forc'd King James's Abdication.

But if he did the Subjects Rights invade, Then he was punish'd only, not betray'd; And punishing of Kings is no such Crime. But Englishmen ha' done it many a Time.

When Kings the Sword of Justice first lay down, They are no Kings, though they possess the Crown. Titles are Shadows, Crowns are empty things, The Good of Subjects is the End of Kings; To guide in War, and to protect in Peace; Where Tyrants once commence, the Kings do cease: For Arbitrary Power's fo strange a thing, It makes the Tyrant, and unmakes the King.

If Kings by Foreign Priefts and Armies reign, And Lawless Power against their Oaths maintain,

Then Subjects must ha' reason to complain.

If Oaths must bind us when our Kings do Ill; To call in Foreign Aid is to Rebel. By force to circumscribe our Lawful Prince, Is wilful Treason in the largest Sense: And they who once Rebel, most certainly Their God, and King, and former Oaths defy.

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If we allow no Male-Administration Could cancel the Allegiance of the Nation; Let all our Learned Sons of Levi try, This Eccles'astick Riddle to unty:

How they could make a Step to call the Prince, And yet pretend to Oaths and Innocence.

By th' first Address they made beyond the Seas, They're perjur'd in the most intense Degrees; And without scruple for the time to come, May fwear to all the Kings in Christendom. And truly did our Kings consider all, They'd never let the Clergy swear at all: Their Politick Allegiance they'd refuse; For Whores and Priests do never want excuse. But if the Mutual Contract was dissolv'd, The Doubts explain'd, the Difficulty folv'd: That Kings when they descend to Tyranny, Dissolve the Bond, and leave the Subject free. The Government's ungirt, when lustice dies, And Constitutions are Non-Entities. The Nation's all a Mob, there's no fuch thing As Lords or Commons, Parliament or King. A great promiscuous Croud the Hydra lies, Till Laws revive, and mutual Contract ties: A Chaos free to chuse for their own share, What Case of Government they please to wear: Ifto a King they do the Reins commit, All Men are bound in Conscience to submit: But then that King must by his Oath assent To Postulata's of the Government; Which if he breaks, he cuts off the Entail, And Power retreats to its Original.

This Doctrine has the Sanction of Assent, From Nature's Universal Parliament. The Voice of Nature, and the Course of Things; Allow that Laws superiour are to Kings. None but Delinquents would have Justice cease, Knaves rail at Law, as Soldiers rail at Peace:

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For Justice is the End of Government, As Reason is the Test of Argument.

No Man was ever yet so void of Sense, As to debate the Right of Self-Defence; A Principle so grafted in the Mind, With Nature born, and does like Nature bind: Twisted with Reason and with Nature too; As neither one nor t'other can undo.

Nor can this Right be less when National; Reason which governs one, shou'd govern all. Whate'er the Dialect of Courts may tell, He that his Right demands, can ne'er Rebel. Which Right, if 'tis by Governours deny'd, May be procur'd by Force, or Foreign Aid. For Tyranny's a Nation's Term of Grief; As Folks cry Fire, to hasten in Relief. And when the hated Word is heard about, All Men sho'd come to help the People out.

Thus England groan'd, Britannia's Voice was heard;
And Great Nassau to rescue her appear'd:
Call'd by the Universal Voice of Fate;
God and the Peoples Legal Magistrate.
Ye Heav'ns regard! Almighty Jove, look down,
And view thy Injur'd Monarch on the Throne.
On their ungrateful Heads due Vengeance take,
Who sought his Aid, and then his part forsake.
Witness, ye Powers! It was our Gall alone,
Which now our Pride makes us asham'd to own.
Britannia's Troubles fetch'd him from afar,
To court the dreadful Casualties of War:
But where Requital never can be made,
Acknowledgment's a Tribute seldom pay'd.

He dwelt in Bright Maria's Circling Arms,
Defended by the Magick of her Charms,
From Foreign Fears, and from Domestick Harms.
Ambition found no Fuel for her Fire,
He had what God cou'd give, or Man desire.

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Till Pity rouz'd him from his foft Repose. His Life to unfeen Hazards to expose: Till Pity mov'd him in our Cause t'appear; Pity! that Word which now me hate to hear. But English Gratitude is always such, To hate the Hand which does oblige too much.

Britannia's Cries gave Birth to his Intent, And hardly gain'd his unforeseen Assent : His boding Thoughts foretold him he should find The People Fickle, Selfish and Unkind. Which Thought did to his Royal Heart appear More dreadful than the Dangers of the War: For nothing grates a generous Mind fo foon, As base Returns for hearty Service done.

Satyr be filent, awfully prepare, Britannia's Song, and William's Praise to hear. Stand by, and let her chearfully rehearfe Her Grateful Vows in her Immortal Verse. Loud Fame's Eternal Trumpet let her found; Listen ye distant Poles, and endless Round. May the strong Blast the welcome News convey As far as Sound can reach, or Spirit can fly. To Neighb'ring Worlds, if such there be, relate Our Hero's Fame, for theirs to imitate. To distant Worlds of Spirits let her rehearse: For Spirits without the helps of Voice converse. May Angels hear the gladsome News on high, Mix'd with their everlasting Symphony. And Hell it felf stand in suspence to know, Whether it be the Fatal Blast, or no.

BRITANNIA.

The Fame of Vertue tis for which I found, And Heroes with Immortal Triumphs crown'd. Fame built on solid Vertue swifter flies, Than Morning-Light can Spread my Eastern Skies. The gath'ring Air returns the doubling Sound, and loud repeating Thunders force it round:

Ecchoes

Ecchoes return from Caverns of the Deep:
Old Chaos dreams on't in Eternal Sleep:
Time bands it forward to its latest Urn,
From whence it never, never shall return;
Nothing is heard so far, or lasts so long;
'Tis heard by ev'ry Ear, and spoke by ev'ry Tongue.

My Hero, with the Sails of Honour furl'd,
Rises like the Great Genius of the World.
By Fate and Fame wisely prepar'd to be
The Soul of War, and Life of Victory.
He spreads the Wings of Vertue on the Throne,
And ev'ry Wind of Glory fans them on.
Immortal Trophies dwell upon his Brow,
Fresh as the Garlands he has won but now.

By different Steps the high Assent he gains, And differently that high Assent maintains. Princes for Pride, and Lust of Rule make War; And struggle for the Name of Conqueror. Some fight for Fame, and some for Victory; He Fights to Save, and Conquers to set Free.

Then feek a Phrase his Titles to conceal, And hide with Words what Actions must reveal. No Parallel from Hebrew Stories take. Of God-like Kings my Similies to make: No borrow'd Names conceal my living Theam; But Names and Things directly I proclaim. 's is bonest Merit does his Glory raise; Whom that Exalts, let no Man fear to Praise; Of such a Subject no Man need be shy; Vertue's above the Reach of Flattery. He needs no Character, but his own Fame, Nor any flattering Titles, but his Name. William's the Name that's spoke by ev'ry Tongue; William's the Darling Subject of my Song. Listen ye Virgins to the Charming Sound, And in Eternal Dances hand it round: Your early Offerings to this Altar bring; Make him as once a Lover and a King.

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May be submit to none but to your Arms; Norever be subdu'd, but by your Charms. May your foft Thoughts for him be all Sublime; And ev'ry tender Vow be made for him. May be be first in ev'ry Morning Thought, And Heav'n ne'er bear a Pray'r, when he's left out. May ev'ry Omen, ev'ry boding Dream, Be fortunate by mentioning his Name; May this one Charm Infernal Powers affright, And guard you from the Terrors of the Night. May ev'ry chearful Glass, as it goes down, To William's Health, be Cordials to your own. Let ev'ry Song be Chorust with his Name, And Musick pay ber Tribute to bis Fame. Let ev'ry Poet tune his Artful Verfe. And in Immortal Strains his Deeds rebearfe. And may Apollo never more inspire The Disobedient Bard with his Seraphick Fire. May all my Sons their grateful Homage pay, His Praises sing, and for his Safety pray. Satyr, return to our Unthankful Isle, Secur'd by Heavens Regard, and William's Toil. To both Ungrateful, and to both Untrue; Rebels to God, and to Good Nature too. If e'er this Nation be Distress'd again, To whomfoe'er they cry, they'll cry in vain. To Heav'n they cannot have the Face to look: Or if they should, it would but Heaven provoke, To hope for Help from Man would be too much; Mankind would always tell'em of the Dutch: How they came here our Freedoms to maintain, Were Pay'd, and Curs'd, and Hurry'd home again. How by their Aid we first disfolv'd our Fears, And then our Helpers damn'd for Foreigners. Tis not our English Temper to do better; For Englishmen think ev'ry Man their Debtor.

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'Tis worth observing, that we ne'er complain'd Of Foreigners, nor of the Wealth they gain'd, Till all their Services were at an end. Wise Men affirm it is the English way, Never to Grumble till they come to Pay; And then they always think their Tempers such, The Work too little, and the Pay too much.

As frighted Patients, when they want a Cure, Bid any Price, and any Pain endure:
But when the Doctor's Remedies appear,
The Cure's too Eafy, and the Price too Dear.

Great Portland ne'er was banter'd when he strove For Us his Master's kindest Thoughts to move. We ne'er lampoon'd his Conduct, when employ'd King James's Secret Councils to divide: Then we carefs'd him as the only Man, Which could the doubtful Oracle explain: The only Hushai able to repel The dark Deligns of our Achitophel. Compar'd his Mafter's Courage to his Senfe; The Ablest Statesman, and the Bravest Prince. On his wife Conduct we depended much, And lik'd him ne'er the worse for being Dutch. Nor was he valu'd more than he deferv'd; Freely he ventur'd, Faithfully he ferv'd. In all King William's Dangers he has shar'd; In England's Quarrels always he appear'd: The Revolution first, and then the Boyne; In both his Counsels and his Conduct shine. His Martial Valour Flanders will confess; And France regrets his Managing the Peace. Faithful to England's Interest and her King, The greatest Reason of our murmuring. Ten Years in English Service he appear'd, And gain'd his Masters, and the Worlds Regard: But 'tis not England's Custom to Reward. The Wars are over, England needs him not; Now he's a Dutchman, and the Lord knows what. SchonSchonbergh, the Ablest Soldier of his Age, With Great Nassau did in our Cause engage:
Both join'd for England's Rescue and Desence, The Greatest Captain, and the Greatest Prince.
With what Applause his Stories did we tell?
Stories which Europe's Volumes largely swell.
We counted him an Army in our Aid:
Where he Commanded, no Man was afraid.
His Actions with a constant Conquest shine,
From Villa-Vitiosa to the Rhine.

France, Flanders, Germany, his Fame confess; And all the World was fond of him, but Us. Our Turn first serv'd, we grudg'd him the Command,

Witness the Grateful Temper of the Land!

We blame the K --- that he relies too much On Strangers, Germans, Hugonots, and Dutch; And feldom does his great Affairs of State To English Counsellors communicate. The Fact might very well be answer'd thus; He has so often been betray'd by us, He must have been a Madman to rely On English G -ns Fidelity. For laying other Arguments aside, This Thought might mortify our English Pride, That Foreigners have faithfully obey'd him, And none but Englishmen have e'er betray'd him. They have our Ships and Merchants bought and fold, And barter'd English Blood for Foreign Gold. First to the French they fold our Turky-Fleet, And injur'd Talmash next, at Camaret, The King himself is shelter'd from their Snares, Not by his Merit, but the Crown he wears. Experience tells us 'tis the English way, Their Benefactors always to betray.

And lest Examples should be too remote, A Modern Magistrate of Famous Note, Shall give you his own History by Rote.

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I'll make it out, deny it he that can. His Worship is a True-Born-Englishman, In all the Latitude that empty Word By Modern Acceptation's understood. The Parish Books his Great Descent record, And now he hopes e'er long to be a Lord. And truly as things go, it would be pity But fuch as he Should Reprefent the City : While Robb'ry for Burnt-Offering he brings, And gives to God what he has stole from Kings: Great Monuments of Charity he raises, And good St. Magnus whistles out his Praises. To City-Goals he grants a Jubilee, And hires Huzza's from his own Mobilee. Lately he wore the Golden Chain and Gown, With which equipp'd he thus harangu'd the Town.

## His Fine Speech, &c.

With Clouted Iron Shoos, and Sheepskin Breeches, More Rags than Manners, and more Dirt than Riches: From driving Cows and Calves to Layton-Market, While of my Greatness there appear'd no Spark yet, Behold I come, to let you see the Pride With which Exalted Beggars always Ride.

Born to the needful Labours of the Plow,
The Cart-Whip grac'd me as the Chain does now.
Nature and Fate in doubt what Course to take,
Whether I shou'd a Lord or Plough-boy make;
Kindly at last resolv'd they wou'd promote me,
And first a Knave, and then a Knight, they vote me.
What Fate appointed, Nature did prepare,
And furnish'd me with an exceeding Care,
To fit me for what they design'd to have me;
And ev'ry Gift but Honesty they gave me.

And thus equip'd, to this proud Town I came, quest of Bread, and not in quest of Fame.

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Blind to my future Fate, a humble Boy,
Free from the Guilt and Glory I enjoy.
The hopes which my Ambition entertain'd,
Were in the Name of Foot-Boy all contain'd.
The Greatest Heights from small Beginnings rise;
The Gods were Great on Earth, before they reach dibe Skies.

B---well, the Generous Temper of whose Mind, Was always to be bountiful inclin'd; Whether by his ill Fate or Fancy led, First took me up, and furnish'd me with Bread. The little Services he put me to, Seem'd Labours, rather than were truly so. But always my Advancement he design'd; For 'twas his very Nature to be kind. Large was his Soul, his Temper ever free; The best of Masters and of Men to me. And I who was before decreed by Fate, To be made Insamous as well as Great, With an obsequious Diligence obey'd him, Till trusted with bis All, and then betray'd him.

All his past Kindnesses I trampled on, Ruin'd his Fortunes, to erect my own. So Vipers in the Bosom bred, begin To his at that Hand first which took them in: With eager Treach'ry I his Fall pursu'd, And my first Trophies were Ingratitude.

Ingratitude, the worst of Humane Guilt, The basest Action Mankind can commit; Which like the Sin against the Holy Ghost, Has least of Honour, and of Guilt the most; Distinguish'd from all other Crimes by this, That 'tis a Crime which no Man will confess. That Sin alone, which shou'd not be for giv'n On Earth, altho' perhaps it may in Heav'n.

Thus my first Benefactor I o'rethrew; And how shou'd I be to a second true? The Publick Trust came next into my Care, And I to use them scurvily prepare:

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My needy Sov'reign Lord I play'd upon, And lent him many a Thousand of his own; For which great Int'rest I took care to Charge, And so my ill-got Wealth became so large.

My Predecessor Judas was a Fool,
Fitter to have been whip'd and sent to School,
Than sell a Saviour: Had I been at hand,
His Master had not been so cheap trapann'd;
I would ha' made the eager Jews ha' found,
For Thirty Peices, Thirty Thousand Pound.

My Cousin Ziba, of Immortal Fame,
(Ziba and I shall never mant a Name:)
First born of Treason, Nobly did advance
His Masters Fall, for his Inheritance.
By whose keen Arts old David first began
To break his Sacred Oath to Jonathan:
The Good Old King 'tis thought was very loth
To break his Word, and therefore brake his Oath
Ziba's a Traytor of some Quality,
Yet Ziba might ha' been inform'd by me:
Had I been there, he ne'er had been content
With half th' Estate nor half the Government.

In our late Revolution 'twas thought strange, That I of all Mankind shou'd like the Change: But they who wonder'd at it, never knew, That in it I did my old Game pursue: Nor had they heard of Twenty thousand Pound, Which never yet was lost, nor ne'er was found.

Thus all things in their Turn to Sale I bring,
God and my Master first, and then the King:
Till by successful Villanies made Bold,
I thought to turn the Nation into Gold;
And so to Forg — y my Hand I bent,
Not doubting I could guil the Government;
But there was russed by the Parliament.
And If I scap'd th' Unhappy Tree to climb,
'Twas want of Law, and not for want of Crime.

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But my || Old Friend, who printed in my Face A needful Competence of English Brass, Devit.

Having more Bus'ness yet for me to do, And loth to lose his Trusty Servant so, Manag'd the Matter with such Art and Skill, As sav'd his Hero, and threw out the B—II.

And now I'm grac'd with unexpected Honours, for which I'll certainly abuse the Donors:
Knighted, and made a Tribune of the People,
Whose Laws and Properties I'm like to keep well:
The Custos Rotulorum of the City,
And Captain of the Guards of their Banditti.
Surrounded by my Catchpoles, I declare

Against the Needy Debtor open War.
I hang poor Thieves for stealing of your Pelf.

And fuffer none to Rob you but my felf.

The King commanded me to help reform ye. And how and when I'll do't, Miss shall inform ye. I keep the best Seraglio in the Nation, And hope in Time to bring it into Fashion. No Brimstone Whore need fear the Lash from me, That part I'll leave to Brother Jeffery. Our Gallants need not go abroad to Rame, I'll keep a Whoring Jubilee at Home. Whoring's the Darling of my Inclination; An't I Magistrate for Reformation? For this my Praise is fung by ev'ry Bard, for which Bridewell wou'd be a just Reward. In Print my Panegyricks fill the Street, And hired Goal-Birds their Huzza's repeat. Some Charities contriv'd to make a show. Have taught the Needy Rabble to do fo; Whose empty Noise is a Mechanick Fame, Since for Sir Belzebub they'd do the same.

## The Conclusion.

Then let us boast of Ancestors no more,
Or Deeds of Heroes done in Days of Yore,
In latent Records of the Ages past,
Behind the Rear of Time, in long Oblivion plac'd.
For if our Virtues must in Lines descend,
The Merit with the Families would end:
And Intermixtures would most fatal grow;
For Vice would be Hereditary too;
The Painted Blood wou'd of Necessity,
In Voluntary Wickedness convey.

Vice, like Ill-Nature, for an Age or two,
May seem a Generation to pursue:
But Virtue seldom does regard the Breed;
Fools do the Wise, and Wise Men Fools succeed.
What is't to us what Ancestors we had?
If Good, what better? Or what worse, if Bad?
Examples are for Imitation set,
Yet all Men follow Virtue with Regret.

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Cou'd but our Ancestors retrieve their Fate,
And see their Off-spring thus Degenerate;
How we contend for Birth and Names Unknown,
And build on their past Adions, not our own;
They'd cancel Records, and their Tombs Deface,
And openly disown the Vile Degenerate Race:
For Fame of Families is all a Cheat,
'Tis Personal Vertue only makes us Great.

Clera cue ya Hilliam Jak

# ESOP at Tunbridge; or a sew Select FABLES in Verse.

## To the Reader.

Iding of late, to take a little Air, and croffing by some chance the Tunbridg Road, it was my fortune to find a parcel of Papers, which were doubtless dropt by some unwary Passenger, who ad made more Haste than good Speed; and taking them on, I found they were the following Fables: which, I imagine, some young Gentleman of Wit and Leisure baddiverted himself in composing, whilst be was obliged to drink the Waters. The Entertainment they gave me and my friends, made me think of making them publick; and considering the Nature of them, and that they were very fairly written, it is not at all unlikely that the Author had designed them for the Press himself. There are but two little Reasons to the contrary, which may be also foon answered; First, That they are too small to make a Book: the Second, That some of the Fables are too bold, and might expose the Author to some Danger or Displea-As to the first Objection, Whoever would be sure of pleasing, must not be tedious; it bappens but to a few great Books to be read through; and many good Authors bave defeated their own purpose of instructing the World. by frightning the Reader with three or four hundred Pages: But besides, the Nature of such a Work as this, requires. that the Reader be never cloy'd, but always kept in good Humor and good Appetite, which a long Work would hardly do; and ten or a dozen Morals are enow to amuse the

Mind, and keep it exercised a good while. But, after all, it may be there were many Fables more intended to follow these; and then I have nothing to say but that these were all I sound, and thought they were too many to be lost to the Publick.

To the other Objection, the Author having nothing to fear, has nothing to Answer; for they are published, if not without his Will, yet without his Knowledg. But should it be granted that one or two Fables are a little too bold and angry, yet since there is some Foundation for such sort of Mutterings and Complaints, from whence can our Rulers learn these Truths more inoffensively, than from such little Stories! They will not, perhaps, attend so easily to wise and good Men, as they will to Foxes and Asses; and wise and good Men will not, it may be, dare to tell those Truths these Beasts deliver, which yet our Governours should know.

I will not altogether excuse the Exaggeration of Matters in the twelfth Fable; for the our Bargain be dear enough, yet I can't tell what we should have done without it; and Things, I hope, will mend upon our hands in good

time.

## FAB. I.

## Fair Warning.

Where Beafts could talk, and read, and write, And fay and do as he faw fit; A certain Fellow thought himself abus'd,

And represented by an Ass;

And Assop to the Judge accus'd

That he defamed was.

Friend, quoth the Judge, how do you know
Whether you are defam'd or no?

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How can you prove that he must mean You, rather than another Man? Sir, quoth the Man, it needs must be,

All Circumstances so agree,

And all the Neighbours fay 'tis Me. That's somewhat quoth the Judge, indeed; But let this Matter pass,

since 'twas not Afop, 'tis agreed, But Application made the Ass.

> FAB. II. The Cock and Pearl.

Dunghil Cock was raking in the Ground, And flirted up a Pearl; would, quoth he, thou hadst been found By some great Lord or Earl. My felf a fingle Barley-corn Would, furely, rather find: We Creatures that are dull, Earth-born, Things only useful mind. Whilst they who are divinely Wise, And do from Jove proceed, Thy lovely orient Lustre prize, And for thy Beauty trade.

> III. FAB. Of the Dogle and the Als.

Horse and Ass were journeying on their way; The Horse was only harnes'd, light, and gay; The Ass was heavy loaden, and lagg'd behind, And thus, at length, bespake his Friend. Companion, take some pity on my State; And ease me but of half my Weight. Half will to you no burden be, which woll And yet a mighty help to me. I by your vide

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The Horse laugh'd loud, and shook his Head,
And wantonly curvetting said;

Seignior, we Horses never choose

The Burdens that we can refuse;
And should such Jest upon me pass,
Methinks I should be but an Ass.

The Ass quite spent, and vext to be deny'd, Sunk down beneath his Weight, and dy'd.

The Master coming up, took off the Sack, And threw it on the Horse's Back:

And having flaid his Afs, he threw The filthy Hide upon him too.

At which the Horse, thus fadly humbled, cry'd; (Letting some Tears for Grief and Anger fall) Whether 'twere Cruelty, or Pride, That I so fair Request deny'd,

I'm justly ferv'd, and made to carry all.

The Asses of the South and East
Desire the Horses of the North and West,
That, as to Parliament they trot,
This Fable may not be forgot.

### F A B. of War mort ob

## Of the Judgment of the Ape.

And strait impleads a Fox of no good Fame,

(Who had a Lamb) that he had stoln the
An Ape was to decide the Cause,

(same
Having some Knowledg in the Laws and
No Councel was by either feed,

Each would his Cause, in Person, plead;
And so they did, with mighty heat the sund but
The Judg himself did almost sweat mointegened
To hear the Force of their Debate, a shee but A
How they accuse, and how defend, this sheet
How they reply'd, join'd and rejoin'd.

At length in pity to the Court,
The Judg was fain to cut them fhort;
And thus determin'd——Sirs, in troth,
The Lamb belongs to neither of you both.
You, Mr. Wolf, have doubtless lost no Lamb;
And, Reynard, you as surely stole that same,
But not from him. If Justice might prevail,
You should be both condemn'd to Fine and Jail.

So two great Lords for an Estate may fight, Which does to neither appertain by Right.

#### F A B. V.

## Of the botte and Man.

A Figree wild Boar, of monstrous fize and force. A Did once, in early days, affront a Horse; Who meditating Vengeance, found his Will To hurt, much greater than his Power and Skill; And therefore, chaf'd and resolute, he ran To the next House, and thus apply'd to Man. I come, Superior Power, whom Jove hath made His Substitute on Earth, to seek thy Aid Against a sordid Brute, who injures me, And likewise speaks contemptibly of Thee. Jove, whom thou nam'st (faid Man) was to thee kind, And fent thee where thou shalt Assistance find. But this injurious Boar will never meet Our Arms upon the Plain, but trusts his Feet, But shall his Feet then his Protection be, Since Swiftness is the Gift of Jove to thee? (Mark it, my Friend, this Infolence Deprives us of our common Sense.) This doubtless he forget; fo will not we. You, for Convenience, will a while white the A To be directed with a Bridle and Bit ; ob o'T And take me on your Back, till we shall fit? This your outragious Enemy. And and ned W

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Up, said the Horse then, let us never rest, Till we have found this Cursed Beast.

Away then to the Woods they flew, The Horse his Haunts and Coverts knew,

And there his Foe, the dextrous Warrier, flew.

This done, they jocond homewards make, And thus the Horse the Man bespake.

Now, Sir, accept my Thanks for what is past, I to my wonted Fields, and Friends must hast.

Hold, quoth the Man, we part not quite so soon; Your Business is, but Mine is not yet done.

Some Service there remains, due to the Aid I lent you, which must be repaid.

This faid, he light, and ty'd him to a Rack; Where the poor Creature, thus with Sorrow spake.

Slight was the Injury of the Boar, And might, perhaps, have been no more: But now I'm utterly undone,

My Ease and Liberty are gone.

Sweet is Revenge, just in the Taste,
But surely Bitterness at last.
Let other Creatures warning take,
What Bargains they in Passion make.
Let Nations also take good care,
That they with many Hardships bear,
Rather than seek Redress abroad,
Which is but adding to their Load.

FAB. VI.

The Bargain.

TWO Welchmen Partners in a Cow,
Resolv'd to sell her dear;
And laid their Heads together, how
To do't at Ludlow Fair.
It was a sultry Summers Day,

When out they drove the Beast;

n;

And having got about half way,
They fat them down to reft.
The Cow, a Creature of no Breeding,
(The place with Grafs being stor'd)

Fed by; and whilst she was a feeding, Let fall a mighty T—.

Roger, quoth Hugh, I tell thee what, Two Words and I have done;

If thou wilt fairly eat up that, The Cow is all thy own.

Tis done, quoth Roger, 'tis agreed,
And to't he went apace;

He seem'd so eager set, 'tis said, That he forgot his Grace.

He labour'd with his wooden Spoon, And up he slopt the Stuff;

Till, by the time that half was done, He felt he had enough.

He felt: but scorning to look back, Would look as if he wanted more;

And feem'd to make a fresh Attack, With as much Vigour as before.

But stopping short a while, he cry'd,
How fares it, Neighbour Hugh?

Those, by this, you're satisfied

I hope, by this, you're fatisfied, Who's Master of the Cow.

Ay, ay, quoth Hugh (the Devil choke thee, For nothing else can do't,)

I'm fatisfi'd that thou haft broke me,

Unless thou wilt give out.

Give out? quoth Roger, that were fine;

Why, what have I been doing? But yet I tell thee, Friend of mine,

I shall not seek thy Ruin.

My Heart now turns against such Gains;

I know th' art piteous poor, fat thou the half that still remains,

And 'tis as 'twas before.

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God's Bleffing on thy Heart, quoth Hugh, That Proffer none can gainfay;

With that he readily fell to, And eat his share o'th' Tansie.

Well now, quoth Hodge, w' are ev'n no doubt,

And neither side much Winner: So had we been, quoth Hugh, without This damn'd confounded Dinner.

Let this, both to our Wars and Peace

Be honestly apply'd;

France and th' Allies have done no less,

Than what these Welch-men did.

## FAB. VII.

#### The frogs Concern.

TWO fierce young Bulls within the Marthes strove For the Reward of Empire, and of Love; Which should the fairest Heiser gain, And which should govern all the Plain. This, when a Frog hard by perceiv'd, He figh'd, and fob'd, and forely griev'd, one He hung his Head, and made great moan, As the he'd loft his Wife or Son, Houp the At which a neighbouring Frog admir d, aidson And kindly of the Caule enquir'd; Which when he knew, he faid in halt, north alstal And Goffip, is this all at last? If this and that great Loggerhead Bull Will try the Thickness of each others Skull E'en let them do, as fit they see: But what is that to You and Me? If that, replied the other, were all indeed, We should about this Matter be agreed. I should not care a fingle Groat, To fee em tear each others Throat; But

But, Friend, the Creatures of such Might

Can never meet in Field to fight, But in the Fury of their full Career,

Both you and I endanger'd are;

In hazard of their Lives must go.

When Bulls rush on, or when retreat for Breath, They'l tread a hundred of us little Folks to death.

If Kings would fight themselves alone, Their People still secure, more and the second

No mortal Man would part 'em sure, dans de

But let them e'en fight on, vod a il amid vot alla ?

But when the Subject's Blood is spilt, blood worlded and their Estates are drain'd,

To justify a Prince's Guilt, and an aon blood bat A

Or have his Vanity maintain'd 3123 Was 200 YIV

When they must pay for all at last,

Their Lust, Ambition, or Revenge lay wast:

And pray against the Miferies of War. and and ba A

#### His Reafon gave among the reft, Perhaps my Lord . INV ward intends,

Here to receive only his bone? Friends.

A Wretched Churl was trav'ling with his Ass,
Beneath two Panniers Load opprest;
And hearing noise behind, cry'd to the Beast.

Fly, my Friend Roger, fly apace;

Else I'm undone, and all my Market's naught;
And thou thy felf wilt by the Rogues be caught.

Caught? quoth the Beat, what if I be? bnA

What will it fignify to me dan't hav dod onnie

But

My Panniers are fo full, they'll hold no more;

I carry two and cannot carry four o salt avel .ovi

Twixt Rogues and You I can no difference make, They are all Rogues to me, who break my Back.

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Fly.

Fly, fly from France, our Statesmen cry,
And Slavery's cursed Yoke;
Whilst with our Antient Liberty
Our very Backs are broke.
France is a Thief; but France can do no more,
Than keep the Panniers on we had before.

FAB. IX.

Of a Wolf.

Wolf retiring from Whiteball,
Where he had Statesman been,
Built for himself a Box so small,
That sew could be receiv'd within.
The Country all admir'd at this,
And could not at the Reason guess,
Why one so Wealthy and so Great,
Should cage himself at such a rate.
Till at the last a Fox came by,
A Courtier also, sleek and sly,
And thus in earnest and in jest,
His Reason gave among the rest,
Perhaps my Lord Commissioner intends,
Here to receive only his bonest Friends.

#### FAB. X.

## The Plantiff and Defendant.

ere all Royges to me, who bre

TWO Travellers an Oyster found,
Dropt from some Pannier down;
Each stoopt, and took it from the Ground,
And claim'd it as his own.
Since both can't have it all, said one,
E'en let it parted be.
No, says the other, all or none,
But all belongs to me.

One Serjeant Law by chance came by. And he must end the Strife: Which thing he did immediately, With his deciding Knife. He took the Fish and cut it up, (This Cause he opened well) And fairly did the Oyster sup, And gave to each a Shell. And if hereafter Causes rise. Where People can't agree, I know, quoth he, you'll be fo wife To refer them still to me. My Name is Law, my Chambers are At some of th' Inns of Court, Or Serjeants Inn, or Westminster, Where all for help refort.

Sir, quo' the Men, trust us for that, We shall not fail to tell, Twas Law that did the Oyster eat, And left to Us the Shell.

#### FAB. XI.

## Of the Pigeons.

THE Hawks were once at mortal Jars,
Which came at length to Civil Wars.
The Pigeons they stood looking on,
And, full of Pity, made greatmoan,
To see how bloodily they fought,
And each the others Ruin sought.
And never would these Creatures cease,
Till they had mediated a Peace.
The Hawks did easily consent,
So Peace was made, and home they went;
Where when they came and wanted Prey,
And how to pass their time away,

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They fairly made one general Swoop, And eat their Mediators up.

Two lucky Pigeons were not there, And so escap'd the Massacre.

And to escap'd the Mallacre.

Of which the one to th' other said,
How came our Kindred all so mad?

Parting of Hawks! Hawks ever shou'd

Be gorg'd with one anothers Blood.

The Wicked have a natural Rage,

(A thirst or Violence to asswage)

Which if not on the Wicked spent,
Will fall upon the Innocent.

So the poor Hugonots of France, to Make the State of And Vaudois full as poor,

Pray'd loudly, in their Innocence,
That God would Peace restore.

Peace was restor'd; but Peace to them

No Sasety did restore:

Their Hawks employ'd their Power and Time Much worse than ere before.

And thou, O Church of England Dove, Doat not upon thy Peace,

That may, than War, more fatal prove Both to thy Wealth and Ease.

# A Which came at length to C. The Fireons they fall X 10 MnA of

# And, tall of Pity made great moan after To fee how igrad out bear amung

And each the others Run fought.

And each the others Run fought.

And never woll teg enger get woll to a continue to the conti

A Belonging to a Farm; boxelborn bed your list

Where she began to throw up Earth, and eat, and And do some little Harm.

The Farmer cours'd her round and round, division!

Puss took a liking to the Ground, And there resolv'd to stay.

Well,

Well, quoth the Fellow, in a Fret, Since you are grown fo bold, shall some more Assistance get,

And drive you from your Hold.

And strait he sends to a young Squire,

That he, by break of day,

Would with his Pack of Hounds repair, And sport himself that way.

The Squire, as ask'd, attended came,

With Folks, and Horfe, and Hounds, And in pursuance of the Game,

Rode over all the Grounds.

They leapt the Ditches, broke the Hedges down,

And made most fearful Wast;

They trampl'd all the Garden round, And kill'd poor Pufs at last.

At this the Farmer tore his Hair,

And fwore most bloodily, Z-ds! What confounded work is here?

And what a Fool am 1?

Not fifty Hares, in fifty Days, and not bemest of

Had so much mischief done, As this good Squire (whom I must praise

And thank) hath wrought in One.

If our Deliverance from the Frights Of standing Army near,

And filly superstitious Rites,

Worth Forty Millions were; Then have we wisely broke our Mounds;

That our Defences were,

Wifely call'd in our Neighbours Hounds,

And kill'd the desperate Hare. But if, with all this vast Expence,

Besides a Sea of Blood

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ell,

Spilt in the Church and States Defence, Our Matters stand much as they stood:

Then have we done a World of Ill, With endless Cost and Pains,

A little burtful Hare to kill, And well deserve the Brains.

#### FAE. XIII.

## Poetry its Cure.

And thirsty after Fame,
Was musing long which way to get
An everlasting Name.

2. And having heard of Poetry,
And its immortal Praise;
He thought the way to Fame must ly
By courting of the Bays.

3. He heard how many a noble Town Laid claim to Homer's Birth, To purchase from it a Renown

Above the rest of th' Earth.

4. This kindl'd in his generous Mind

A ftrong and noble Fire:

He feem'd for nothing elfe defign'd,

Could nothing elfe defire.

5. The Father finding this intent
Ill with his ftate agreed,
That, living, wanted Six per Cent.
Much more than Fame, when dead:

6. Refolv'd to try to cure his Mind, And change his vain Designs, And could no fitter Method find, Than sending him these Lines:

Seven wealthy Towns contend for Homer Dead, Through which the Living Homer beg'd his Bread.

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# Several other Fables on State. Affair c.

FAB. I.
The for and the Poultry.

A Naged Fox that ravag'd Woods and Plains,
Dread Foe to Cocks and Hens, and Country
(Swains:

The most Tyrannick Reynard e'er was known, Since Beafts bore rule, and hector'd on a Throne. He neither young nor old, when hungry, fpar'd; Alike the Lambkins and the Henrooft far'd. But Age retards at last his hasty flight, He plunders not so much by day, nor ravages by Grown weak and feeble, Wit must now supply His want of Strength -No kind good-natur'd Fox will bring him Food, He still must share the Fortune of the Wood. One day as hungry Reynard fat alone, His empty Guts and Fortune did bemoan; Said he, I'll try what aged Craft can do, New Methods find, a new Device pursue: Hard by a Tarbox lay, fome careless Swain Had left when he kept Sheep upon the Plain. Projecting Reynard with a diligent care Bedawbs his Belly, Sides and Back with Tar: Then to a Ditch he goes, where t'other day He did a Hen and all her Chickens flay; Their Feathers still lay scatter'd on the Ground, In which the Fox did wallow, tumble round; The Feathers flicking still as he did rowl, Made him refemble much a larger Fowl. And thus transform'd into a new disguise, Unto a neighbouring Henrooft strait he hies: And just beneath the Rooft his station took, And looking on the Perch, the Poultry thus bespoke. Kind Kind gentle Cocks and Hens, I am No more your Foe:

What once I did, is now my shame, And for the future I the same

No more will do.

I come not as an Enemy Your Lives to take,

But would with you in Friendship be,

As you may judg if you but fee The Clothes upon my Back.

Come down then Friends, a lasting Truce

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'Twixt you and I;

I'll neither Cocks nor Hens abuse;

Let us shake hands as Lovers use, Be Friends until we die.

No, quoth the Cock, you will as much devour

As e'er you did, were but it in your power:
Your vain pretence of Kindness we abhor,

And from our Perch we will not downward stir:

You've chang'd your Coat, but have not chang'd (your Name;

If that were alter'd too, your Nature is the same.

In vain do those, who heretofore Our Liberties betray'd

Unto a wild Despotick Powr,

And level all our Fences laid:

In vain they talk of Property,

Or think to be believ'd;

Their Actions give their Tongue the lie: Who can be thus deceiv'd?

Their vain pretence of publick Good

Is for sinister Ends;

And who the Dee'l, when understood, Wou'd be such Villains friends?

They'd feed the Flock only to steal the Fleece; When the Fox preaches, then beware the Geese.

#### F A B. II.

# The Poor Man and the Devil.

Lab'ring Swain had been at work, And all his Limbs had tir'd, A was and will By using Shovel, and the Fork, To rest at Night retir'd. so sweet's the sleep of Country Swains. Such undifturb'd Repose Accompanies their daily pains, That Peace about them flows. No difinal Visions do afright, No Dreams do e'er approach; Within the Curtains of the Night They fleep as found as any Roach. But now the Swain, in dead of night, An airy Phantom faw; A cloven-footed hideous Spright of the land Him out of Bed did draw : 1 word son was sel And led him to an Orchard fair, Where pointing to a Tree, I I I Beneath that Stock, he faid, is there A fund of Gold for thee. A month and a of a But how, reply'd the fleeping Smain, Shall I this Treasure find, when the same Or know that felf-fame Tree again, dall several No mark being left behind? Then quoth the Dee'l, thit near the place, mile and And thus, upon my word, but a wood in seed all To morrow when thou view'ft the Grafs, de d baA Thou't know it by the Toda walout a Hamil o? Thus did the Swain; when he awoke, salt aval , to ! And rais'd his drouzy Head, viorusil arom yall My Poultry may the Devil Spoke, and your value of M But found a T -- in Bed, saw I nedt rotted m'I

Thus sleeping Jacks do dream and snore,
And please their soolish mind,
In thinking what they were before,
And what henceforth they'l find.
But if they would right measures take,
And govern'd be by Wit;
When once their Reason do's awake,
They'l find their Cause beshit.

#### FAB. III.

### The Farmer and the Badger.

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Badger once did ravage all the Fields Belonging to a Farm; Dug up the Earth, and spoil'd all that it yields, And did a wond'rous harm. The Farmer haloo'd on his Dog, Thinking thereby to quell her; But being bred to hunt the Hog, He knew not how to kill her. The Farmer fends for a young Squire To come with all his Hounds; His and their Aid he does require, To beat her from her Mounds. The Squire came, with all his Hounds The Badger did pursue. He ravag'd all the Farmer's Grounds, And kill'd the Badger too. Some little mischief true he did, In beating down the Corn, And breaking Hedges as he rid: So fmall a Lofs was born. For, fays the Farmer, now my Sheep

May more fecurely graze;

I'm better than I was,

My Poultry may the Henrooft keep,

If our deliverance from our Foes,
And Popish Tyranny,
Ben't worth the Mony has been rose,
'Tis pity we are free.
'Tis certain wisely we have done,
To keep the Nation safe,
In giving part as we have done,
To save the better half.

#### FAB. IV.

# The Ravens and Crows.

A Lusty Horse, not long ago, Would snuffle, snort and kick, Curvet and prance, as others do, Was fallen wondrous fick. Twas far from any House or Town, No Doctor cou'd be got; So the poor Beast must die alone, And without burial rot: He restless lay upon the Ground, And turu'd from fide to fide: His Groans the neighb'ring Woods resound, Where Birds of prey relide. No fooner did they hear the noise, But from the Woods they flew, Whole Troops of Ravens, and the Crows, And round the Horse they drew. At length a Raven of renown, Strutting like Prince of Conde, As black as any Parson's Gown He wears upon a Sunday; Gets on a Mole-hill, look'd around, And thus bespoke the Crows; We're antient Friends, and without ground We will not now be Foes.

You know, by Contract, we're to have The Carrion of this place;

And you the other side did crave, Such our Agreement was.

No, quoth the Crows, this very place To us is free as Air;

And how dare you with such a face,

Oppose such Numbers here?

Ay, quoth the Raven, then we'l try
To whom it doth belong;

But first let the poor Creaturedie,

Then fee who's right or wrong. Both sides resolv'd to fight it out,

Each do's advantage take;

They march, and march, and march about, And each one whets his Beak.

They view the Ground, and mark the Camp,
-And the Approaches form;

Contrive the easiest methods how

They may the Carcase storm.

Mean time the Horse lies dangerous ill,

Yet shites, and farts, and groans; Good signs, they say, in Physick skill, And stretching of the Bones.

The Horse (tho helpless) by degrees, and

Began to gather strength; and bib 15.

At first he rises on his Knees,

And on his Legs at length.

The Birds of prey were all surpris'd,

And all away they flew;

The Battel's thus on both fides loft,
And all the Carrion too.

Thus some, whom neither Peace nor Wars Can satisfy, still hope for Jars;
That by great Princes falling out,
They may their Business bring about.
And Wonders must be done and said,
When once the King of Spain is dead;

But he, like Horse, prevents the fight, And is resolved to live in spite:

#### FAB. V.

### Che Summons.

THE mighty Pufs, not long fince rul'd the State, Beneath a lone fom Furzbush purring fat; Strok'd her long Smellers, and rejoic'd to fee Her awful Picture in her Progeny: Mean while her Kitlings dance before her face, And toss, like trembling Mice, the Roots of Grass. Not one amongst 'em but a Claw dos wear, fit a Monarchic Tyrant Rat to tear. The Good Old Cause inform'd the Mother's Breast, Darts through their Eyes, is by their Mein exprest. Such, such the antient Race of Heroes were. Who did their Rights before their Lives prefer. She calls one to her, of the eldest brood : giad zuris Dost know, said she, how drown'd in native Blood My Country lies; how the wild Boars invade The Land, and defert have my Country laid? Tis true, I once did ease 'em of their Pain'; But they, like Fools, embrac'd again the Chain; Wear those dull Fetters I fokindly broke, divi And halt, like Slaves beneath the fervile Yoke. Once more I'll try, if my Advice may prove Successful, once exert my antient Love; Summon the Slaves to meet at W-1 Gate, Beneath the Scaffold where I whileom fate, And punish'd Tyranny, the worst of Crimes; A just example unto future Times. Young Puss the Message takes, and bids fair Warning To all the Slaves t'appear on the next morning.

FAB. VI.

Che Interview.

The Morning come, the Slaves await,
And flock like Bees 'bout W——I Gate.
Some yok'd, like Country Hogs appear;
Others contounded Fetters wear,
And fome most horrid Burdens bear.
Thus loaded, thus enslav'd, opprest;
Nature, 'tis strange, don't call for rest:
Tho Legs are gall'd, and Shoulders fore,
The bulky Slaves still crave for more:
And not an Ideot of the Town
Has sense to lay his Burden down.
Strait Puss in Majesty appears,
Mounting the Scassold, pricks her Ears,
Shakes her Majestick Head, aloud
She thus bespoke the num'rous Crowd.

I have deferted long the nauseous Town, Mourning my Country's Ruin, and my own, Expos'd to Tyranny, whilst Beasts of prey Ravage my Fields, and steal my Lambs away. My Free-born Subjects now are forc'd to bear Loads, which more fit for backs of Camels are You well deserve the Fetters you do wear. You under heavy Iron Shackles pine, Whose Fathers did in glorious Armor shine, Thro' fields of Blood to Freedom cut their way, And taught the proudest Tyrants to obey; By me supported, potent Tyrants fell A Sacrifice to their just Cause and Hell. No more, no more their facred Lineage stain, No more their Names in your curst Race profane. Let not their Off-spring such Alliance have, Shackles were ne'er the Trophies of the Brave;

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They could wide Conquests, and just Honors boast, But you, dull Slaves! have all your Freedom lost. Where 'ere a Tyrant rais'd his impious Head, Strait their bold Hands strook the damn'd Monster Had you a spark of antient Honor lest, (dead. You should not long be of my Aid bereft; My Claws are hard and sharp as e'er they were, As sit a Tyrant and his Rats to tear. The Villains that support a Tyrant Crown, This angry Tail will horridly sweep down; Shake off your Fetters once, and you shall see, I'll once more save you from curst Slavery.

She faid, and away she gallop'd amain,
But in hopes they their Sense would recover again;
For a Doctor will never the Fatigue endure, (Cure.
To heal such dull Blockheads, that don't love the

#### FAB, VII.

# The frigg Concern.

A Generous Race of croking Frogs,
Which lay intrench't betwixt two Bogs,
Who as the Morning Sun did shine,
Daily encreas'd their Stock Divine;
Just as the Solar Insluence burn'd,
Prolifick Spawn to Life was turn'd,
Until the young ones had at length
An equal Vigor, equal Strength.
So numerous at length they prove,
They supplicate to mighty Jove;
A King and Governour they crave,
As other Beasts and Insects have:
But Jove allow'd all Mortal Elves,
To chuse a Monarch for themselves.
The Croking Elders now consult
About a King, and the Result

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Was,

Was, that a neighb'ring Log should be Executor of Monarchy. About the Log their Heads they raife, In founds uncouth they croke his Praife: At length some crawl upon his Top, And frisk about and croke and hop: Says one Frog, Here's fine bufiness done, Was e'er a King thus trampl'd one? 'Troth, fays another antient Frog, We'll ne'r be govern'd by a Log. The Heat at length fo far arose, They did the Loggerhead depose. To new Election they proceed, And to their Hearts content succeed; A neighb'ring Stork at length they chofe, Which shou'd their Heats and Feuds compose: He took upon him the Command Of all the People in Frogland; But he as t'other 'fore had done, Made it an Arbitrary Throne; Up from the Mud the Frogs would pick, And squeeze their Corps within his Beak. One Frog much wifer than the rest, To those about him thus addrest: Good Friends, this is confounded work; Shall we be govern'd by a Stork; To have our Bones in pieces torn, Our young ones eat just as they're born? As if Kings only had a Power To ruin Subjects and devour; I think 'tis just to chuse agen : The Brood of Frogs all crok'd, Amen. The next they chose was a dull Ass, Which prov'd as bad as t'other was; For tho he was not so malicious, His Folly made him as pernicious; Stumbling on Empire, oft he stood Upon his Subjects chok'd in Mud:

Whole

Whole beds of Spawn he did destroy, At every flounce did Frogs annoy. The Devil's in't, said one, for we In chusing Kings still wretched be.

Thus often we have chose a K-, And still have found it the same thing.

FAB. VIII.

The Lion and for.

Youthful Lion in the Wood, Of Bulk and Nature ftrong; Still us'd to Rav'ning and to Blood, And came to Empire young: He too, as other Monarchs use, New Methods did pursue: His Father's Fav'rites did refuse. And chose a set of new. He having lov'd, and us'd to gore; An arbitrary Sway, A base, a wild Despotick Pow'r His Subjects must obey. But want of Brains do still attend Unlimited Command: And therefore he would have fome Friend Might Bufiness understand. There was a cunning Fox liv'd near, For many years had kill'd The neigh'bring Lambs and Poultry there, With Bones his Kennel fill'd. He fummon'd Reynard to appear, Next Night, at Council Board. Which Reynard did, and when was there, Look'd grave as any Lord. The Lion told him, he must be

The chief Support of State.

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At which kind Reynard bow'd his Knee, And wish'd him better Fate. O, says the Lion, thou art skill'd

In Arbitrary Sway:

Thou many Beasts and Fowls hast kill'd, To govern know'st the way.

Ask, and I'll give Thee any thing, Is in my Pow'r to give:

Thou shalt be next unto the King As long as I do live.

Quoth Reynard, make me then the Priest, I'll make all Beasts your Slaves:

The Body You, I Soul at least, We'll tyrannize by halves.

> Thus Fate did Men to Thraldom bring, Opprest just like a Beast; Rode, spur'd, and whip'd by such a King, And eke so lewd a Priest.

#### FAB. IX.

The Merfil, Bats and Dice.

A Mighty Weefil of renown,
Well vers'd in things of State,
Was chosen King all o'er the Town,
Of all the Mice and Rats.
His Coronation Day was come,
And all the Grandees meet
The Weefil in a gaudy Room,
And bow beneath his Feet.
His Chair of State was Rind of Cheese,
And o'er his Royal Head
Some Bacon swerd in goodly guise,
Like Canopy was spread.
At some the walks and struts about,
Like any Lord or Duke;

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Sometimes he do's one Subject flout,

And sometimes one rebuke.

He calls an aged Rat aside, And ask'd him his advice,

Whether a Project mayn't be try'd

To eat up all the Mice.

Ay quoth the Rat, your Majesty
May be well satisfy'd,

Mice haters are of Monarchy,

And Regal State deride.

The Rats and Weefils now devour

The Mice in piteous fort, They dye the Cellars with their Gore,

And with their Bones they sport.

At length the Mice are all destroy'd,

The Weefils and the Rats

Would other Food find out abroad, But that they fear'd the Cats.

The Weefils now together plot,

How they the Rats may eat;

Provision must be daily got,

Kings must have sumptuous Meat.

The Rats now all do go to pot:
Some bak'd, fome boil'd, fome roasted;

Tis hop'd they had not then forgot How they the Mice accosted.

Thus some Men oft by Tyrant Power, Their Kindred Subject-Slaves devour, Do all the Villanies are done

To prop a beastly Tyrant Throne; The others Blood the Tyrant fill'd,

They must at length to's Fury yield;
Nought stops a Tyrant's Course but Decollation,

Or else a modern Abdication.

FAB. X.

Lubberland.

A Land there is, as Maps do tell, (Tho they describe it not right well) Nor near the Hot nor Frigid Zone, But Latitude of fifty one; In Nature's plenty do's abound. With Fruits and Flocks is amply crown'd: The Natives never are content But with Tyrannick Government; They Men resemble by their Faces, But by their Backs resemble Asses: For each is born with a great Pack, A warlike Saddle on his Back, Which do's adorn the parts are upper, On nether parts they wear a Crupper. Their Kings, as 'tis decreed by Jove, Do always jump down from above : Arm'd Cap-a-pee with Boots and Spurs, lust fit to mount such servile Curs: With Hunting-Whips they daily maul 'em, And with long rowled Spurs do gall 'em. He only is the great Bravado, Has most the Regal Bastinado. They leap and jump, and frisk and skip, And fing the Praises of the Whip: They bear the Lash without once bogging, Extol the Royal Art of flogging. With Blanket-Coat and wooden Shoes, The Man the Camel scarce outdoes. Whilst Freemen feed on Dainties fine, These do on Bread and Garlick dine; And if they spend a Soulx in Wine,

The

Vol. II.

The Health drank round must always be, Their King's applauded Tyranny: Still let 'em be curs'd Slaves for me.

#### FAB. XI.

# The pawk and Birds.

A Hawk, that of Yore,

Had long welter'd in Gore,

And many a Sparrow had kill'd;

By the Birds he was told,

Now he was grown old,

He his number of Sins had fulfill'd.

My Actions to balk
If you shall but once thus combino,
The Gods will me avenge,
My Cause will revenge,

I may murder ye Jure Divino.

III. The Gods, faid the Birds,

We'll not take their words;

If they've gi'n you an Absolute Power, They've gi'n us a part Is not worth a Fart,

While you have a Right to devour.

IV. The Birds all agreed,
And thus 'twas decreed,
That Slaves they no longer would be;
They throttl'd their King,
Then sweetly did sing
The Praises of free Liberty.

FAB.

to had should now toy suchay.

FAB. XII.

The Alylum.

THE Princes once did all combine. I The Peoples Liberty to mine; Would make them right or wrong obey An absolute Despotick Sway. One Method, was to make us poor, By loading Taxes more and more; For when to Poverty Men fall, They easily are brought to thrall . And when their Spirit's funk and gone, Tyrants may lay vast Burdens on. This did in some, in all it cou'd Not do : Some Men had better Blood, And tho they could not mend their Fate, They murmur'd at the Tyrant's hate; Which fo incens'd the Tyrant's Ire, . Some were condemn'd to rav'nous Fire; Some were to flavish Gallies fent. Others in Fetters did lament. Some Men were strangl'd in their Beds, Others were hang'd, fome lost their Heads; Some whipt, till bleeding Backs were kill'd, The Lands with Tyranny were fill'd. But those whom better luck and hap Did favour with a wish'd escape, A City on Batavian Shoar, Did shelter from the Isles before; Where native Liberty do's thrive, And no curst Tyranny can live. Long live great City, Favorite of Heav'n, And never want those Bleffings thou hast giv'n.

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#### FAB. XIII.

of the other Hembers conspiring against the Belly.

Nce on a Time the Hands and Feet With Back, and Loins, and Bum, did meet na Rebellious Confult, where The B --- ch as Speaker took the Chair. And with an uncouth hollow found The following Treason did propound: Brethren, quoth he, you know the Head. Makes us to toil and sweat for Bread. Yet nothing to our Lot doth fall. But idle Gut confumes it all. My Friends, if you'l be rul'd by me, We will shake off this Tyranny. If Head and Belly will have Meat, Let them toil for't with Hands and Feet. Agreed, fays Back, I vow and fwear, For them I'll no more Burdens bear. Content, says Bum, if't be your Will; For I love dearly to fit still. Says Feet, I'll no more Errands run. The Loins fay, Brethren, it is done. The Hands vow they would work no more, And wish they'd been as wise before. The Members thus in Holy League, Did bless themselves for this Intrigue. But fuddenly the Hands grew weak, The Feet grew numb, the Loins did shake, The Back was feeble, the Bum grew poor, And Breech the Chair-man loud did roar, Pray cram the Gut, and we'll rebel no more.

It's hop'd this will not be forgot

By those who form'd the Tunbridge Plot.

Old Esop was a Man of Sense,

Such Doctrines never did dispense,

That People should refuse Support,

And pine themselves to starve the Court.

#### FAB. XIV.

### The Fable of the Spunge.

Certain Brewer, whose Liquor of Life Did frequently amongst his Servants raise strife, Refolv'd to abridg them, giving each Man his share, Enough to suffice, but nothing to spare: But the Servants refolving they would not be (Stinted. their Wits on the Rack, and this Device Put (minted. They got Gloves of Spunge which they thrust in the (Liquor, And squeezing them often spent their Masters Stock (quicker: Which the Brewer understanding, he seiz'd on the (Spunges; Made his Servants repay him, and with Actions them ( fwinges; Till he squeez'd back his own, and taught them to (be true, To leave off their fly Cheats, and be content with (their Due.

Those that misapply the Treasure of the Nation,
Ought thus to be squeez'd till they make reparation:
We may Tax, and pay on, and the King still be poor,
If the Hands of his Servants be pitch'd as before.
It's the Interest of the Nation, our Senate understands,
That those who touch Cash should have clean washen hands.

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#### FAB. XV.

# Clop fent to Bedlam.

E SOP o'ercome with Wind and Spleen,
At Tunbridge fought relief; In hopes that change of Air, and Scene, Might ease him of his Grief. But there fuch Shoals of Fools he met, And Knaves twice dipt in Grain; Not the fam'd Waters they were at. Cou'd e'er take out the Stain. In vain a Friend among the Youth He fought all Tunbridge round; Till fneaking Solitary Truth He in a Corner found. Thus met, they readily agree, And did strange Tales devise. Lab'ring to make those Coxcombs see, That wou'd put out their Eyes. Till nettled at their just Reproof, The Knaves and Fools combine; And him and his Companion both To a dark room confine. Next Stage, they knew not why or how, For London they were bound;

Invain we strive Mens Errors to correct,
Or point out Follies which themselves neglect.
Fools are a stubborn Race, and hard to break,
Wisdom's the only Gift they scorn to take;
And he that shews his Brains to such a Rout,
Takes a fair way to have em beaten out.
Wise Men in them alone mistake their Tools,
Knaves only have the skill to manage Fools.

Where both of 'em together now,

In Bedlam may be found.

Let

Let empty Fopso e proud of their Mishap, For be that takes it off, deserves the Cap.

#### FAB. XVI.

The Priest and Pears.

Wanton Sloven of a Prieft. Invited to a Bridal Feast, Under a Hedg upon the Ground, A Hoard of Mellow Pears had found. These were, quoth he, to hungry Sinner, That had no hopes of Wedding-Dinner, Brave tempting Morfels, a rich Prize, Which at this juncture I despife, Now to more Rarities engag'd, Than e'er in Noak's Ark were cag'd; Fish, Fowl, Fruit, Sweet-meats to excite, And rouse a founder'd Appetite; Therefore sweet Pears this time adieu, My Stomach will not stoop to you. Yete'er we part, we'll have a left. Then scornfully he on 'em pist, And cry'd, Who e'er these Pears shall eat, He shall have Sauce as well as Meat. This done, impatient of delay, He jocundly persu'd his Way, Most happy in Imagination, Chewing the Cud of Expectation. Till to a Brook approaching nigh, By Rains late fallen swell'd fo high, That 'twas impossible to pass; His grumbling Stomach call'd him Afs, And bid him ford, or fwim the Flood, And make his vap'ring Promise good, Or, spite of all his Scoffs and Jeers, He, Sauce and all, should eat the Pears,

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The Priest, who Belly dearly lov'd, At this Reproach was strangely mov'd; yet his unhappy cafe was fuch. He hated Danger full as much. At Disappointment fore dejected. He fadly on the Pears reflected: He was by Word and Honour bound To ftand to't, and maintain his ground. and now the Pears fo lovely grew, That Water from both ends they drew. Hetherefore all his cunning bent To find out some Expedient, To prove himself this once mistaken, and fave his Credit and his Bacon. Inward he turn'd his fullen Looks, And romaging o'er all his Books, He met an antient Convocation, That furnish'd him with an Evasion. Quoth he, they cou'd not be my due, Nor might I feize 'em till I knew, And Providence had time to prove, This heap of Pears was Treasure trouve: But now I plainly understand, and the rest and an and the They truly are a Deodand; And he that Abdicates 'em here, Has lost all Title to one Pear. And I should be a Fool no doubt, Shou'd I stand any longer out. As for the Stain I cast on these, was all the land My felf can wipe it off with eafe. If any non'd know when they

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The Divi and the Bat. does does do

A Fierce Dispute 'twixt Birds of Night Arose about their Gifts, and Light;

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And fee born off the Sticks Dre

The Owl and Bat aloud contended,
Which was by Nature best befriended,
Wrangling with clamorous Contest
Which saw the clearest, and the best;
Till from high Words, and angry Speeches,
They came to Personal Reproaches.

Quoth Madge, insulting o'er the Bat, What wou'd this Flitter-Mouse be at? Thou Mungfel Vermine art at most, And but half Bird thy self canst boast.

The Bat reply'd with Indignation,
Make to your felf the Application;
You're some Beast's Bastard it appears,
As I'll demonstrate by your Ears.
But what this is to our Dispute?
If I am Vermine, you're a Brute.

Then let's agree, the Owl reply'd,
And by the Sun our Cause be try'd.
A Nightingale that hard by sate,
Thus undertook to Arbitrate:
How shall the Sun decide your Case,
When neither can endure his Face?
You've said enough of Bats and Owls,
To prove both purblind Knaves and Fools.

The Bats, and Owls of Pinners-Hall,
This Fable may apply;
These Night-Birds representing all
The Pastors and their Fry.
If any wou'd know whom they fit,
Their Controversies read;
And see bow oft the Sticks are split,
To break each other's Head.
But let'em not the Truth come near,
Nor venture into Light;
For he that does bare-fac'd appear,
Will shew a Hypocrite.

While they against each other bawl, They the whole World convince, And plainly snew their want to all Of Faith, as well as Sense.

#### FAB. XVIII.

## The Sharpers and Cullies.

Two Sharpers once to Gaming fell, In a large Company; And manag'd their Intrigue so well,

They drew in Standers by.

They wrangled, quarrel'd, and call'd names,

And play'd with fo much heat;

That no one jealous of a sham, Suspected 'twas a Cheat.

But when the Gamesters num'rous grew,

And store of Cullies came ;

Each from the other took his cue,

To manage right his Game.

A long time doubtful was the Scale,

The odds uncertain were;

For they do all by turns prevail, And none great Losers are.

Till e'ery one at length was dipt,

And mighty fums were laid;

The wink one of the Jugglers tipt, And so the Cheat betray'd.

But this Discovery came too late,

For now the Game was won;

An empty Pocket was their Fate, And all the Fools undone.

Ex---quer, B-nk, and the Exchange, East-Indians Old, and New, And all the World this very Game, Too busily pursue.

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Notes, Bills and Stock, and Actions fall,
Or without Reason rise;
Just as the Jugglers at Wh--hall,
Or M--cer's Chappel please.
The Great Ones have Sham-fallings out,
To draw the Lesser in;
Rut the true Quarrelis not who

But the true Quarrelis, not who, Rut how much each shall win.

And when the small Ones give their Voice, Who shall be most Empowr'd;

They have but Liberty of Choice, By whom they'l be devour'd.

### FAB. XIX.

# The Wolf and Dog.

Half famisht Wolf met a jolly fat Dog, That was let out for Air, and freed from the (Clog. Quoth Ifgrim, Friend Towzer, thou haft what I (lack, How com'ft thou by all this good Flesh on thy (back? Says Towzer, I lodg, and am fed at Wb---ball; I live like a Prince, and do nothing but bawl. You live like a Felon, by paltry Sheep-stealing; But if you'l be rul'd, and use double-dealing, I'l help you to mighty Preferment at C-rt, And you shall pay nothing but Flattery for't. Quoth Ifgrim, I like the Conditions fo well, I long till I'm there, for I foon shou'd excel; I can cringe like a Beau, and humour My Lord, And praise e'ery foppish Nonsensical word. Tis enough, says the Cur; so onward they jog'd, Till Towzer, who often was collar'd and clog'd, Like a Cur of good Manners in bowing berray'd The Ring on his Neck, which the Collar had made. Says

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de. Says Says the crafty fly Wolf, in that Circle some Spell I suppose is contain'd, by which you live well. 'Tis only, says Towzer, ne'er mind it I pray, Some loose hair my Collar has fretted away. Says Isgrim, I owe you, Sir, thanks for this grace; But if there's a Collar, that alters the case. I'll purchase my Place by no such submission, But sorage the Woods, and not alter Condition.

The Wealth, and the Pow'r of great Places pleafe all, Who wou'd shun the Fatigue they're encumber'd withall. They wou'd have the Profit without the Attendance, And shift off the burden of slavish dependance. But here they may see by the Wolf, and the Dog, They that will have the Fat, must submit to the Clog.

### FAB. XX.

# Of the Apple and the Dogle-Turn.

AN Apple fallen from a Tree
Which near a River stood,
With Horse-Turd in his Company
Was sailing down the Flood:
When Turd, ambitious to discourse
A thing so much above it,
Would into Conversation force,
As down the River drove it.
Lord! Madam, what a pleasant Stream
Is this in which we ride?
Sister! How we two Apples swim?
The foul Sirrev rence cry'd.

AThredbare Writer, who perchance Has not one Farthing paid, To carry on the War with France, Towards the Royal Aid;

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Crys, Damn this curs'd confounded Peace, It Forty Millions cost, And we could not procure our Ease Till all our Wealth was lost.

FAB. XXI.

The Joump.

Welch-man (from his Hills come down) . Saw a strange Engine near a Town; A high-erected Post there stood, Crown'd with a Janus head of Wood; One of whose Faces look'd to th' Country, T'other Phyz o'er the Town was Centry. A Clown close by gave 't many a thump, And told admiring Taffy 'twas a Pump: With this side I my Cellar drain and dry, With t'other I my Waters want supply, Here's all I have which in this Bowl stands by. Sot, quoth the Briton, why dost toil? Here's not a drop comes all this while. T'other strait pours the dish of Water Into the Pump. Thou mendst the matter. Cry'd Taffy laughing; why dost wast The Water thou already hast? Vext with his Ignorance, the Clown Replied, If ever thou hadft known How wifer men can use a Tool, Thou wouldst not prate so like a Fool: I threw this Dishful in, thou filly Lout, Because I'm sure to get a Tubsul out.

No wonder some profusely give their Coin,
'I is easie being liberal on design.

Money well plac'd at time of need we know,
Tho' sprinkled but by P-—, makes M—— flow.

#### FAB. XXII.

Of the Bear and the Berg!

Old Muscovy (as story tells) Fam'd is for store of Bears; That it in Honey too excels, From the same Books appears. There's scarce a hollow Tree that grows, When cut, but Honey from it flows. A plundering Bear about did roam, To many a hollow Oak he troop'd, Greedy he was, oft chang'd his home, As oft the pillag'd Trees he scoop'd : The Witless Bees saw him devour Their Summers toils, and Winter-store; Call'd it perhaps Protecting too, Lest other Beasts the like should do. And feem'd to be content. At length when he enlarg'd his rounds, (For Rapine scarce knows any bounds) To a Farm. House he went.

The Bear his wonted raving drives,
To run a muck at all the Hives.
The Bees who had with patience born,
The rifling of the Forest round;
Enrag'd, their All was from them torn,
And that their last retreat he found;
With Indignation rose in swarms,
With one consent all slew to Arms,

And all affail'd the Bear: In numerous clusters round they hung; Never was prowling Beast so stung, As he was every where.

Vast Numbers gor'd his tender Snout, \rac{1}{2} Some his two shining Favourite Eyes: He rages, storms, and cuss about,
Both mad and blind to shun them trys:
Among the rest there's none attack'd him more
Than e'en those Drones who snack'd with him be.

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In vain for Aid he roars and bawls,
In vain his kindred Cubs he calls;
The Floods and Woods that interpose,
Keep all things from him but his Foes.
Till torn, and bloody, thro the Bogs he flys,
And by those Insects he cou'd once despise,
Raving, and venom'd, for his Rapine dies.

Whoever D' Alva like essays
To use oppressing Means and Ways,
Will find the Consequence but had;
Oppression all things overrules,
Not only raises swarms of Fools,
But makes a wise Man mad.

# F. A. B. XXIII. when the A. A. A.

## The Devil and the Priest.

THERE was a Monarch, whose Imperial Sway
Nations far distant did as Slaves obey:
Kingdoms he govern'd, which he never saw,
And made'em stood to his extended Law.
Some Crowns by right of Birth he held, and some
Beneath his Sway by right of Conquest come:
So large his Awful Monarchy was grown,
His Slaves at all times did behold the Sun.

But Ah how weak is Pow'r and human Sway!
When we Eternal Orders must obey?
That mighty King can ravish'd Kingdoms seize,
Becomes a Slave to Sickness and Disease,
And wasts in Body, as his Crowns increase.

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Just were the Gods this Monarch to oppress, Who ruin'd Lands, and Nations did distress.
Millions of murder'd Ghosts surround his Throne, Whose Lands by Blood he'd vilely made his own:
Nature by day his drooping Soul asrights,
And murder'd Ghosts disturb his Peace anights.

And murder'd Ghosts disturb his Peace anights.

Thus some vile Usurer of London Town,

Who has whole Familys and Tribes undone,

Widows and Orphans cramm'd into his Bags, Expos'd to cold in tatter'd Clothes and Rags; Whilst the vile Wretch Damnation worketh out.

Upon his Couch tormented with the Gout.

From Drugs this King could no affiliance have,
Nature nor Art could not the Monarch fave
From the cold Palace of a noisom Grave;
By Heaven accurst, no lisue less toureign,
He long had rul'd alas! but rul'd in vain:
His wealthy Kingdoms now disown'd by Fate,
Their Regal Line must meanly terminate:
Gasping they lie to every neighb'ring Power,
For every King is a Competitory,
Each claims his Right to the extinguish'd Throne,
Some would have part, but others all or none:
One claims by Marriage what by t'other's given,
But Father Pope claims by Decree of Heav'n.
Thus mighty Feuds thro the Horizon spread,
And promise Wars when the sick Monarch's dead.

What must be done in so deploy'd a case,
When Fate appears with such an angry face?
The Swords are whetting, and prepar'd's the Shield,
And bloody Troops are entering the Field;
When the whole World's just kindling in a Flame,
E'en in the Nick the Priest and Devil came;
Two great Composers of intestine Jars,
Who sill both Hell and Money-Chests by Wars,
Still leave the Slain confus'dly in the lurch,
Whilst Hell gets all the Vot'ries of the Church:

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But such their fate, the Priesthood and Old Nick Approach the Royal Mansions of the Sick. They did not viler Words to Eve express, The first Queen Regent of the Universe, When their Advice she freely did embrace, And by it damn'd her self and all her Race, Than to the dying Monarch now they utter, And in his Ears Infernal Accents mutter.

Sir, fays the Priest, you're ready to bequeath

The Lamp of Life unto the puff of Death;

' Your Kingdoms totter, as your Life declines,

You are the last of all the Regal Lines.

I am by Heaven, and by the Pope defign'd

'T' instruct with Rules of Faith your Royal Mind.

' If you expect in t'other World some ease,

Pray leave your Kingdoms in a settled Peace:

Such vast Pretensions to your Thrones are made,
As will the Earth with grizly Wars invade.

Here did the dying King erect his head, And faintly to his Confessor thus said:

Thou know'ft my Kingdoms do belong to one,

Who hath by Birth a Title to my Throne;

'Tho not descended from these Loins of mine,

His Title is as good, as much Divine.

'Ah! fays the Priest, that Title can't be good,

" Which is supported by the loss of Blood:

' That Prince can never his just Rights maintain,

He is too weak, too poor for such a Reign.

'He who by Marriage does a Right pretend,
'Was still your fure and ever-faithful Friend.

' Tho he his Right renounc'd, I do declare

You may by Will appoint him lawful Heir.
And here the Devil whisp'ring in his Ear,

The Priest proceeds:

If you my facred Counfels now shall shun,

' I'll tell your Majesty you are undone:

' Your Sins are many, and must be forgiven

Before you can approach the Throne of Heaven;

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And if you do not my Advice pursue, I'll pardon none, and Hell shall be your due; No extreme Unction, no anointing Oil To fave your Skin where wretched Sinners broil In the hot confines of the Stygian Lake, Because they Priestly Counsels did forsake! Where in large Bowls is liquid Sulphur quaff'd (At which damn'd Words the very Devil laugh'd.) There you must lie tormented and forlorn, ' No King in Tophet shall like you be torn: I will more torments on your Head denounce 'Than you, when living, Scepters had and Crowns. But if you will my Courfels now purfue, No King in Heav'n shall be more blest than you, 'With Treasures greater than those of Peru. 'Nay when from earthly Body you are loofe, ' You shall not stop at the old half way House, Where Sinners take a pot of Stygian Liquor 'To make their sense of Torment far more quicker; Where on hard Benches those dejected Elves Do for vast Ages sit to louse themselves. ' But you, when e'er your Majesty shall die, ' Presto shall mount the Regions of the Sky, And view your Kingdoms lessening as you fly. He faid. The Prince afrighted at his words, To the vile Dictates of the Priest accords: He makes his Will, and gives those Crowns away, Which he, much envy'd, did so weakly sway, Unto a Prince, who could no Title have, But what Ambition and his Envy gave.

Thus Kings are bubbl'd, who on Priests rely, They live in scandal, and unpitied die; Condemn'd to Bondage and hase Fame below, And when they die, the Lord knows where they go. For Heaven is kind, if e'er a Fool it saves, Who trusts his Soul within the hands of Knaves.

Spain benceforth of the Priests may have a care,
And of their vile deluding Tricks beware.

If Heav'n be just, as sure in time it will,
Porto Carero shall his Crimes fulfil;
He who embroils the World with Scenes of Wars,
And Europe hurries in intestine Jars,
Shall by the hand of Fate a Victim fall,
And slip to Hell from off the Earthly Ball.

Let England, Holland, Germany alone, See on the Wretch condign Justice done; Mean while let France go on to play its pranks, Whilst its wast River overflows its Banks. Glutted with Empire may all Tyrants die, And groveling in their Pride and Ruin lie: She may in time her dear Ambition mourn; Anjou, like Conti, may again return. And may no King from henceforth e'er be blest, Who trusts a Devil or a crafty Priest.

### FAB. XXIV.

### The Courtier.

A Milk-white Rogue Immortal and unhang'd,
By Fate and Parliaments severely bang'd,
Without a Saint, a Devil was within;
He sought all Dangers, for he knew all Sin;
Resolv'd for Grandeur, and i' acquire Wealth,
Rob'd some by force, and others trick'd by stealth;
A wheedling fawning parsimonious Knave,
The Prince's Favour he resolv'd to have.
The only means by which he thought to rise,
He shuffl'd Cards, and slily cog'd his Dice;
A true State-Juggler, could make things appear
Such as would please his Prince's Eyes or Ear;
Produc'd false Lights his Monarch to missead,
Which made him from his Paths of Int'rest tread.

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leskreen'd all Villains from due course of Laws, nd from his Prince his truest Subjects draws; rill angry Senates the vile Monster took, and from the Root the upstart Cedar shook, (Coin, queez'd the curst Spunge had suck'd the Nation's and made him cast up what he did purloin: Then on a Gibbet did the Monster die, A Just Example to Posterity.

Let Favorites beware how they abuse Their Princes Goodness, or the Peoples Laws, How they clandestine Methods ever use To propagate a base unrighteous Cause. The Prince's Favour, like a Horse untam'd, Dos often break the giddy Rider's Neck : On him who for Preferment's so much fam'd The People oft their bloody Vengeance wreak. Let the se beware bow they mislead their Prince. Or rob the Treasure of a potent Nation, Or multiply enormous Crimes; for bence Come Hanging oft, or noble Decollation.

# FAB.

# The Pilgrims.

D ELIGION is a thing, if understood, Nould make men righteous and their Actions good. For Piety alone of all things can Correct the Manners, and reform the Man: But Ah! how much is the blest Name abus'd, And by unhallow'd Lips profanely us'd! But none so much their Lewdness evidence, As those who to it make the most pretence. A Brace of Pilgrims, of a Sect fevere, As e'er usurp'd a Place in Moses Chair, Men skill'd and read in Moses sacred Laws, Yet well instructed for an impious Cause.

They

They brought up Pilgrims in their pious Schools. WhereMen were hoodwink'd & transform'd to Fools, They taught 'em Doctrines did e'en Sense deceive, And made 'em many holy Cheats believe; Passive Obedience taught in a free Nation, More foolish far than Transubstantiation. These pious Ramblers trudg'd from Post to Pillow, Got facred Oak and confecrated Willow, Chips of our Saviour's Cross, which where they came Still got 'em Mony, Provender and Fame; Each holy Hocus Pocus had a trick Would cheat the wifest Subject of Old Nick. They wrought fuch Miracles in e'ery Nation, As did inhance their holy Reputation. From Spain unto Aleppo they embark'd, As Beafts in Noab's wooden House were ark'd; From thence o'er fandy Defert they did travel, Where Men by Winds are buried oft in Gravel, Where Camels foundring in the fandy way Are mummied up for ever and for ay; Where Men are thrust so far beneath the Ground, They scarce will hear the final Trumpet found; Till thro the scorching Sand's impetuous Heat, They got safe to Jerusalem's beauteous Gate; Where when they came, just at the very entry, They faw a Brother Pilgrim standing Sentry, With meagre Looks, as if he'd been half roafted; But yet in Pilgrim Cant he them accosted ; Says he, 'You're welcome Brethren to this Place, Of other Lands, and of our Church the Grace; ' Step you but in, I'll show our Saviour's Tomb, So much ador'd by all that hither come; With all the holy Relicks of the Saints, Which he who has not feen, true Fervour wants. But e'er you enter, Brethren, I must tell ye,

But e'er you enter, Brethren, I must tell ye, We have got no provision for the Belly. At which one Pilgrim said, We need not that,

We without Victuals can grow plump and fat.

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hen putting Hand within his facred Hood. ull'd out a Piece of most ill-favour'd Wood. aid he, 'Whoever bears this facred Chip. Needs not with Liquor ever wet his Lip. Or cram his Guts as other Mortals do: This is both Meat and Drink, and Clothing too. We from Aleppo came, and all the way Have neither eat nor drank by night or day. Whilst others fainting, perish'd on the Road. And Camels funk beneath the Heat and Load. Who e'er to Battel goes, that carries this, Him shall the poyson'd Arrows ever miss: He may in Tempests thro the largest Seas Undrowned pass whenever he shall please. This facred Chip is of our Saviour's Cross. Which who has got, can ne'er sustain a Loss. A Pilgrim Merchant standing by, o'er heard What the Impostor said, and much afraid To pass the Deserts, but with needful Prop To keep his drooping Limbs and Spirits up; Offers the Pilgrims Mony for the Wood, Who pond'ring feriously, a long time stood; Then in the Offer they were very nice, Not out of Zeal, but to inhance the Price: At length, which being rais'd ('tis very odd) They took the Mony, and they fold their God. The Merchant thus equipp'd, away he ran, He need not stay now for the Caravan; But in the Deserts was the Sot mistaken, Where he did broil and fry like any Bacon; He would have given in this very matter A Load of Timber for a Draught of Water: There in the Sands did unaffifted roaft, He curst the Pilgrims, and gave up the Ghost.

Te English Jacobites, beware

How you this Merchant's paths do tread:

If you are caught in such a Snare,

And by Non-juring Priests misted,

Tou may like him be famish'd quite,

And die in Ditches like a Dog:

When you are poor, they'l say good night;

They get the Gold, and you the Log.

For if you run into Extremes,

And against Faith believe and hope,

You are bedevil'd by King James,

As he's bedevil'd by the Pope.

For take my word, and to it I'll be sworn,

Monmouth shall rise when James shall e'er return.

### FAE. XXVI.

## The Confederacy.

1. THERE was an Eagle built his Nest
Upon a losty Oak,
Tho not above
Th' avenging Stroke
And Thunder of Almighty Jove;
Of Jove, who sometimes thinks it best,
For Reasons yet unknown,
To let the vilest men alone,
To ravage all their Neighbours Lands,
And murder Innocents with bloody hands.
So he thought good
To let this mighty ravenous Tyrant of the Wood

Perch on his Boughs fecure from Fate,
And all the little winged Mortals eat.

 Long there he liv'd, and every day descry'd From his exalted Boughs;
 All the low Underwood beside Beneath his Shadow grows.

When e'er he faw the Flocks upon the wing, Or heard in Bushes the plum'd Creatures sing,

If this Tyrannic Eagle be empower'd

'And we are born by him to be devour'd.
'Tis true (tho not to our difgrace)
We are the weakest of the feather'd Race:
The Gods have us no Talons giv'n,

And make us Captives at his Will;

Such the Decree of Heaven.
We can't contend with mighty Powers.

Our business is to sit in Bow'rs,

His

By Fate to kill,

And in our natural Accents sing.
The Glories of the Spring.

We are but Cantons of the Air,

Some mighty Emp'rors are;

If we with these are in Alliance join'd,

'The Eagle soon will find Himself o'ermatch'd,

And we shall have our Young in safety hatch'd.

'Therefore let us perswade

These Potentates unto our Aid:

We'll get Provision from the Wood

Their Forces to maintain, Whilst they upon the Plain

Do combat for the Common good.

4. He said, and to his wise Intent
The feather'd Company

Did all agree;

They clapt their Wings, and chirping gave confent

The Hawks of every kind In the Alliance join'd,

The Ravens, Crows, and all the Breed That do on flaughter'd Bodies feed; Each one who did a Talon wear,

His sharpen'd Weapon did prepare, He whet his Beak, and hasten'd to the War.

Which when the Eagle understood,

He armed all his Bands, And to the Field commands

His vet'rane Troops long fince inur'd to Blood.
Such Preparations ne'er were known,

Such mighty Actions ne'er were done By the Inhabitants of the Air,

Or fuch a bloody War.

For now the fatal Day is come, Little inferior to the Day of Doom.

Over a spacious Plain, On which below

Small Furz and Fern did grow:

Now Death and vast Destruction reign; Here in the Air

The Combatants begin the War;
Who as they in Battalia fly
Put out the very Candle of the Sky:
Such sparring Blows they gave, the very Sound

Echo'd from hollow Caverns of the Ground;

At e'ery Stroke

Was fome strong Talon broke, Some Beak was spoil'd, Or Hawk or Eagle kill'd:

The Feathers fell like Showers of Snow

Upon the Plain below.

The Battel was uncertain, still
They both did one another kill,
Until the Eagles Forces broke.

Retreated to the Fortress of their Oak.

6. The Eagle thus diffrest,

His Warriors spoil'd both in their Beak and Crest,

His Fortunes growing worse and worse,

To Policy he has recourse;

This firm Alliance he must break,

Or elfe his Oaken Throne must crack.

First from the common Cause

He the fierce Vultur draws,

Which was by Wedding done;

A Young Hen-Vultur of a comely Grace,

The only Princess of the Race,

To a Cock-Grandson-Eagle of his own.

Then with his other Foes he gets a Peace,

And thus all Feuds and Discord cease.

No sooner were his Pinions grown,

And Claws made sharp, but from his Throne

He War proclaims, which and in war

And all the little Flocks of Birds he damns,

And all Alliances he fcorns, The wall ba A

And a true Tyrant Eagle turns.

If e'er Confederates agen
Shall the French Eagle overcome,
Ne'er let him rife to fight, but then
Give him his ne plus ultra Doom.
In him no Faith nor Honesty they'l find,
Whom neither Gods nor human Laws can hind.

#### F A B. XXVII.

The Lions Treaty of Partition.

A Mighty Lyon heretofore,
Of monstrous Paws, and dreadful Roar,
Was bent upon a Chase:
Inviting Friends, and near Allies,
Frankly to share the Sport and Prize.
During the hunting Space,

The Lynx, and Royal Panther came, The Boar and Wolf of Wolfingham,

The Articles were these: Share and share like, whate'er they got, The Dividend upon the spot,

And so depart in peace.

A Royal Hart, delicious Meat!

Destin'd by inauspicious Fate,

Was started for the Game;
The Hunters run him one and all,
The Chase was long, and at the fall
Each enter'd with his Claim.

One lov'd a Hanch, and one a Side, This eat it powder'd, t'other dry'd, Each for his share alone:

Old Grey-beard then began to roar, His Whiskers twirl'd, bully'd and swore,

The Hart was all his own.

And thus I prove my Title good,

My Friend deceas'd fprung from our Blood,

Half's mine as we're ally'd:

My

My Valour claims the other part;

And now who dares divide?

The bilk'd Confederates they stare,

And cry'd, Old Gentleman deal fair,
For once be Just and True.

Quoth He, and looking wondrous grum, Behold my Paws, the word is Mum,

And so Melsieurs adien.

Tyrants can only be restrain'd by Might,
Power's their Conscience, and the Sword their Right:
Allies their Court to compass private ends,
But at the Dividend disclaim their Friends,
Yet boast not France of thy successful Fraud,
Maintain'd by Blood, a Torment whilst enjoy'd:
Imperial Cæsat drives the Storm along,
And Nassau's Arms avenge the publick Wrong!

# FAB. XXVIII.

# The Blind Monian and her Doctors.

A Wealthy Matron now grown old,
Was weak in e'ery part:
Afflicted fore with Rhumes and Cold,

Yet pretty found at Heart.

But most her Eyes began to fail,

Depriv'd of needful light: Nor cou'd her Spectacles avail

To rectify their Sight.

Receipts the try'd, the Doctors fee'd,

And spar'd for no Advice

Of Men of Skill, or Quacks for need

That practife on fore Eyes.

Salves they dawb'd on, and Plaisters both,

And this, and that was done:

Then

Then Flannels, and a Forehead-cloth To bind and keep them on.

Her House, tho small, was furnish'd neat,

And e'ery Room did shine

With Pictures, Tapestry and Plate,

All Rich, and wondrous fine.
Whilst they kept blind the filly Soul,

Their hands found work enough!

They pilfer'd Plate, and Goods they stole, Till all was carry'd off.

When they undamm'd their Patients Eyes, And now pray how's your Sight?

Crys t'other, this was my advice, I knew 'twou'd fet you right.

Like a stuck Pig the Woman star'd,

And up and down the run:

With naked House, and Walls, quite scar'd, She found her self undone.

Doctors, quoth she, your Cure's my pain, For what are Eyes to me?

Bring Salves and Forehead-Cloths again, I've nothing left to fee.

See injur'd Britain thy unhappy Case,

Thou Patient with distemper'd Eyes:

State Quacks but nourish the Disease.

And thrive by Treacherous Advice.

If fond of the Expensive Pain,

When eighteen Millions run on Score :

Let them clap Mufflers on again,
And physick Thee of Eighteen more.

F A B. XXIX.

The Satyrs Address.

Five Satyrs of the Woodland Sort,
Thought Politicians then:

Their

Their Ears prick'd up, their Noses short,
And Brows adorn'd like Aldermen;
With Asses Hoofs, great gogle Eyes,
And ample Chins of Be—ms Size:
To fove tript up with an Address.

In favour of the Plains:
That it wou'd please him to suppress
All Heats and Colds, his Winds and Rains;
The Sun that he'd extinguish too,
And in the Skies hang something new.

My wise reforming Friends, quoth Jove,

Our Elements are good!
We manage for the best above,
Tho not so rightly understood;
But since such prosound Squires are sent,
We'l treat you like the Cream of Kent.
Then Yove brought out Æthereal Fire

In a gilt Ghafindish:
The sparkling Flame they all admire,
'Twas fine, they vow'd, as Heart cou'd wish;
They gap'd, they grin'd, they jump'd about;
Jove give us that, the Sun put out!

The charming Flames they all embrace, Which urg'd by Nature's Laws,

Their shaggy Hides fer in a blaze,

And foundly fing'd their Paws; In Corners then they fneak, with Terror dumb, And o'er th' Immortal Pavements fcud it home.

How senseless are our Modern Whiggish Tools,
Beneath the dignity of British Fools!
With Beef resolv'd, and fortify'd with Ale,
They censure Monarchs, and at Senates rail;
So eagerly to Publick Mischief run,
That they prevent the Hands which loo them on.
O true Machines; and Heads devoid of Brains!
Affront that Senate which your Rights maintains!

Thus Ideots sport with Power, and Flames embrace,
Till smarting Folly glares them in the Face.

## FAB. XXX.

# The farmer and his Dog.

There dwelt a Farmer in the West,
As we're in story told;
Whose Herds were large, and Flocks the best

That ever lin'd a Fold.

Arm'd with a Staff, his Russet Coat, And Towser by his side;

Early and late he tun'd his Throat,
And every Wolf defi'd.

Lov'd Towfer was his Heart's delight, In Cringe and Fawning skill'd:

Entrusted with the Flocks by Night,

And Guardian of the Field.

Towser, quoth he, I'm for a Fair,

Be Regent in my Room:

Pray of my tender Flocks take care, And keep all fafe at home.

I know thee Watchful, Just, and Brave,

Right worthy fuch a place:

No wily Fox shall thee deceive, Nor Wolf dare show his face.

But ne'er drd Wolves a Fold infest,
At Regent Towser's rate:

He din'd and sup'd upon the best,

And frequent Breakfasts eat.

The Farmer oft receiv'd advice,
And laugh'd at the Report:

But coming on him by furprise, Just found him at the sport.

Ungrateful Beast, quoth he, what means That bloody Mouth and Paws?

I know the Base, the Treacherous Stains, Thy breach of Trust and Laws.

The

The Fruits of my past Love I see, Roger the Halter bring:

E'en trus him on that Pippin Tree, And let Friend Towser swing.

I'll spare the famish'd Wolf and Fox,

That ne'er my bounty knew:
But as the Guardian of my Flocks,
This Neckcloth is your due.

When Ministers their Prince abuse, And on the Subjects prey: With antient Monarchs' twas in use, To send them Towser's way.

A Copy of Verses written in the Year 1623. relating to many things that would happen to the Government of England.

AND since Men wandring in a Wood by Night, When they shall through a Glade behold some light, Take thereby Courage to walk chearly on, In hope their Pears and Toyls are nearly gone. I'le from a Cloud flash out a little Gleam of Lightning, and disclose a little Beam; Whereby on you a Glimmering shall be cast of what you may attain to at the last. For I will shew you by what Pedegree That Government to you deriv'd shall be, Which will at last the British Islands bless With Inward Peace and Outward Happiness: It was of late a brief Presage of his Who oft hath Truth foretold, and it is this.

7 Hen here a' Scot shall think his Throne to set Above the Circle of a British King, He shall a ' Dateless Parliament beget. From whence 3 a Dreadful Armed Brood shall spring. This Offspring shall beget a wild Confusion; Confusion shall an ' Anarchy beget : That Anarchy shall bring forth in Conclusion A' Creature that you have no Name for yet. This Creature shall conceive a fickly State, Which will an a Aristocracy produce: The many-headed Beaft, not liking that, To raise Democracy shall rather choose. And then Democracy's Production shall A 7 Moon-calf be, which some a Mole do call; A false Conception of imperfect Nature, And of a shapeless and a brutish Feature. For these Descents shall live and reign together, So acting for a while, that few shall know Which of them has the Sov'reignty, or whether There be among them a Supreme or no. When they with lars and langlings have defac'd Your 8 Triple Building, and themselves nigh worn Into Contempt, they of one Cup shall tast, And into their first Elements return. Five of them Thall Subdue the other Five; And then those Five shall, in a doubtful Strife, Each others Death fo happily contrive, That they shall die to live a better Life; And out of their Corruption rife there shall A ' true Supreme, acknowledged by all: In whom the Power of all the Five shall be 

K. Charles I. The long Parliament. The Army. L. Charles's Death. Ol. Cromwel L. Protector. When Rich Cromwel was deposed. The Committee of Sasery. Government of King, Lords, and Commons. K. Charles the Second.

Prince, People, Parliament, with Priests and Peers, Shall be a while your emulous Grandees, Make a confused Pentarchy some Years, And leave off their distinct Claims by degrees. And then shall Righteousness ascend the Throne, Then Truth and Love and Peace re-enter shall, Then Faith and Reason shall agree in one, And all the Virtues to their Council call. And timely out of all these shall arise That Kingdom and that happy Government, Which is the Scope of all those Prophecies That future Truths obscurely represent. But how this done shall be, few Men shall see; For wrought in Clouds and Darkness it will be: And e'er it come to pass to publick View. Most of these following Signs must first ensue.

A King shall willingly himself unking, And thereby grow far greater than before. The Priests their Priestbood to Contempt shall bring, And Piety thereby Shall thrive the more. A Parliament it felf shall overthrow, and an analyst And thereby shall a better Being gain. The Peers, by fetting of themselves below, A more Ennobling Honour shall obtain. The People for a time shall be enslav'd; But that shall make them for the future free. By private Loss the Publick hall be sav'd. An Army shall, by yielding, Victor be. The Cities Wealth her Poverty hall cause. The Laws Corruption shall reform the Laws. And Bullocks of the largest Northern Breed Shall fatted be where now scarce Sheep can feed. You may perhaps deride what's here recited, As heretofore you other Truths have flighted; But some of my Presage you have beheld Already in obscurity fulfill'd : The rest shall in its time appointed come, And fooner than will pleafing be to fome.

The

The last Nine Signs or Symptoms of the Ten. Which should precede them, shall appear to men Of all Conditions; but our Author faith, The first is but in Hope, not yet in Faith, And may be, or not be; for so or so That King shall have his Lot as he shall do. If all his Sins he heartily repent, God will remit e'en all his Punishment. And him unto his Peoples Hearts restores With greater Honour than he had before. If he remain impenitent, like Saul God from the Throne shall cast both him and all: His whole Descent, and leave him not a Man To fill it, though he had a Jonathan. If Abab-like his Mourning has respects To temporary Losses or Effects, Like Ahab then it therewithal shall carry Some Benefit, which is but temporary. A real Penitence, tho somewhat late, The Rigour of his Doom may much abate, By leaving him a part of what he had, When he a Forfeiture of all hath made; Or else by rooting out those who in Sin With him have actually partakers been; And placing in their steads a Branch of his. Whose Innocency no way question'd is.

Another Copy of Verses by the same Author, written in 1628.

OD hath a Controversy with our Land;
And in an evil Plight Affairs do stand:
And tho we always smart for doing ill,
Yet God's Almighty Hand afflicts us still;
And many see it not, for many be
So wilful, that his Hand they will not see.

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Some plainly view the same, but nothing care.
Some at the sight thereof amazed are,
Like Belteshazzar have a trembling Heart,
But will not from their Wickedness depart.
Some dream that all things do by Chance succeed,
And that I prate more of them than I need.
But Heaven and Earth to Witness I invoke,

That nothing causely I here have spoke.

If this, O fickly Island! thou believe, And for thy great Infirmities shalt grieve, And knowing of thy Follies, make Confessions, And then bewail thine infinite Transgressions, And then amend those Errors; God shall then Thy manifold Diftempers cure again, Make all thy Scarlet Sins as white as Snow, And cast thy threatned Judgment on thy Foe. But if thou, fondly thinking thou art well, Shalt flight this Message which my Muse doth tell, And fcorn her Counsel; if thou shalt not rue Thy former ways, but frowardly perfue Thy wilful Courfe, then hark what I am bold (In spite of all thy madness) to unfold: For I will tell thy Fortune, which when they That are unborn shall read another day, They shall believe God's Mercy did infuse Thy Poet's Breaft with a Prophetick Muse; And know that he this Author did prefer, To be, from him, this Isle's Remembrancer. -This Land shall breed a nasty Generation, Unworthy either of the Reputation Or Name of Men; for they, as Lice, shall feed Ee'n on the Body whence they did proceed. There shall moreover Swarms of divers Flies Engendred be in thy Prosperities,

To be a Plague, and still are humming so, As if they meant some weighty Work to do; Whereas upon the common Stock they spend, And nought perform of what they do pretend.

Then

Then shall 'a Darkness follow, far more black. Than when the Light Corporeal thou dost lack, For grossest Ignorance, o'ershadowing all, Shall in so thick a Darkness thee enthral, That thou a blockish People shalt be made, Still wandring on in a deceiving Shade; Mistrusting those that safest Paths are shewing, Most trusting them who counsel thy undoing; And aye tormented be with Doubts and Fears, As one who Outcries in dark places hears.

Nor shall the Hand of God from thee return, Till he hath also smote thine Eldest Born; That is, till he hath taken from thee quite Ev'n that whereon thou sett'st thine whole delight; And filled every House throughout the Nation With Deaths unlooked for, and Lamentation.

So great shall be thy Ruin and thy Shame, (same, That when thy Neighbouring Kingdoms hear the Their Ears shall tingle; and when that Day comes, In which thy Follies must receive their Dooms, A day of Clouds, a day of Gloominess, A day of black Despair and Heaviness It will appear; and then thy Vanities, Thy Gold and Silver, thy Confederacies, And all those Reeds on which thou hast depended, Will fail thy Trust, and leave thee unbefriended.

Thy King, thy Priests, and Prophets then shall And peradventure seignedly return, (moun, To beg of God to succour them; but they Who will not hearken to his Voice to day, Shall cry unheeded, and he will despise Their Vows, their Prayers, and their Sacrifice.

A Sea of Troubles all thy Hopes shall swallow; As Wave on Wave, so Plague on Plague shall follow: And every thing that was a Blessing to thee, Shall turn to be a Curse to help undo thee.

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And when thy Sin is fully ripe in thee, Thy Prince and People then alike shall be; Thou shalt have Babes to be thy Kings, or worse, Those Tyrants who by Cruelty and Force Shall take away the antient Charters quite from all their Subjects, yea, themselves delight In their Vexation; and all those that are Made Slaves thereby shall murmur, yet not dare Toftir against them. By degrees they shall Deprive thee of thy Patrimonials all ; Compel thee, as in other Lands this day, For thine own Meat and thine own Drink to pay; And at the last begin to exercise Upon thy Sons all Heathenish Tyrannies. As just Prerogatives: To these Intents Thy Nobles shall become their Instruments. For they who had their Births from noble Races. Shall some and some be brought into Disgraces; From Offices they shall excluded stand, And all their virtuous Offspring from the Land Shall quite be worn: Instead of whom shall rise A Brood advanced by Impieties, (grow, That feek how they more great and strong may By compassing the Publick Overthrow. These shall abuse thy Kings with Tales and Lies, With feeming Love and fervile Flatteries; They shall persuade them, they have Power to make Their Wills their Law, and as they please to take Their Peoples Goods, their Children and their Lives, Ev'n by their just and due Prerogatives. When thus much they have made them to believe, Then they shall teach them Practices to grieve Their Subjects by, and Instruments become To help the screwing up by some and some Of Monarchies to Tyrannies: They shall Abuse Religion, Honesty, and all To compass their Designs they shall devise Strange Projects, and with Impudence and Lies

Proceed in setling them; they shall forget
Those reverend Usages which do besit
The Majesty of State, and rail and storm,
When they pretend Disorders to reform
In their High Councils; and where Men should have
Kind Admonitions, and Reprovings grave,
When they offend, they shall be threatned there,
And scoft and taunted, tho no Cause appear.

Whatever from thy People they can tear, Or borrow, they shall keep, as if it were A Prize which had been taken from the Foe, And they shall make no Conscience what they do To prejudice Posterity; for They, To gain their Lusts but for the present day, Shall with fuch Love unto themselves endeavour, That tho they know it will undo for ever Their own Posterity, it shall not make These Monsters any better Course to take. Nay God shall give them up, for their Offences, To fuch uncomely reprobated Senses, And blind them fo, that when the Ax they fee E'en hewing at the Root of their own Tree, By their own handy Strokes, they shall not grieve For their approaching Fall; no, nor believe Their Fall approacheth, nor assume that heed Which might prevent it, till they fall indeed.

Mark well, O Britain! what I now shall say,
And do not slightly pass these Words away;
But be assured, that when God begins
To bring this Vengeance on thee for thy Sins,
Which hazard will thy total Overthrow,
Thy Prophets and thy Priests shall slily sow
The Seeds of that Dissension and Sedition,
Which Time will ripen for thy sad Perdition;
But not unless the Priests thereto consent:
For in those days shall sew Men innocent
Be griev'd through any Quarter of the Land,
In which thy Clergy shall not have some hand.

Thy

Thy Cities and thy Palaces, wherein
Most Neatness and Magnificence hath been,
Shall heaps of Rubbish be.—
Instead of Lions Tyrants thou shalt breed,
Who not of Law nor Conscience shall take heed;
But on the weak Man's Portion lay their Paw,
And make their Pleasures to become their Law.
Thy Judges wilfully shall wrest the Laws,
And, to the Ruin of the common Cause,
Shall misinterpret them, in hope of Grace
From those who might despoil them of their Place.
Yea, that whereto they are obliged both
By Conscience, by their Calling, and their Oath,
Toput in Execution they shall fear,
And leave them helpless who oppressed are.

## A Panegyrick upon Oates.

O F all the Grain our Nation yields
In Orchards, Gardens, or in Fields,
There is a Grain which, tho 'tis common,
Its Worth till now was known to no man.
Not Ceres Sickle e'er did crop
A Grain with Ears of greater hope:
And yet this Grain (as all must own)
To Grooms, and Hostlers well is known;
And often has without distain
In musty Barn and Manger lain:
As if it had been only good
To be for Birds, and Beasts the Food.
But now by new inspired Force
I keeps alive both Man, and Horse.
Then speak my Muse, for now I guess

Then speak my Muse, for now I guess
E'en what it is thou wouldst express:
It is not Barley, Rye, nor Wheat,
That can pretend to do the Feat:

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Tis Oates, bare Oates, that is become The Health of England, Bane of Rome, And Wonder of all Christendom. And therefore Oates has well deferv'd To be from musty Barn prefer'd, And now in Royal Court preferv'd. That like Hesperian Fruit Oates may Be watch'd and guarded Night and Day, Which is but just retaliation For having guarded a whole Nation. Hence e'ery lofty Plant that stands 'Twixt Berwick Walls, and Dover Sands, The Oak it felf (which well we flile The Pride, and Glory of our Ifle) Must strike and wave its lofty Head, And now falute an Oaten Reed. For furely Oates deserves to be Exalted far 'bove any Tree. Th' Ægyptians once (tho it seems odd) Did worship Onions for their God: And poor Peelgarlic was with them Esteem'd beyond the richest Gem. What would they then have done, think Had they but had fuch Oates as we. Oates of fuch known Divinity? Since then fuch good by Oates we find, Let Oates at least be now enshrin'd : Or in some Sacred Press inclos d. Be only kept to be expos'd; And all fond Relicks elfe shall be Deem'd Objects of Idolatry. Popelings may tell us how they faw Their Garnet pictur'd on a Straw. 'Twas a great Miracle we know, To see him drawn in little so: But on an Oaten Stalk there is A greater Miracle than this;

A Vifage which, with comly Grace, Did twenty Garnets now outface: Nay, to the Wonder to add more, Declares unheard-of things before; And thousand Myst'ries does unfold, As plain as Oracles of old care has walled won't By which we steer Affairs of State, nomine of And stave off Britain's sullen Fate.

Let's then in Honour of the Name Of O AT ES, enact fome Solemn Game, Where Oaten Pipe shall us inspire Beyond the Charms of Orpheus Lyre. Stones, Stocks, and e'ery fenfless thing To Oates shall dance, to Oates shall sing, Whilst Woods amaz'd to th' Ecchoes ring-And that this Hero's Name may not, When they are rotten, be forgot, W'll hang Atchievements o'er their Duft, vinged I A Debt we owe to Merits just. So if Deferts of Oates we prize, Anings Jon 114 Let Oates still hang before our eyes, Thereby to raise our Contemplation; noithed A Oates being to this happy Nation habit be O rebuil A Mystick Emblem of Salvation.

Roundbead, a report of the I of agin adultoring I N Parem imperium babet Par, Vi & armis we will bring Peers to the Bar, For 500 absolute Kings we are a day of the !

And if he whip me, Piskin the Rod, The Speaker Pope-like is fervus fervorum, Both make their Electors fall down before 'um, And pay excessive Fees when they adore 'um,

But not the jowers thing, I For Papal Power we care not a Louis, mayou We are the fole infallible House; Whom God made a Man, we can foon make a Moufe.

afallibility Telescores

If a Cavalier strikes Jack Presbyter's Cur For biting his Heels, we'l hector you Sir; Seize him Serjeant at Arms. He dares not stir.

Know Phillips and Stawell, late Heads of a Jury, The Commons affembled cannot endure ye For putting the House in a very great Fury:

We've voted you both the Sons of Perdition, For abhorring the Subjects Right to Petition, And make you Pray and Pay for Remission.

Cavalier.

I will be loyal to good Charles the Second;
If this amongst my errors be reckon'd,
Be it known to the House I'll venture my Neck on't,

I highly prize the Petition of Right, And for Magna Charta to Death I will fight, But not against the King by this Light.

A Petition offer'd doth honour the King, Under God it speaks him the Sovereign Spring; 'Tis the Manner I blame distinct from the Thing.

Infallibility, I do declare,
I cannot subscribe to; Wi. Williams's Chair,
As I will not be rude to't, 1311 not worship there.

I value Cæsar's Smile and his Nod; And if he whip me, I'll kiss the Rod, For Heaven's Vicegerent is an Earthly God.

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The Commons I grant have a very great Charter, But not the power to Hang, Draw, and Quarter, To prevent which St. Charles dy'd a Martyr. For the Serjeant walks feeking whom to devour. Congress the Chevre lown the House an Assembly most awful, But should they vote Alewives to fill Pots but half-Will it prefently follow that Cheating is Lawful?

Or if they vote a Buzzard no Bird, Or that a Sirreverence is not a Turd; I'll acquiesce if it stinks not when stir'd.

The King Fresolve to venture my Life for, Against such as seek to make him a Cypher; And by his leave, my Lawful Right strive for.

The Rump-Saints lull us affeep with their Charms. And make us new Prisons to keep us from harms. Where Topham's both Jaylor and Serjeant at Arms.

If this be the present Commons Intention, They need not so far to strain their Invention : All's done by a Bill of Comprehension.

When for no crime I great Fees disburfe To the Serjeant at Arms, 'tis no better nor worse Than the Highway Law, Deliver your Purse.

At this rate standing up for Freedom, The Kings Subjects neither value nor need'um; Twere well if they fent a Surgeon to bleed 'um.

When Charles commended the state of Tangier, The House like deaf Adders stopped their Ear; Because the King mov'd it, they resolv'd not to hear.

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Lold sizzallit wonderstan toget But when a 2d or 3d Message was fent, went; They remonstrance at large how things at home And mov'd for a Fast. God grant they repent.

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7 Hat the Priests Golpel call that it oblights in Doth not move us at all, We Commons will have the Dominion; Whatsoe'er St. Paul taught Agrice fuch as reck to a Of Subjection, we Vote, and Arthis leave, my Is but one Doctor's opinion.

Since James does not merit make as new Pri After Charles to inherit, And hates the Saints new Reformation; We'll be rul'd by the Devil, lithis be the prefeat C And do what is Evil, That Good may thence come to the Nation.

We are taught by St. Peter, To submit; but tis sweeter,
To rule as his Successors tell us: When for no crime Let the Church and State groan, We'll give Laws to the Throne, At least be his Majesty's Fellows.

What's Great Charles unto us? If he lets James undo us, We owe him no longer Subjection. Us the use of the Word, Then Hugh doth afford. And appears for our Protection.

Let him lay York afide, let lack Presbyter ride, There's no other way to please us; Then to Charles we'll be true, As the Treacherous Jew To the innocent Crucify'd Jesus.

Then 'twill quickly appear,

That we value Tangier:
And he need not make any Motion For Money or Men S Val Than S W On that Score agen, All we have is at his devotion.

## The Last Will and Testament of Anthony K. of Poland.

MY Tapis run; then Baxter, tell me why Shou'd not the good, the great Potapsky dy? Grim Death, who lays us all upon our Backs, Instead of Seythe doth now advance his Ax; And I) who all my Life in Broils have spent, Intend at last to make a Settlement.

Imprimis for my Soul (the I had thought, To've left that thing I never minded out) Some do advise for fear of doing wrong, To give it him to whom it doth belong. But I, who all Mankind have cheated, now Intend likewise to cheat the Devil too: Therefore I leave my Soul unto my Son, For he, as wife Men think, as yet has none.

Then for my Polish Crown, that pretty thing. Let M-mouth take't, who longs to be a King; His empty Head foft Nature did delign For fuch a Light and Airy Crown as mine.

With

With my Estate I'll tell you how it stands,

Jack Ketch must have my Clothes, the King my

Item, I leave the damn'd Association (Lands

To all the wife disturbers of the Nation)

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To all the wife disturbers of the Nation; Not that I think they'l gain their ends thereby,

But that they may be hang'd as well as I.

A-ng, in Murders, and in Whorings skill'd, Who twenty Bastards gets for one Man kill'd, To thee I do bequeath my Brace of Whores, Long kept to draw the Humours from my Sores; For you they'l serve as well as Silver Tap, For Women give and sometimes cure a Clap.

H—rd, My Partner in Captivity,
False to thy God and King, but true to me;
To thee some heinous Legacy I'd give,
But that I think thou hast not long to live:
Besides, thou'st wickedness enough in store
To serve thy self, and twenty Thousand more.

To thee, young G - y, I'll some small Toy present, For you with any thing can be content; Then take the Knife with which I cut my Corns, 'Twill serve to pare, and sharp your Lordship's Horns, That you may rampant M-mouth push, and gore, 'Till he shall leave your House, and change his

On top of Monument let my Head stand, It self a Monument, where first began. The Flame that has endanger'd all the Land.

But first to Titus let my Ears be thrown, For he'tis thought will shortly lose his own.

I leave old Baxter my invenom'd Teeth,
To bite and poyson all the Bishops with,

Item, I leave my Tongue to wife Lord N—th,
To help him bring his what-de-call-ums forth;
'Twill make his Lordship utter Treason clear,
And he in time may speak like Noble Peer.

My squinting Eyes let Ignoramus wear, That they may this way look, and that way swear.

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ore,

Let the Cits take my Nose, because 'tis said, That by the Nose I them have always led; But for their Wives I nothing now can spare, For all my Life time they have had their share.

Lest not my Quarters stand on City Gate,
Lest they new Sects and Factions do create;
For certainly the Presbyterian Wenches,
In Dirt will fall to idolize my Haunches:
But that I may to my old Friend be Civil,
Let some Witch make them Mummy for the Devil.

To good K. Charles I leave (tho faith 'tis pity)
A poison'd Nation, and deluded City;
Seditions, Clamours, Murmurs, Jealousies,
False Oaths, sham Stories, and religious Lies.
There's one thing still which I had quite forgot,
To him I leave the Carcase of my Plot;
In a Consumption the poor thing doth lie,
And when I'm gone 'twill pine away, and die.

Let Jenkins in a Tub my worth declare, And let my Life be writ by Harry Care.

And if my Bowels in the Earth find room, Then let these Lines be writ upon their Tomb.

#### Epitaph upon his Bowels.

Ye Mortal Whigs, for Death prepare,
For mighty Tapshier Guts lie here.
Will his great Name keep sweet d'ye think?
For certainly his Entrails stink.
Alas! 'tis but a foolish Pride
To outsin all Mankind beside,
When such Illustrious Garbage must
Be mingled with the common Dust.
False Nature! that could thus delude
The Cheater of the Multitude,
That put his Thoughts upon the wing,
Aud egg'd him on to be a King;

See now to what an use she puts
His Noble great and little Guts.

Tapskie, who was a Man of Wit,
Had Guts for other uses sit;
Tho Fiddle-strings they might not be,
(Because he hated Harmony)
Yet for black Puddings they were good,
Their Master did delight in Blood;
Of this they should have drank their fill,
(King Cyrus did not fare so ill)
Poor Guts, could this have been your hap,
Sh. Betbel might have got a Snap:
But now at York his Guts must rumble,
Since you into a hole did tumble.

#### The Combat.

#### The Argument.

In which they'd both their private ends;

Fell from Love to Sudden Wrath,

Much ado is 'twixt'em both:

Many a Rogue and Whore is call'd;

But O brave Frank! the Whore is maul'd.

### Canto. I chi Maistre

The.

Of Civil Dudgeon many a Bard
Has fung, and Tales have oft been heard,
Much in Verse and much in Prose,
Of antient Friends grown arrant Foes.
From this Occasion I'm about
To tell you how two Friends fell out,
The dearest Two, the kindest Pair,
That e'er each others Heart did share,
Damsel and Hero sat and fair.

The Noble Hero, who not knows, the hard have as ha A Order attends where e'er he goes; And in his even-dealing Hand, Healways bears a pow'rful Wand, The Badg of Office and Command. Frequent at Lady W\_s Door, Thas flood upon a well-known Score; Which the poor few Sir John has feen Full oft, and curs'd the Turk within. Who not admires the Damfel bright, That ever traps'd the Mall by Night; Who that ever had occasion

For any Filthiness in Fashion, Many a Bed, and Basket full Has she put off of Trash and Trull. W - MANNEY DO A In short, their Virtues are well known, Where e'er her Trumpet Fame has blown; John W For long has mighty Clamour ran, and or for lutility Of honest Frank, and modest Nan. But how these two from harmless Prattle one pao. I Came at last to direful Battel: 11100 and most red Butler, couldst thou live agen, With thy inimitable Pen, Shalled shy sedies and Twould puzzle e'en thy mighty Verse a smol soot The wondrous Actions to rehearfe wis 1 yadi it is it Of Knight and Damfel, that furpais I warm out not Thy Trulla, and thy Hudibrafs. Www 300 noins 7 03 There is a Time (as th' Author has it? and a roll That writes the Treatife call'd the Gazette, done !! In many things by him related) many byof freed to When Whitehall is evacuated id on when Henry I That is, when the Court and Prince are Catching Agues all at Windfor (1991) has ba A For in Greenland, as they do write, and hadded The whole Year's but one Day and Night; Marian A. So of late it has been here, Only Sunshine half the Year.

And as evil Spirits venture. Often in the dark to enter Hallow'd Roofs, when those that keep The Place, are absent or assep: So factious Vermin, that are driven From Court for Faults too oft forgiven; When they have watch'd the King from's House, Come there to keep their Rendevouz. Then Crofts and Sun - land Cabal, Then Ce-- l lords it in the Mall, With all his train of unfledg'd Fools, Callow as they came from Schools; G-y, Mord-, Bran-, K-t, and Th-, Still at worst Follies deepest in. And Hunting-with his long Tool, Not as his mark of Man, but Fool: Whose Tail and Follies make his Life Useful only to his Wife. All these with foul Infection tainted, Long ago had been transplanted Far from the Court, that so the rest, That yet were found, might scape the test. But as that vile Disease, the Itch; Does some lewd Natures so bewitch, That it they'l always choose to catch, work and For the meer Lechery to scratch; cabandalin 10 So Faction does with fome prevail, han share vet For a bare Colour but to rail. Honest Frank was one of these, In's heart lov'd them, and their Disease. Honest Frank, who's but a Noddy, Yet rails as well as any Body. And as facred Libels thew, Publish'd not many days ago, A certain Lord was but a Cur, To which Opinion few demur; So honest Frank, shou'd I speak mine, Is fomething nat'rally canine; For For as some Cur his Master owns. To love, and give him Crusts and Bones, Tho kindly fed, will yet be running Abroad, where Carrion lies a funning: So Frank, tho he no feeding need, On rotten Faction loves to feed; With which when he does back refort, He stinks intolerably at Court: And for Occasions of this nature, Has been of late no lazy Creature. Tho better, had he minded Duty, And fo escap'd this War with Beauty; Beauty which shines in Nancies Face, As much as he does in his place. Majestick Wrinkles deck her Brow. And goodly glaring Eyes below, That still with Maudlin Kindnes shine, The foft effects of Brandy Wine. Rich Carbuncles adorn her Nofe. The envy of her fober Toes: And from her Lips Discourses fall, That make her welcome to Wbitehall Where one day The enter'd fhining, Just as Frank was come from dining; But who the Devil could have guest. To fee how they at first carels'd; How cheek by jowl they kindly walk'd, And with what tenderness they talk'd? My dearest Nan, said he, what Whores Are freshest now? Quoth Nan, my Doors Heav'n knows ne'er open'd to receive A Lover fince you last took leave; Whom still to ferve, my Love remains, Tho you ne'er pay me for my pains. Pay thee, quoth he! Nan pay for wenching! When e'en our Tables are retrenching.

Says Nancy, Othou falfely fairest!

'Tis Love I want, not Coin, my dearest.

Tis

Tis thee I love, 'tis thee I dote on, More than a Child that puts new Coat on ; To fee thee walk, I love thy Trip, both and odd I love the Drops upon thy Lip. Thy just Crevat, thy regular Wig, My little Pug, my little Pig. When with defire of thee I stretch, I've no Sciatica nor Stitch. Quoth Frank in rage, Avaunt you Bitch ; Have I for this, through all my Life, Kept civil distance with my Wife; Studied new Speeches from Romances, And in my age led Country-dances? Do I for this e'en at this Hour, Cheat e'ery Creature in my pow'r; Gripe from the Poor the utmost Farthing To keep my credit up at Carding? Do I for this affect a Grace, Allowand And paint my old John-Apple Face, Only to have a Bawd adore me ? The same and No, I'll have Virgins fall before me. Virgins! quoth Nan; and then she hung A Tongue out full two handfuls long, And with defire of Malice stung, Lick'd o'er the thickest painted place, And spoil'd intirely that days Face. But who can speak the Noise and Din, The Fury that did then begin; The Oaths, the Outcries, and the Blows, When Francis catching Nancy's Nose, With furious gripe expressing hate, Squeez'd nine large Infects off of that? Then with a shock upon her Chest, So ftir'd the Brandy in her Breaft, That an eructive Sigh fhe fent, Which as it through the Region went, Such wondrous influence did bear, 7 A foaring Owl dropt headlong there, Drunk with fophisticated Air.

Which Omen much ill luck bespoke,
For the next Tilt the Hero broke:
The samous Wand describ'd above
The Ensign of his Pow'r, and Love,
But at the same time Conquest got,
And doom'd the vanquish'd Bawd to Pot;
To Porters Lodg he sent her jogging,
To purchase Liberty by Flogging.

Thus ended was the Fray that lately rose
Betwixt the Whitestaff Knight and Lady o'th red Nose.

#### Letter.

Worthy Sir,

HO wean'd from all those scandalous Delights, In which I gladly once mispent my Nights, And lewdly fool'd away my Youthful Days, When Regent Punk allow'd the use of Plays; Weak Nature still prevails, and fain I'd hear What upftart Fops in Julian's Volumes are; Whether the lisping Lord, who lately writ With Words fo many, and so little Wit, Has found more work for his correcting Friend, Who flily laughs at what he feems to mend. Fain would I know who limes the nauseous Bitch. Whose filthier Mouth officiates for her Breech; Whether the Booby, Whelp of Kingly Race, Or the foft Earl contented with difgrace. And yet methinks, 'tis strange that any Son Shou'd rival Rowley there, besides his own.

I'd hear whether the Wight with Antick pace, Embroider'd Coat, and antiquated Face, Changing his Hebrew for a Warlike Cant, Still meets the Queenstreet lewd Inhabitant.

But above all I gladly wou'd here tell, Some passages of that most decent Ball; Where Irish Squire so cunningly contrived, At his own charge to have his Lady Sw---.

We're told how Virgins bright, and Gallant Marshal'd by Bawds most infamously grave; (brave, But we don't hear of whose Commodity

The Lustful buggering Jew thought sit to buy; Who ogled who, or how the prudent Maid

Cou'd brook the Man her Sister so betray'd.

Rochester's Ghost addressing it self to the Secretary of the Muses.

ROM the deep vaulted Den of endless Night,
I've through the Center forc'd my way to Light,
To sing my old Associates vain Designs,
And scourge 'em into Knowledg of their Crimes;
Which I my self by fatal proof may tell,
If justly scan'd, as justly merit Hell.

Thou Julian, who through all thy Life has shown A love to Scandal equal to my own,
That mutual Friendship to thy mind recal,
And what I tell thee tell again to all.
A Peer shall grace the Van, and so tis sit,
The first in Lewdness tho not first in Wit;
Through all the Ills that wait on Man he'as run,
As if like me he long'd to be undone.
There's not a day but like some snarling Antick,
It proves him either peevish, dull or frantick.
Then vainly for to boast of Conquest won,
What Mothers he'as betray'd, what Maids undone,
Is but a snare that draws more mischief on.
Tis strange that he who has been us'd so ill,
Shou'd spite of Claps continue Cully still,

Or fondly with ill Women keep a pother, First marrying one, now jilted by another.

Nor shall his Buffoon Followers scape my Rage, Those sam'd Supporters of a Vicious Age, Lewd in their Lives, unlimited in Nonsense, Two Beasts that never make an use of Conscience. Simping and Scandal are their chief delight, And yet they never get a Farthing by't.

How often have I laugh'd to hear the Brutes, Engag'd in hot fantastical disputes;

While all that cou'd be learn'd from the Contest, When e'er they came to earnest 'twas a jest?

If they have Wit, 'tis neither more nor less Than Merry Andrew does in Fairs express, Asbeing cloth'd in the same Clownish dress.

But now 'tis time I shou'd a fourth display. Much fuch another Animal as they; Vain in his Garb, and vicious in his Nature; All his whole Life's but one continued Satyr. lpon himself then for his Wit, 'tis such, The same thinks too little, and he prates too much; Never was fuch a Flux of words pour'd forth, Mixt with so little Profit, Grace, or Worth But as an Apple, tho 'twas found before, When once a Maggot feizes on the Core, trait the whole Mass insensibly decays, of like our Author fince he writ his Plays: Who by the rage of Pox, and Impotence, scrampt both in his Judgment, and his Sense; And forc'd for refuge to a pitch so common, Of making Songs to please the Fools and Women.

Another wou'd with these in all things sute, and lonly in all things he's of less repute;

Master of Soul than Form, and yet Dame Nature

Ne'er before him made such an aukward Creature.

True, he has Sense they say; but credit me,

True Sense does not consist in Blasphemy:

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For 'tis the Prophets unsuspected Rule, That he that owns no God must be a Fool. Yet were this not of force to make him fo, There's one undoubted proof that needs must do. And that's the Matrimonial Badg he wears; For what but such would e'er embrace the Care Of wilful Bondage in his waining Years? Some fay the Nuptial Knot was ty'd, t'unty The Mortgages which on his Land did lie; But my opinion is, they're in the wrong, He can't be just wh'as been a Knave so long: 'Tis like expecting Fish to live in Air, Or thee to leave the Juice of Grapes for Beer. O Marquis, why didst match thy Blood so ill? Hadft thou in all things flew'd fuch want of Skill Thou mightest e'en have stuck at Savil still.

A Sixth there is, in all that's ill so nice,
He ever strove t' improve himself in Vice;
It has been long his chief Delight and Care,
First to get Bastards, and then make them Heirs,
The only Fruit which her rank Soil will bear,
Or such a Fire deserve; I need not tell,
She's nauseous to the Sight as to the Smell;
I mean to ev'ry Smell but to his own,
For he (happy in nothing else) has none.
E'en Cox's Cully is before him priz'd,
And where's the Man that can be more despis'd?
If these are Wits, or e'er deserv'd that Name,
Let me unpitied go from whence I came,
Plung'd to the bottom of the rolling Flame.

'Tis true, your Laureat well deserves the Bays, Witness the Genius that adorns his Plays; But chiefly those he writ in former Days. Yet if in Death I may at least be free, As in my Lifetime he has been to me; To lay the Slave down flat upon his Face, I use his words, because the Subject's base.

So that the Monarch may in Pomp appear;
If not an Ass, you'l read a Villain there;
For 'tis the gen'ral Vote from King to Slave,
Altho the Poet's good, the Man's a Slave.

But let him pass, for here comes stalking on The awful Majesty of stiff King John; With Nose cock't up, and Visage like a Fury, Or Foreman of an Ignoramus Jury. I'll speak not of his slouching Looby Mien. Altho it is the worst that e'er was seen, Because of late his whole Design and Trade is With those Accomplishments to gain the Ladies; To whom his Laurel'd Wit has op'd the way, Witness the late unparallel'd Essay, A Work which all admire, and well they may. For what infipid Sot can e'er writeill, When Waller, Lee, and Dryden guide the Quill? Faulk-d, and Ell-d, Henningh- and Wharton, M-ant, and H-w, all dull as Scotch Dunbarton, Are fuch a Medley of conceited Chits, I wonder who the Devil dub'd 'em Wits; Their Skill in Poetry we may best discover, Where their foul Quills threw dirt at one another. And here would time permit me, I could tell, Of Cleveland, Portsmouth, Crofts, and Arundel, Mol. Howard, Su-x, Lady Grey, and Nel, Strangers to Good, but bosom Friends to Ill, As boundless in their Lusts as in their Will.

But see! the Morning breaks, I must away; Souls damn'd to Night must never see the Day.

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# A Consolatory Epistle to Julian in his Confinement.

Dear Friend, 7 HEN those we love are in distress. Kind Verse may comfort tho it can't redress; Nor can I think fuch Zeal you'l discommend, Since Poetry has been fo much thy Friend. On that thou'ft liv'd and flourish'd all thy time. Nay more, maintain'd a Family with Rhyme; And that's a mark which Dryden ne'er cou'd hit. He lives upon his Pension not his Wit. 12112 E'en gentle George (with Flux in Tongue and Purse) In shunning one snare runs into a worse. Want once may be reliev'd in a Man's Life. But who can be reliev'd that has a Wife? Otway can hardly Guts from Goal preserve. For tho he's very fat he's like to starve. And Sing-Song Durfey (plac'd beneath Abuses) Lives by his Impudence not by the Muses. Poor Crown too has his third Days mixt with Gall, He lives fo ill, he hardly lives at all. Shadwell, and Settle, who pretend to Reason, Tho paid fo well for scribling Doggrel Treason, Must now expect a very barren Season. But chiefly he that writ his Recantation, For Villain thrives best in his own Vocation. Nay Lee in Bedlam now fees better days. Than when applauded for his Bombast Plays. He knows no Care, he feels sharp Want no more, And that is what he ne'er cou'd fay before. Thus while our Bards e'en famish by their Wit, Thou who hadft none at all, didft thrive by it. Wer't possible that Wit cou'd turn a penny, Poets would then grow rich as well as any;

For

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For 'tis not Wit to have a great Estate (The blind effects of Fortune and of Fate.) For oft we see a Coxcomb, dull and vain, Brim-full of Cash, and empty in his Brain. Nor is it Wit that makes the Lawyer prize His daggled Gown, but Knavery in difguise, To pluck down honest Men that he may rife. Nor is it Wit that makes the Tradesman great, 'Tis the Compendious Art to lie, and cheat. The base-born Strumpet too may roar and rail. But'tis not Wit she lives by, 'tis her Tail. Nor is it Wit that drills the Statesman on To waste the sweets of Life so quickly gon In toiling for Estates; then like a Sot Die, and leave Fools to spend what he has got. Nor is it Wit for Whigs to scrible Satyrs No more than for their Patriots to be Traytors; For Wit does never bring a Man to hanging, That goes no farther than an harmless banging. How justly then dost thou our Praise deserve, That got thy Bread where all Men elfe wou'd ftarve? And what's more strange, the Miracle was wrought By him that han't the least pretence to Thought; And he that had no meaning to do wrong, Can't fuffer fure for their no-meaning Song. And that's the Confolation that I bring. Thou art too dull to think a treacherous thing; And 'tis the thoughtful Traytor that offends his (King.

#### A Riddle.

Nor think the *Indians* mad who worship Apes, Serpents and Idols in such monstrous Shapes;

Since

Since all Mankind to me does Homage pay. More rav'nous, fatal, and deform'd than they: To me their purest Blood they facrifice, Yet all they do ne'er can my Rage suffice. Infants each day within my Vaults expire, And Men oft perish by my Altars Fire. All rough I am, and hideous to the fight, Yet Man in me has plac'd his chief Delight: Enough of me he thinks he ne'er can seize, And yet the less I am the more I please. Calling my felf deform'd, fure I mistake, Since I the chiefest part of Beauty make. But I compos'd of Contradictions am, Th' Original of Impudence and Shame, 'Tis I that kindle and then quench the Flame. I feel the greatest Pleasure, greatest Pain, When closest cover'd most expos'd to Rain; Of the most noble Plant the only Field, But bear the less the oftner I am till'd. The last of Nature's numerous Works I am, Yet first in Power, and wonderful in Frame. For tho I feem fo gentle, weak, and fmall, The strongest yield, stoutest before me fall; Of me th' Extremes none reach, tho ne'er so tall. My only Friend, my greatest Grief and Joy, Oft stabs me, and I him as oft destroy. Between th' Herculean Pillars I am fet, Where all Men have their Ne plus ultra met: My Name is hid, as I am from your Eyes; If you ne'er feek me out I'll count you wife.

### To Julian.

EAR Julian, 'twice or thrice a Year, I write to help thee to some Gear; For thou by Nonsense liv'st, not Wit, As Carps thrive best where Cattel shit. But now that Province I refign, And for my Successor delign Ell-d, whose Pen as nimbly glides, As his good Father changes Sides; His Head's with Thought as little vex'd, Or taking care what shou'd come next. But he a Path much fafer treads, Poets live when Statesmen lose their Heads. Tho Truth in Prose might be a Crime, 'Twas never known in any time That one was hang'd for writing Rhyme. But shou'd some Poets be accus'd That have the Government abus'd, They'd scarce be by their Neck-verse freed, Some Whigs will write that cannot read. But Charity bids us suppose, That Mor—t is not one of those; Besides, that he can write is known By's making Sucklin's Songs his own; He to the Bays in time may rife, If Etherege will but supervise To make his Verse more fost, and tame, Which yet is without Life or Flame; Like th' Epilogue they jointly writ, To ridicule the well-horn'd Pit: A Jest that Mor-t well might spare, Unless he sat to hear it there. Jack H-, thy Patron's left the Town,

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But first writ something he dare own;

A Prologue lawfully begotten,
And full nine Months maturely thought on:
Born with hard Labour and much Pain,
Ouseley was Doctor Chamberlain.
At length from Stuff and Rubbish pick'd,
As Bears-Cubs into shape are lick'd;
When Wh—ton, Etherege, and Soam,
To give it the last strokes were come,
Whose Criticks differ'd in their Doom.
Some were for Embers quench'd with Pages,
And some for mending Servants Wages:
Both ways were try'd, and neither took,
But the Fault's laid on Mrs. Cook;
Yet Swan says he admir'd it scap'd,
Since 'twas Jack H—'s without being clap'd.

Our old Friend C—ts has left the Trade, His Muse is grown a very Jade; Phillis did take him at his word, And h' has his Destiny so spur'd, Of Love and Verse he's weary grown, His Pen and Passion both laid down; And to his Praise it may be said, No Love nor Songs of late h' has made.

But M—ve will not leave off so,
For to his Industry we owe,
That we the fate in English see
Of Orpheus, and Euridice.
And 'tis an Honour to the State,
When a Blue Garter will translate;
Who bears the Bell without dispute,
From Durfy, Settle, Creech, or Duke.
I thought 'twou'd puzzle all the Nine
To spoil a Poem so Divine:
But he with Pains and Care doth show,
It may be render'd mean, and low;
So much can one great Blockhead do.
Some say his Lordship had done better
To answer Roger Martin's Letter,

Or give Jack H— his belly full, Who justly calls him a dull Owl, For quoting Books he never read, And basely railing at the Dead.

Of Ladies there's no need to tell,
Since they their own Intrigues reveal,
As Nor—k with her Prince Outlandish,
And Isham with the Beau Lord C—dish;
And Grov'ner with Lord Middleton,
(Not Cholm'ley, who 'tis said has none.)
How Walcop meets with Cartwright's Spouse
At Sadlers the Painter's House;
Or how the modest Maid complain'd
That Talbot had her Casement sham'd,
For what he had before obtain'd;
How M—ant Grafton's Virtue tries,
More than King John does Offeries.

But yet a Line or two we'll spare,
In gratitude to Lord Kildare;
Whose marrying Lady Betty Jones,
For's killing his first Wise atones:
A Wise shee'l be for him alone,
But a Help-meet to all the Town.

O that kind Fate wou'd order't so,
That Bellingham might do so too,
And with his Folly, and Estate,
Oblige the World, and marry Kate.
How many then full sail would enter,
That in that Port now dare not venture?
But tho he's Fop enough to Woo,
Present, and treat, and keep ado,
When he shou'd Wed he won't come to.

But these Affairs are known to all,
That haunt the Park, Plays, and Whiteball;
Besides, my Labour I may save,
For an account you'l timely have,
Who are made Cuckolds or make Love,
From some oth' Authors nam'd above.

3

A Satyr upon the Poets, being a Translation out of the 7th Satyr of Juvenal.

Et spes, & ratio studiorum, &c.

SIR,

A L L my Endeavours, all my Hopes depend On you the Orphans, and the Muses Friend; The only great good Man, who will declare Virtue and Verse the object of his Care; And prove a Patron in the worst of Times, When hungry Bays for sakes his empty Rhymes, Beseeching all true Catholicks Charity, For a poor Prostitute which long did lie Under the Mortal Sins of Verse and Heresy.

Shadwell, and starving Ta— I cease to name,
Poets of all Religions are the same:
Recanting Settle brings the tuneful Ware,
Which wiser Smithfield damn'd to Sturbridge Fair;
Protests his Tragedies and Libels fail
To yield him Paper, Penny-Loaves and Ale,
And bids our Youth by his Example fly
The love of Politicks and Poetry.

And all Retreats except New-Hall refuse To shelter Dursey and his Jocquey Muse; There to the Butler, and his Grace's Maid, He turns, like Homer, Sonneteer for Bread; Knows his just bounds, nor ever durst aspire Beyond the swearing Groom and Kitchin Fire.

Is there a Man to these Examples blind,
To clinking Numbers satally design'd,
Who by his Parts would purchase Meat, and Fame,
And in next Miscellanies plant his Name?
Were my Beard grown, the Wretch I'd thus advise:
Repent sond Mortal, and be timely wise;
Take

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Take heed, nor be by gilded Hopes betray'd, Clio's a Jilt, and Pegasus a Jade;
By Verse you'l starve: John Saul cou'd never live, Unless the Bellman made the Poet thrive;
Go rather in some little Shed by Pauls,
Sell Chevy Chase, or Baxter's Salve for Souls,
Cry Rarce-Shows, sell Ballads, transcribe Votes,
Be Care, or Ketch, or any thing but Oates.

Hold Sir, some Bully of the Muses cries, Methinks you're more Satyrical than Wise; You rail at Verse indeed, but rail in Rhyme, At once encourage and condemn the Crime.

True Sir, I write, and have a Patron too. To whom my Tributary Songs are due; Yet with your leave I'd honeftly diffwade Those wretched Men from Pindus barren shade : Who tho they fire their Muse, and rack their Brains With bluftering Heroes, and with piping Swains, Can no great patient giving Man engage To fill their Pockets, and their Title Page. Were I, like these, unhappily decreed By Penny Elegies to get my bread, Or want a Meal, unless George Croom and I Could strike a Bargain for my Poetry, I'd damn my Works to wrap up Soap and Cheefe, Or furnish Squibs for City Prentices To burn the Pope, and celebrate Queen Befs. But on your Ruin stubbornly pursue,

But on your Ruin stubbornly pursue,
Herd with the hungry little chiming Crew,
Obtain the empty Title of a Wit,
And be a free-cost Noisy in the Pit;
Print your dull Poems, and before 'em place
A Crown of Laurel, and a Meager Face.
And may just Heav'n thy hated Life prolong,
Till thou blest Author seest thy deathless Song,
The dusty Lumber of a Smithfield Stall, (Wall,
And findst thy Picture starch'd 'gainst Suburb
With Johnny Armstrong and the Prodigal.

And

And to compleat the Curse,
When Age and Poverty comes faster on,
And sad Experience tells thou art undone,
May no kind Country Grammar-School afford
Ten Pounds a Year to pay for Bed and Board;
Till void of any fix'd Employ, and now
Grown useless to the Army and the Plow,
You've no Friend left, but trusting Landlady,
Who stows you on hard Truckle Garret-high,
To dream of Dinner, and curse Poetry.

Sir, I've a Patron, you reply. 'Tis true,
Fortune and Parts you say may get one too:
Why Faith e'en try, Write, Flatter, Dedicate,
My Lord's, and his Forefathers Deeds relate:
Yet know he'll wisely strive ten thousand ways
To shun a needy Poet's fulsom Praise;
Nay to avoid thy Importunity,
Neglect his State, and condescend to be
A Poet, tho perhaps a worse than thee.

Thus from a Patron he becomes a Friend;
Forgetting to reward, learns to commend;
Receives your twelve long Months successes Toil,
And talks of Authors, Energy, and Stile;
Damns the dull Poems of the scribling Town,
Applauds your Writings, and repeats his own;
Whilst thou in Complaisance oblig'd, must sit
T'extol his Judgment and admire his Wit;
And wrapt with his Essay on Poetry,
Swear Horace writ not half so strong as He,
But that we're partial to Antiquity.
Yet this Authentick Peer perhaps scarce knows
With jingling sounds to tag insipid Prose,
And shou'd be by some honest Manly told,
H'ad lost his Credit to secure his Gold.

But if thou'rt blest enough to write a Play, Without the hungry hopes of kind third Day, And he believes that in thy Dedication
Thou'lt fix his Name, not bargain for the Station,
My Lord his useless Kindness then assures,
And to the utmost of his pow'r he's yours;
How fine your Plot, how exquisite each Scene!
And play'd at Court wou'd strangely please the
(Queen.

And you may take his Judgment fure, for he Knows the true Spirit of good Poetry; And might with equal judgment have put in For Poet Laureat as Lord Ch -in. All this you fee and know, yet ceafe to fhun; And feeing knowing, strive to be un done. so Kidnapt Dutchess once beyond Gravesend. Rejects the Counsel of recalling Friend; Is told the dreadful Bondage the must bear, And fees, unable to avoid the fnare. So practis'd Thief oft taken ne'er afraid, Forgets the Sentence, and pursues the Trade. Tho yet he almost feels the smoking Brand. And fad T. R. stands fresh upon his Hand. The Author then, whose daring hopes would strive With well built Verse to keep his Fame alive, And fomething to Posterity present. That's very new and very excellent; Something beyond the uncal'd drudging Tribe, Beyond what Bayes can write or I describe; Shou'd in substantial happiness abound, His Mind with Peace, his Board with Plenty crown'd. No early Duns should break his Learned Rest, No fawcy Cares his Nobler Thoughts molest, Only the God within should shake his labouring (Breaft.

In vain we from our Sonneteers require,
The height of Cowleys, and Anacreon's Lyre.
In vain we bid 'em fill the Bowl,
Large as their capacious Soul,

And

Who fince the King was crown'd ne'er tasted Wine, But write at fight, and know not where to dine. In vain we bid dejected Settle hit The Tragick Flights of Shakespear's towring Wit; He needs must miss the Mark, who's kept so low, He has not strength enough to draw the Bow. Sedley indeed and Rochester might write For their own credit, and their Friends delight, Shewing how far they cou'd the rest outdo. As in their Fortunes, fo their Writings too. But shou'd Drudg Dryden this example take, And Absaloms for empty Glory make, He'd foon perceive his Income scarce enough To feed his Nostril with inspiring Snuff; Starving for Meat, not furfeiting on Praise, He'd find his Brains as barren as his Bays.

There was a time when Otmay charm'd the Stage, Otway the Hopes, the Sorrow of our Age; When the full Pit with pleas'd attention hung, Wrapt with each accent from Castalio's Tongue. With what a Laughter was his Souldier read! How mourn'd they when his Jaffier struck, and bled! Yet this best Poet, tho with so much ease, He never drew his Pen but fure to please; Tho Lightning were less lively than his Wit, And Thunder-claps less loud than those o'th' Pit. He had of's many Wants much earlier dy'd, Had not kind Banker Betterton Supply'd, And took for Pawn the Embryo of a Play, Till he could pay himself the next third Day. Were Shakespear's self to live again, he'd ne'er Degen'rate to a Poet from a Player. Carlile ith' new rais'd . Troops we fee, And chattering Mountfort in the Chancery; Mountfort how fit for Politicks and Law, That play'd fo well Sir Courtly and Jack Daw. Dance then attendance in flow M-ves Hall, Read Maps, or court the Sconces till he call;

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one Actor's Commendation shall do more Than Patron now, or Merit heretofore. some Poets I confess the Stage has fed, (read: Who for half Crowns are shown, for two Pence But these not envy thou, but imitate, Much rather starve in Shadwel's filent Fate. Than new vamp Farces, and be damn'd with Tate. S for now no Sydneys will three hundred give, That needy Spencer and his Fame may live; None of our new Nobility will fend To the King's Bench, or to his Bedlam Friend. Chymists and Whores by Buckingham were fed. Those by their honest Labours gain'd their Bread; But he was never so expensive yet, To keep a Creature merely for his Wit; And Cowley from all Clifden scarce could have One grateful Stone to shew the World his Grave. remb — lov'd Tragedy, and did provide or Butchers Dogs, and for the whole Bankfide; The Bear was fed, but Dedicating Lee Was thought to have a larger Paunch than he. More I cou'd fay, but care not much to meet A Crabtree Cudgel in a narrow Street, klides, your Yawning prompts me to give o'er: Your humble Servant, Sir, not one word more.

#### Letter to C-W.

HERE take this W— spread it up and down,
Thou second scandal Carrier of the Town;
Thy Trapstick Legs, and soolish puny Face,
look as if Nature meant thee for an Ass.
In this vocation thoul't grow greater far
Than e'er thoul't do by Stratagems of War.
Waste not thy Time, nor hurt thy tender Lungs
In going up and down to sing new Songs.

But

But yet in time of Julian's Fate beware; More secret be, or you may lose an Ear. I'll tell thee now where Libels may be had, Who are the Benefactors of the Trade.

Cholm— has Satyr for his Province chose,
The only way he dares attack his Foes,
Not in smooth Verse but rough ill-natur'd Prose.
Laughing at all, which yet may Justice seem,
For long we know the Town has laugh'd at him.
He oft has aim'd at Love, but ne'er cou'd hit;
And now wou'd put ill Nature off for Wit.
For all his Dressing, and his Foppish Train,
He and his Sister ogle it in vain,
The Ladies he, and she the cruel Men.

And that we may to all due Justice render, Exeter's Songs most move the Maidens tender; Yet Lady Bridget does so cruel prove, Six Songs a day can't her Compassion move. Never for Women was so bad a time, Baseness in Men is grown a common Crime, Which Frazier does lament in tender Rhyme.

Parsons set up for a Pindarick Spark, Pinder himself did never write more dark; So rough his Numbers, and such Mystick sense, Sarsfield himself scarce knows who 'tis he means.

Baber has left the Panegyrick strain,
And now to Ballad-making turns his Brain,
At which Will. Wb—on long has strove in vain;
From that dull Fop what could expected be,
The dullest of that senseless Family?

Sackville wants leifure to attend his Muse, His time's so taken up with these Reviews, And Skipwith with his Grannam of a Spouse.

Old Griff. once did write, but now has done, And wifely fets himself to teach his Son Those Rules by which he grows a Fop compleat, And when he is as Old will be as Great. Be

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His Neighbour Fenw- with his antick Face, These 40 Years has studied French Grimace; In ogling C---wright his delight does place. Yet so unhappy does his Passion prove, She takes it all for Dotage not for Love: While poor Frank Villers, full of awful fears, And tender Love, has follow'd many Years; Yet no reward his constant Passions claims. But that he may enjoy her in his Dreams. His Sifter does him Service with his Friend. But Mrs. Nancy to her cost does find, Her feeble Charms are by her Friends ontshin'd: Yet strives by Art her Comrade to outdo. Counterfeit Beauty must give way to true; And yet the meanest Beauty claims a part, E'en Swan can move with her old rotten Heart. Tarbor - her Wisdom in young L-er shows, One fit to make a patient Cuckold chose. S-th's Conquests are too great to be reveal'd. And like her Pleasures ought to be conceal'd; The rest too mean to have in Verse a place, Here, as at Court, shall unregarded pass. Next Ishams Wife, now Devonsh - is gone, Can boast of senseless Willoug - alone; By Nature made for one another fit, for Beauty is as nauseous as his Wit. But to Kild- all Beauty fure must yield, The Park and Plays are with her Lovers fill'd; The mighty Roch --- who rules our State, By Presents shows his Love at no small rate. Her Pimping Father got young Fox's place, Not by his Merit, but his Daughter's Face. Devonsh-Passion all his Actions show; 300 Because he loves her, Montross does so toony Scarfd—and D' Arcy both her Captives provis 50 hard it is to know her and not love. Disbanded Manch — when will he go, And in the Spanish Court his dancing show?

He looks already, with his formal Air,
More like a Spanish Don than English Peer;
And that he may a well-bred Spark become,
Let him take Denmark in his journey home.
There's one Peer more we well may wish away,
His own dear Cousin flattering Capt. Gray.

The Powis Daughters now fill up the Court,
Did ever Wales such monstrous things bring forth?
It shows some sense when nauseous Creatures hide:
But that to show themselves shou'd be their Pride,
Tells us their Wit is worse than their Outside.

Twice Jilted Co—ry, now thy Fortune try,
The Widow Arran ne'er did Man deny;
Sb—ry and twenty more have found her easy,
This is a Quality will furely please ye.

King John, who Cheating has his business made, Has bought the Widow o'er Nor — ton's Head; This Match was ne'er in Heaven made but Hell; All wish 'em join'd, for none wish either well.

Methinks I see the Brandy Bowl go round, The Drunken Countess wallowing on the Ground, With Horns instead of Bays the Hero crown'd.

#### The Female Laureat.

IF Afra's Worth were needful to be shown,
What Pen cou'd do it better than her own?
Through all her Works a happy Warmth does shine,
That renders e'ery thing she writes Divine.
Witness her Golden Age so sam'd a Disco

Witness her Golden Age, so fam'd a Piece, It has at once outdone both Rome and Greece.

"The Nymphs, the fays, were free, no nice Disdain

Forbad their Joys, or gave their Lovers Pain;
Ten Thousand wanton Cupids you might view,
That scatter'd lecherous Darts where e'er they flew;

What

" Here you might fee expecting Virgins lie, " And strait young Swains those Virgins Lusts supply. This Age she paints, and with such great Success, That all things but her Chastity are less. Next awful Bajazet's more awful Flame, Her Wit has plac'd in the first rank of Fame; And fure his Passion's fit for her to fing, Who is a Slave, and wou'd be thought a King. Go on then mighty Poetress, go on, And finish what's so happily begun; In lofty Language and adventurous Verfe, Your Patron Bajazet's great Worth rehearfe; Bajazer, from Pride and Envy free, Bajazet, Prince of Humility, Bajazer, the fittest Theme for thee. Describe his matchless Loyalty to's Prince, His great Civility, and greater Sense; How courteously he to all Men do's bend, And what delight he takes to ferve his Friend: But above all, that dauntless Courage show With which he flew to quell the Tangier Foe, And how the Gen'ral after two days flay, When all the rest were fighting, came away; But first perform'd all his Commission bid, Nothing he went to do, and nothing did. When this thou'st done, who knows but he may ? Since Gloriana's heart's too firm to move, (prove, Sogood at last, to crown you with his Love? And fure Jove never join'd a happier Pair, He kind as lovely, you as good as fair.

Twin'd in his Arms, I wish you happy Days, While I'm content t' adore thee in thy Plays. What tho your Heroes are sworn Foes to Sense, And affect Bombast, Noise, and Insolence? What tho your loyal Men are Lewd and Vain, Ridiculous, Impertinent, Profane? What tho your vertuous Women Vertue hate, And your chast Virgins curse their Virgin State?

L 2

What tho thou bring'st (to please a vicious Age)
A far more vicious Widow on the Stage,
Just reaking from a Stallion's rank Embrace
With risted Garments, and disorder'd Face,
T'acquaint the Audience with her slimy Case?
What can the surly Criticks urge from hence,
When thou shalt rise up in thine own defence,
And plead Impenitable Impudence?
Such Impudence! but gentle Muse retire,
And what thou canst not comprehend, admire.

Advice to the Painter,
Upon the defeat of the Rebels in the West,
and the Execution of the late D. of Monmouth.

\_\_\_\_\_Pictoribus atque Poetis Quidlibet\_\_\_\_

Since by just Flames the 'guilty Piece is lost,
The noblest Work thy fruitless Art could boast;
Renew thy faithful Pains a second time,
From the Duke's Ashes raise the Prince of Lime,
And make thy Fame eternal as his Crime.
The 'Land (if such it may be counted) draw

The 'Land (if such it may be counted) draw, Whose Interest is Religion, Treason Law; Th' ingrateful Land, whose Treacherous Sons are Foss To the kind Monarchy by which they rose, And by instinctive Hatred dread that Pow'r, Join'd in our King and in their Conqueror.

Amidst the Councils of this black Divan, Draw the missed, aspiring, wretched Man, His Sword maintaining what his Fraud began.

The Duke's Picture burnt at Cambridg. 2 Holland.

Draw Treason, Sacrilege, and Perfidy, The curst Achitophel's kind Legacy; Three direful Engins of a Rebel's hate, Fit to perform the blackest work of Fate.

But left their horrid Force too weak flou'd prove. Add 'tempting Woman's more destructive Love:

Give the Ambitious Fair -

All Nature's Gifts refin'd by fubtlest Art, Too able to betray that easy Heart, And with more charms than Helen's to destroy That other Hope of our mistaken Troy.

The Scene from Dulness, and Dutch Plots bring o'er,

And fet the hopeful Parracide ashore,

Fraught with the Bleffings of each boorish Friend, And the kind helps their Pray'rs and Brandy lend, With those few Crowns ---

Some English Jews, and some French Christians fend.

Next in thy darkest Colours paint the 4 Town, For old Hereditary Treason known, Whose Infant Sons in early mischiefs bred, Swear to the Cov'nant they can hardly read;

Brought up with too much Charity to hate Ought but their Bible, and their Magistrate.

Here let the gawdy Banner be display'd, While the kind Fools invoke their Neighbours Aid T'adore that Idol they themselves have made, And Peafants from neglected Fields refort

To fill his Army, and adorn his Court. Near this, erected on a Drum unbrac'd, Let Heaven's and James's ' Enemy be plac'd, The Wretch that hates, like false Argyle, the Crown. The Wretch that, like vile Oates, defames the (Gown.

And through the Speaking-Trumpet of his Nose Heav'n's facred Word profanely does expose,

Lady Harr. Wentworth. s Ferguson. · Taunten.

Bidding the large-ear'd Rout with one accord Stand up and fight the Battel of the Lord.

Then nigh the Pageant Prince (alas too nigh!)
Paint G. with a Romantick Constancy,
Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to Fly;
And let there in his Guilty Face appear
The Rebel's Malice and the Coward's Fear,
That future Ages in thy Face may see

Not his Wife falser to his Bed, than to all Parties he.

Now let the curst Triumvirate prepare

For all the baneful Ills of horrid War;

Let zealous Rage the dreadful Work begin,

Back'd with the sad variety of Sin;

Let Vice in all its numerous shapes be shown,

Crimes which to milder Brennus were unknown,

And innocent Cromwel wou'd have blush'd to own.

Their Arms from pillag'd Temples let 'em bring,

And rob the Deity to wound the King.

Excited then by their Camp-Priest's long Pray'r Their Country's Curses, and their own Despair, While Hell combines with its vile Offspring Night, To hide their Treachery, or secure their Flight, The watchful Troops with cruel hast come on, Then shout, look terrible, discharge, and run.

Fal'n from his short-liv'd Pow'r and slatter'd Hopes, His Friends destroy'd by Hunger, Swords, and Ropes: To some near Grove the Western Monarch slies, In vain the innocent Grove her Shade denies.

The Juster Trees

Who when for refuge Charles and Virtue fled,
By grateful Instinct their glad Branches spread,
And round the Sacred Charge cast their inlarged
(Head,

TENT OF MERCELO. A COUNTY OF

Straight when the outcast Absalom comes nigh, Drop off their fading Leaves, and blasted dy.

Nor

Nor Earth her felf will hide her Guilty Son,
Tho he for refuge to her Bowels run.
Rebellious Corab to her Arms she took
When Heav'n, and I frael his old Cause for fook;
But now provok'd by a more just disdain,
She shrinks her frighted Head, and gives our Rebel
(back again.

Now Artist, let thy juster Pencil draw
The sad effects of necessary Law.
In painted Words, and speaking Colours tell
The dismal Exit this sham Prince befel;
On the sad Scene the glorious Rebel place,
With Pride, and Sorrow strugling in his Face;
Describe the Pangs of his distracted Breast
(If by thy Labours Thought can be express)
Shew with what difference two vast Passions move,
And how the Hero with the Christian strove.

Then place the Sacred Prelate by his side,
To raise his Sorrow, and confound his Pride
With the dear dreadful Thoughts of a God crucify'd.
Paint, if thou canst, the Heavenly Words that hung
Upon the Holy Mens perswasive Tongue,
Words sweet as Moses writ, or Asaph sung;
Words whose prevailing Instruce might have won
All but the haughty harden'd Absalon.

At distance round their weeping Mother, place. The too unmindful Fathers beauteous Race 5 But like the Grecian Artist, spread a Veil O'er the sad Beauties of fair Annabel.

No Art, no Muse those Sorrows can express, Which would be render'd by Description less.

Hereclose the dismal Scene, conceal the rest.
That the sad Orphans Eyes will teach us best.
Thy guilty Art might raise our ill-tim'd Grief too high,
And make us, while we pity him, forget our Loyalty.

Taken in a Dirch.

## Madam Le Croy.

OF all the Plagues Mankind posses,
Defend me from the Sorceres,
Who draws from Lines her Calculations,
Instead of Squares for Demonstrations;
Such as Le Croy imposes on
The credulous deluded Town;
Who tho they know themselves but fool'd,
Bring double Fees for being gull'd.
So Client jilted of his Suit,
Loses his Cause, and pays to boot.

In comes a Duke from mighty Place
And Merit, fall'n into Difgrace;
She views his Hand, and bids him Joy,
Calls him his Excellence Vice-Roy.
With this high Character the Bubble
Is well content, and pays her double:
Nor dreams he's banish't with his Fleet
A Slave to Pathmos or to Creet.

As Richm — to the Northern Frost,

And Claren — to th' Irish Coast,

Blinded with Pride, sensless of Ruin,

So Fools embrace their own undoing.

She adds a Crescent to his Crest;
No Planet-mount his Brow adorns,

Saturn, and Venus turn to Horns:

His Grace is but an Independent,
Whilst Mord—rules in the Ascendant.

Northum——does next implore,

And 'twas his Fate, altho he made an offen had A Cloifter of the Nuptial Bed,

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Whence she's return'd with double Charms, A Vestal to his faithless Arms.

St. Alb - Duke, who never fought her, By th' bargain gets N-castles Daughter: So fays Le Croy, but juster Fate Dooms him a Match at Billinggate; Nor will N-castle his hopes place

In a base Bastard Pippin Race.

For So-fet, she takes upon her To footh him up with Maids of Honour: Courage, tho Youth and Beauty fail, Your Grace has Charms that will prevail; No Virgin but must yield a Martyr

T' an Idol of the Star, and Garter.

These, M-ve, were the pow'rful Charms Brought Conway Captive to thy Arms; Twas not thy Figure, Wir, nor Wealth, It was the Star that made the Stealth:

Shortly she will repent the Action,

Thy Hopper-arfe will cause the Faction.

Northamp—, happier in his choice, In Virgin-Wedlock plac'd his Joys; Wifely he shun'd that dire Intrigue, Doom'd to be thy eternal Plague: Of all for better or for worse,

In missing her he scap'd the Curse. Gray's little Hand she next do's prove,

Brimfull of Luck and Heart of Love. The Fates you need no more importune, This is the very line of Fortune; My Lord, you are most sure of Nancy,

If there be truth in Necromancy.

With Elland how shall we demean us? Bless me! what's here? the Mount of Venus! The Table thwarted too! this shows, You'll die a Martyr in the Cause; many lo al If you wou'd shun this dismal Fate, Go home my Lord, and Salivate, and Salivate

hence

Beware

Beware of Mercury and fuch Foes, Compound with Venus for your Nofe.

With Love and Indignation warm,

Ch—ly begins to huff and from;

I dress and keep an Equipage

With any Coxcomb of the Age.

Pray tell me then a reason why

Each Tinker has his Trull but 1?

Your Hand, you need not be so stout,

My Lord your Line of Love is out.

Learn then, if you would have Success,

More Wit and less Affectedness.

With shoulder Belt and gaudy Feather,
Ten Yards of Crevat ty'd together,
Comes New—gb; by these Lines exprest,
As you'd a narrow Scape i'th' West,
This Demicircle here declares
You's meet worse Wounds in Venus Wars.
But have a care how you ingage
For a new Coach and Equipage;
Lavish and Love's a double Dart,
That breaks your Back, and this your Heart.
So Hounds and Huntsmen Hare o'erpower,
And what those worry, these devour.

But these are are not the only Fools, Le Croy has choice of semale Gulls, Who puff'd with Pride do slock in vain, Blown up e'er they discern the Train.

Thus Lucy into Bondage run
For a great Name to be undone;
Deluded with the Name of Dutchess,
She fell into the Lion's Clutches:
This was Le Croy's bewitching Cheat,
Her Sacred Thirst of being great.

Whilst Graf— in her Duke less blest, Is of her Buccanier possest; With Shr—ry whose Love's intent, And all the Rout that nose the Scent.

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With wither'd Hand and wrinkled Brow cheeland in Rage comes next, to know What desperate Tatterdemallion should next vouchsafe to be her Stallion. But by the Wrinkles on her Brow, She's told her Charms quite fail her now; And since she coupled with a Strowler, Her next Admirer must be Fowler.

Arran with counterfeited Grace,
And muffled Veil about her Face,
Shews to Le Croy her fnowy Fift,
Who cries, fix Husbands at the least;
But yet there's none to that lewd Damp
No fecond Love dares light a Lamp.

Kildare a Beauty in her Bloom,
In vizor steals to know her Doom.
Ye Gods! A double Line of Life,
Madam you'l make a thund'ring Wise;
Great fove himself and all the Land
Besides your Lord, at your command:
Devon—, Mul—, Scars—, all
Shall Captives to your Empire fall;
Till for a virtuous Wise renown'd,
Your Wittall Lord at last is crown'd.

Next comes young Fox's barren Blifs,
She reads her Fortune in her Phys!
Besides, I find it in your Hand,
Madam, you must be better man'd;
Your brawny Spouse's gross Insusion
Sutes not your airy Constitution:
If for an Heir you would not want,
Make meagre Darcy your Gallant.

Fine Lady Cartwright in her Chair
To know her Doom does next repair,
Pursu'd by Fenwick, Frank, and Gray,
Who sigh all night, and dodg all day:
As Beggars dream of golden Heaps,
Each longs, but none the Treasure reaps.

The

The next fine Widow Whitmore, she Is told of gentle Cornb ---;
But the sly Wight secur'd the Prey,
And slying bore the Nymph away.

Miss Nancy shall bring up the Reer,
Whose Fortune is to have a Peer;
If 'ten't her harder Fate to be
Confounded with Variety.
So tir'd with Change, some Courtly Nice
She makes the last, and the worst choice.

Why should I tire your Patience out With Warwick and the wrinkled Rout, Hinton or Howard? I could tell ye Of thousands besides Hughes and Nelly, Who daily croud upon the Plains, To find out choice of youthful Swains.

But all those Charms that did kind Warmth infuse, Worn out of date have chil'd my tired Muse.

# The Lover's Seffion,

In Imitation of Sir John Suckling's Seffion of Poets.

A Session of Lovers was held t'other day, And Venus her felf was present they say. The best in Christendom long kept in reserve, Was now to be his who least did deserve.

Therefore the Fools of all Parties came thither,
'Twas strange to see how the Owls slock'd together;
There were Fops by Breeding, and Tonies by Birth,
Damn'd Oafs of all forts this fat Island brings forth.

Gentle Fools of the Flute, and Fools of the Pen,
Virtuofi thrice married turn'd Bullies agen,
Dancing Fools a vast Crowd, and Fools learn'd in Arts,
Fops furnish'd in France with good Natural Parts.

Familiar dear Hearts who kiss all they salute, And out of meer Dulness with no Man dispute; use

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Who think themselves welcome wherever they come, and call all they know Jack, Will, Harry, Tom.

Sour Fanaticks, Christ's wealthy ill-favour'd Breed, With strong carnal Itches and spiritual Pride; popish Priests in the Garb of lewd Lay-Brother, still whoring in Couples to absolve one another.

Turn-servers, who hopeful Imployments devour, Drunken Brutes in the Badges of Absolute Power, Cits aping Court Fops in Debauchery and Dress, And proud ignorant Statesmen hard of Access.

Dull Blockheads in Cassocks, Law-Knaves dy'd in

Physicians in Querpo, and Clowns in Champaign;
Like Bees they came swarming at Venus's Call,

There was Fop of Fop-Corner, and Fop of Fop-Hall.

Song Sackvill with all the new Beaux at his back,

Lewd rakelly Spencer and finical Pack, Warcup near Newburgh, for they kept no Order, Montrath and Frank Villers a little further.

Harry Wharton fresh reaking from Norfolk's lewd shamplot-maker Lumly, and Colchester Voll, (Moll, Northumberland wrapt in his Mother's lov'd Smock, And D' Arcy kept lean by old Guy's young Hock.

Harsh favor'd Scarburgh with Scarsdale the stinking, And Bridges created a Wit for hard drinking.
Soft Whitaker next, Fop Gerards both the Brothers,

Fop Hewit, Fop Baber, and divers others.

Devonsh---, who all his mistaken Life long
Has delighted in Show, publick Meeting and Throng,
And at fifty against all Reason and Rule

Seems refolv'd to perfift in playing the Fool. (set, E'er this strange High Commission Court was well Came and knock'd with a Lover's concern at the Gate, And cozening the Doorkeeper with his Fop Mien, Without any Ticket had like t'have got in.

But Venus, who knew him much better than they, With a Frown like dead Lady Betty, they say,

Forbad

Forbad his Admittance, and told him in short, 'Twas an old fundamental Rule of the Court.

The some the best stor'd never any did use, But liv'd as if Frampton their Business did choose; The others drest high, and half star'd out their Eyes, Not one who had Sense must pretend to the Prize.

And the his French Breeding floated at top, And has tawder'd his Outfide over with Fop; It plainly appear'd to all the World's wonder, The Man of true Wit, and Worth that lay under.

When Mord—heard this, he leapt up from the And in whimfical Raving full three Hours long, With gross want of Judgment, for Bedlam more sit, He daily mistakes for abounding in Wit.

He excus'd his intruding and breaking of Rules, Protesting he did not know they were Fools; But took ev'ry Member there by his Mien, For as hopeful a Wit as his Pupil Gwyn.

This faid, he would fain have flipt out of the Crowd, But Venus recall'd him, and told him aloud, None there to the Place had a better pretence; For just talking, not much, was the Mark of good Sense.

That his rambling Vein, for holding out well, The ablest Fanatick's Light did excel; Tho no Man could for Wit or Reason approve,

Might pass with young Women for Passion and Love.

But she bid him beware when his Throws did begin,
By his Noise not to call all the Neighbourhood in,
For his Friends Expectation too oft had been bit

By the loud, but false crying out of his Wit.

For a deal of Love the fair Sex did owe him,

As well as the Good of all who should know him:

She pray'd that the Muses Lucina would deign

To deliver him of his no Jests with less Pain.

While Mort—'s Perfections she thus did display, She perceiv'd little Falkland sneaking away,

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nd vow'd she admir'd how that frivolous Chit wer came to pass on the Town for a Wit.

His Gradfather, honour'd by all, is confest was with Wisdom and Riches like Solomon blest, but he left him nothing, and 'twas his hard Fate so inherit no more of his Parts than Estate.

A Mimick he is, tho a bad one at best, still plagu'd with an impotent Itch to a Jest; n appurtenant Action he spares no Expence, He has all the Ingredients of Wit but the Sense.

His Face oft of Laugh and Humour is full,
When his Talk is impertinent, empty and dull:
But if so low buffooning can merit our Praise,
Frank Newport, and Jevon, and Haines must have

(Bays. Or if French Memoirs read from Broad-street to Bow, Can make a Man wife, then Falkland is so.

And for full confirmation of all she did say.

She produc'd his damn'd Prologue to Orway's last Play.
Some reply'd, What her Majesty said was most true,

Net to give the ignorant Devil his due,
Tho he made good Judges but indifferent sport,
He was the best Fop of a Statesman at Court.

But Dorington now started up in great Wrath, What not Falkland a Wit! No Sir by my troth; Of which for the present clearer proof needs none, Than his taking the coxcombly Worship for one.

The Sect of Songsters here stir'd up Sedition, And in shoals prefer'd a tumultuous Petition; Beseeching the Court not to think them too wise, To rasse their Time and Estates for the Prize.

Alledging,

They us'd the Muses but as Bawds to Intrigues, Caring for them no more than Cromwell or Migs; And that but for their frantick amorous Fits, They had ne'er took upon them the Business of Wits.

Humbly hoping that Sense would not pass for a That was flatten'd to Panegyrical Rhyme; (Crime, And

And offering good proof from Maids, Widows and Of the inoffentive Dulness of their Lives. (Wives

Protesting at last, if the Sex were in fears,
They could e'en use their Fancies as bad as their Ears;
That rather than the Hopes of their Favours they'd
They'd lay by their impudent Title to Wit. (quit

But Venus, who all their Adventures had learn'd, With a gracious Smile bid them not be concern'd; For that little they had was so void of all Charm, As it did them no good, so 'twould do them no harm.

Young Griffin, apparent Son of the Old, In the same belle Air his booby Father roll'd, Just Image of the Pride with which he swells, And in whom the Fulness of his Folly dwells;

Not doubting Success, first of any did rise, And in arrogant Terms demanded the Prize. But when told by the Court, which his Carriage did

He a reason must give for his consident Claim;
He pertly reply'd, Truth, Reason, and Wit,
Were three things ne'er ask'd of his Family yet;
And tho he lov'd Whoring because 'twas a Vice,
He ne'er should be able to pay such a Price.

Newburgh was the next who stood up to his Tryal, Ne'er dreaming that Face could e'er meet with Denial, That Face which so often i'th Circle was prais'd, And Dissension among the Q—s Virgins had rais'd.

But the Jewels, who still of his Purse stood in need, Had privately advis'd the Bench to take heed, Not to judg by the Outside howe'er likely and fair, For tho stiff in the Back he was limber elsewhere.

Harry Henningham thought himself sure of a Grant; But O soolish, cries out Villain Frank, he's a Cant, His Mistress ne'er knows, so odd 'tis exprest, Whether he means to make Love or a Jest.

For he puts on so many several Faces, Is so full of his frank, familiar Grimaces,

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They cannot but think he's acting a Part, And his passionate Speech has gotten by Heart.

Belides, Lady Bellamount had let the Gourt know! That his Person was good for just nothing but Show i That his flim Barbary Back was too long, and

His Stomach too weak, and Hectic too ftrong.

bis of bluow) in Foppery coses vid and When Kildare's Name was call'd; all chought he And fure he was Fool enough to fucceed. But new R --- r Itrait (O how unlike the first!)

la terms of a Treasurer's insolence burst. Viol

And as Venue was going his Suit to allow, On the Faith of a cast Politician's Vow, 101 50 180 18 That of all Men living he needed it leaft, ind bad yad I

For his Wife's he knew well was as good as the belt;

Huntington, that his wheaking Whey Vilege might paid out the best thing that belongs to an Als; (pass, But in Love's Court, the ours might afe foch a Tool, They abhor'd an inconstant Weather the Fool

Villain Frank, well advis'd by a cocker Glass
Of his damn'd disagreeable Vergue the Face,

and knowing what juster Pretensions would be.

Brought the Bench a Mandamus fubscribed S. P. d.W

The Court on this dangerous Practice reflecting, Cry'd out, We'll ma Intain our old Right of Electing C-s still have been free, nor can any confine 'em, Orbring to the Bench their Jus Divinum.

But refolving however to thew fome respect

To the State whose Commands they'd good calle to Crelect.

ike Mandlins they approv'd, to th' Affiltants great loy, ir Courtly unfit for the courted Employ.

To his shame and confusion his Friends swore point-No Nun was fo spotless a Virgin as Frank; (blank. All thought it unjust, the fair Sex's Pride

hould run any risk with a Free untry'd: (Laws; The Court, tho against the strict Rules of their

Occlar'd, on that Issue they'd put the whole Cause:

Had

Had he e'er rem in re, he should now have the best, But his guilty Silence the Scandal confest.

Here his Exchequer Clerks, e'er they let him retire, Told the Court 'twas not Virtue but want of Desire; And tho he was unable, they had very good Proof, Sister Nancy would for the whole Name do enough.

Montrath was in Foppery conceiv'd another Of Whitehall true Breed, Sir Nices Twin Brother; None could tell, so alike all their Follies did seem, Whether he acted Mumford, or Mumford him.

But all cry'd at the found of that Irish Name,
His Birth was for ever a bar to his Claim;
No Teague to make Love could his blockishness shape,
They had only the Gift of Murder, and Rape.

Harry Lumly, some thought for an elderly Beau, By the help of his Dress made a pretty good show; His Back too was press d since he first found the trick, To make ramish W sams content with one P---.

But he had a blanch by's blited Look shown, Which in Beauer Allonis was never yet known: The Pox that was any bim by his own Wife, Was likely to last him as long as his Life.

When M—ague appear'd, the Court gave him a For affecting the Wit, and the Bully fo much (touch For the one neither Nature had form'd him nor Art, And the other was ne'er thought a Gentleman's Part (Fair,

He had Faults too that lost him so much with the As neither his Face nor his Youth could repair; They found the raw Temper with half Sense accurs, Too presuming at last, too bashful at first.

Their Eyes were more kindly on Constable cast, For judging so ill, and prating so fast; He slightly skims o'er all that comes in his way, With as hasty, and shallow a Fathom as they.

But the his light Humour most Women did hit, His Parts have a nearer resemblance of Wit; The Court too declar'd they be affur'd. Whether yet the thrust in his G well curd. know

Little Rowley was miss'd, for the His Witmo, where elfe but in Dutchlan vould go, Had there fent him Leger with full L outation, To make Jests on the Court for the of the Nation.

WADDOLM SHIPSH But one of his Friends fwore he'd leave the Queen's And turn Rebel to Love's irrelistible Laws; If in all her wide Empire the ever did fee A Coxcomb fo fit for a Cully as he.

Bur Politicks employ'd all his time, and 'twas faid. Our pert offer'd Scholar would ne'er be well bred, Nor brought (fo vain is th' unformable Elf) To advice, or mind any thing elfe but himfelf.

Here theBench in oneLanguage their Anger expre And told his Whig Friends, they should bid him Get so much good Sense in his magorty Pate, (least As to use his Wife well till he got her Estate,

Fe am in his Sedgemore Scar, and Glory Proud as the Treasurer, and pettish as Lory, Forgetting how oft he had wrong took his Aim, With a Brench Affurance next put in his Claim.

But Fifty had brought a defect of that fort, As ne'er found forgiveness in Venus's Court; He was never in health, as himself would oft own, But when he did let that Bufiness alone.

M-nt would be thought to have already the best, But let his Wife's Coverous --- be at reft ; In vain his Invention is still on the Tenters, Don Quixot ne'er went on more luckless Adventures.

The damn'd tedious Lies he tells in's own Praise, That supreme Adoration he to himself pays, That contempt of his Friends, and that unfettl'd An aversion in the most forward has bred. (Head,

His babling Tongue at St. James's large Square, Could punctually tell both the when, and the where,

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in

In the middle of a wis vain towning Hopes, He was beaten with his own Ladder of Ropes.

Sir James Hayes here his fluent Flattery display'd To the Fair, and a Thousand fine Promises made, It Faulkland might pass a Night with her in bed, But Dapperwie had a trick worth two on't he said.

The Sodomic look his Fancy did fway, Salam

He would far have us'd his Wife the wrong way, But the Slattern was resty, and vow'd she would ne'er Give any Man joy who grudg'd her a share.

Nor——land now to his Trial stood forth,
And pleaded the Preference due to his Birth ......
No Fool he did hope, howe'er eminent, wou'd
Presume to compare with a Fool of the Blood.

Appealing besides to his scandalous Marriage, His beautiful Face, and his dull stupid Carriage, To a Soul without sense of Truth, Honour, or With If e'er Man was form'd for Woman so fit.

But his Prince-like Project to kidnap his Wife, And a Lady fo free to make Prifoner for Life, Was Fyranny to which the Sex ne er would submit, And an ill natural Fool they lik'd worse than a Wit.

Gr-ton, back'd by his Officers, made an effort To have the new Venew feen naked in Court; Urging, whate'er Fame in her favour had spoke, 'Twas unfit Men should buy a Pig in a Poke.

But had the appear'd, D—comb swore by his Life He had us'd her as once he did Elland's vain Wife; No fooner was his rude Request disallow'd, But on the whole Bench he lookt big, and talkt loud.

What his bluff Speech did mean they were all in Some fay 'twas Taurpaulin Language,' and Sense:
But this was e'ery tittle the Court understood,
It began with G---me, and clos'd with G---Blood.

An old ugly Lawyer at last did appear, And br with in black Boxes a Thousand a Year:

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Vol. II. -State-Affairs. At which all th' Assembly murmur'd, contending He had long fince past the Age of pretending. But Venus reproving them, bid him come nigher, And when he was mounted up a little higher, She openly declar'd that Wealth and Estate Was to catch Womankind the infallible Bait. This pow'rful Temptation none e'er cou'd oppose; k covers all Faults, and all Virtue bestows; Tis a lure which the highest flown Jiles can command, Make 'em floop, and bring the wild Haggards' to (hand. Fifteen it can draw to the Arms of Threescore; Procure Apply a Wife, and Clifford a Whore. k fill carries with it, fuch Philtres are in it, The Canonical hour, and the Critical minute. 'Twas this Spell the fair Montaguer eyes fo put out, she could neither fee S-olks Age nor his Gout; And in spite of his Humour, yet worse than his Face, Brought long averse Newport to Herberts Embrace. This, this is the Charm which never did fail O'er Beauty, Youth, Merit, and Wit to prevail; And without a Syllable more or less faid, To young Luck the put the old Fumbler to Bed. Much muttering there was, and some spar'd not the In every Man's Face displeasure was seen; Queen, Each thought himself by the strange Sentence ill us'd, And the partial blindness of Fortune accus'd. But all cheer'd up at last, not a Sot that was there But hop'd in his turn with the Lawyer to share, And that fince for swenty good Summers at least He had left being a Man, the would make him a (Beaft. scow story, the trungs, weary of his Tife And almost Will and Mantick as this Wife Those that e'er while no mor al Sin could for, reports for grows a Nongo por natives of the nove hereine to only the leconcents. And cach in lettin sighs his Pattion venus.

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Doctor Wild's Ghost, on his Majesty's Declara-

OW! Liberty of Conscience! That's a change Balks the Crape Gown, and mortifies L' Two lines of brisk Gazette in pieces tears, (Eftrange. All Crack farts labour'd Scribles 20 Years. The Clergy Guide himfelf is left ith' lurch, To which he quailpip'd cafy Daughter Church. So the foul Fiend at Hammeton, they fay, In Fidlers guife to charmingly did play, That all the Buxom Youths of that mad Town Follow'd his charming wheedling up and down, Till the whole Troop an unfeen Gulph did drown.) What's now become of our Informing Crew, The Browns, the Hilsons? Othe Loyals true! Once Pillars of the Church, the Church by Law, For more were bugbear'd to her Church by Aw, Than all the Sermon-Readers e'er could draw. Those useful Blades, Instruments Orthodox, Soon as they found the Church was ith wrong box, Fell from her faster than from Whore with Pox. So Rats by Instinct quit a falling House; So dying Beggar's left by every Loufe. P--- the Spiritual Dragoon, who made By Soul-money a pretty thriving Trade, Gave to Old Nick each refractory Ninny, And whisk't him back for the repenting Guinny, Is now grown Bankrupt, weary of his Life, And almost Wild and Frantick as his Wife. Those that e'er while no mortal Sin could spy. So bad, so gross as Nonconformity, Are now become the only Malecontents. And each in fullen Sighs his Passion vents?

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Paffive Obedience was all the clutter, But foon as their own Nails are par'd, they mutter ; Dear Whigs, Diffenting Brethren, pray forbear. To meet, Indulgence is a Royal Snare The Declaration is a Trojan Horse; The Form's illegal, and the Matter worken M There is a Snake sith' Grafs, that's all the Cry: Which is in fhort to give their Prince the lie, And charge the best of Kings with Treachery. Is this the Church of England's Loyalty? Sadly they toll their Bells, and wring their hands, Religion (that's their Tithe Pigs and Glebe Lands) The Protestant Religion now will fall, Bell and the Dragon will devour us all. These Fesuits are cruel cunning Elves, and the to to We would have none to spoil you but our selves. O tender zealous Spirits ! fad condition le beighe Idolatry will eat up Superflition; and amyn's The Calf at Berbel fears the Calf at Dan ; and and We The Grid Iron grumbles at the Frying-Pan. And now the Facks have loft their wonted Prey, They fear the Sharks will carry all away. So Conjurers grow tow rds their end in fear That their familiar Devil will them tear. But O ye Champions, bring forth now and shew The foreskins of the Philistines you slew. When in your power, Popery favour found, And all the Cry was, Knock Diffenters down; Yet now ye bawl, Tyber the Thames will drown. But fear not Tribe of Smirk, if Popery must be, You'l find the Nuns are pretty Company; And if the fiery Trial should return, Most of you wet your selves too much to burn : At worst-

Tis but conforming t'other step, and then Jure Divine Whip and Spur again.

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## The Renegado Poet.

Amon the Author of so great Renown,
Whose Muse so long has entertain'd the Town,
Grown old, and almost stary'd by th' jilting Jade,
Resolv'd at last to try some other Trade;
And to maintain the Family at home,
Sets up, and scribbles for the Church of Rome,
Yet e'er the Apostate lest the sinking Stage,
He thus broke torth in a Poetick rage.

What sullen Planet rul'd my angry Fate,
And mark'd me out to be unfortunate!
For of all Plagues with which Mankind is curs'd,
That of being doom'd a Poct is worst.
Despis'd and out at Heels, he spends his days
In Rhyme, to get the name of Poet Bays:
When big with thought to ease the lab'ring Brain,

He vents it in a Panegyrick strain,
Basely he prostitutes his Muses Fame
To some rich Booby Lord, or Statesman's Name;

Calls him both Wife and Generous, the he be Like Dover Dull, or Churchill higgardly. If some good Piece the rhyming Drudg has writ,

He gives the Booby leave to father it;

Then crys it up, and while he wou'd make known His Patron's Wit, flily'commends his own.

To scrible Songs and tender Elegies,
Is what a Man of Credit shou'd despise:
For such small Jobs Ousley alone is fit,
Beb has the great retailing Trade of Wit;
Let him of Lawra's Cruelty complain,
Follow his flying Daphne still in vain.
His Wit and Shape must unsuccessful prove,
For both so heavy are they ne'er can move,
The one to stay, the other Nymph to love.

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W

No more than Cholmly's Billets deux have done,-Tho like Quack-bills difpers'd all o'er the Town: But if at lait into a Ballad turn'd, And by fome famous Wooden Cut adorn'd, Pleas'd with the Tune, and by some thoughts betray'd, The moving Lines charm some poor Chambermaid; Well may the Poet triumph in his Wit, For 'tis the greatest Conquest he can get. In pointed Satyr to reform the Age, Who but an hot-brain'd Zealot wou'd ingage? Let a disbanded Peer kick'd out oth' Court, And made some upstart Statesman's common sport, Sneak like a Dog, and beg he may be fent With a great Character to Banishment. Since he is pleas'd to be made fuch a Tool. What is 't to me? why must I call him Fool? If an aspiring Wretch himself to raise, Inflaves his Country and his God betrays, Like a proud Villain; fay what e'er you can, You'l never make him turn an honest Man. He's still a Villain, but what has bin faid

The cudgel'd Poet by experience finds
The tough Bamboon finarts sharplier than his Lines.
Since then with Poetry so ill I've thriven,
I will turn Casuist, and write for Heaven;
Not that I love its Cause, but that I hope
To find a better Patron of the Pope.

At last falls heavy on the Author's Head;

The Tribe of Levi.

Since Plagues were order of for a Scourge to Men,
And Egypt fore was chaffind with her Ten;
No greater Plague did any State molest,
Than the severe, the lasting Plague, a Priest.

may effect the vited Mantler, Price

Some Savage Beafts, by Laws of Nature bound, Only in Woods and defert Lands are found; No Land, no Climate, can this Monster bind, But like some Hydramultiplys his Kind, Through the extended Orb directs his Course, And is at best a Universal Curse.

Ah happy Albion, to the Gods most dear! How bright thy Rocks and fertile Lands appear? The Oceans glory, and its Nymphs delight, The Nations Terror by thy Men of Mighr. Thrice happy albion! had there ne'er possest Thy spacious Kingdoms, the confuming Priest! Who Locust-like the Nations overspread, In every place a Priest erects his Head. These as the Fishes in the Water breed. And on the Fat of all the Pastures feed. Nor are they fatisfy'd to have a Pow'r To drain the Nations, and its Fat devour But like the Devil, always bent on Ill, They plot new Mischies and Devices still: Their unknown Virtues do the Crowd deseive; What Priestly Knaves report, dull Fools believe. Nor is a Prince (how great so e'er he be) From their Deceit and studied Malice free; Like Fiends afcending from the House of Smoke, They all around the gilded Palace flock, And in the Ears of Monarchy they fing, That had they not been Priests he'ad ne'er been King. Set off with Titles and a Specious Name. They quickly fet the wondring World on flame. Methinks I hear its burden'd Axels break, And of the Priests dead Weight distinctly speak; The fenfeless Elements together moan. And all around the vaft Creation groan. Ye juster Deities, true Friends to Men. Affift my Mufe, and guide my fainting Pen; A generous Paffion raife within my Breaft, That may affect the yilest Monster, Priest;

Let my Muse lash, the strokes be bold and good, As if my Pen were Steel, my Ink were Blood.

Close by those Banks, the Banks where Silver Still glides along with unpolluted Streams, A Fabrick stands, no Storm of Fate molests. From its Foundation was possest by Priests; Here Levi lives, o'ergrown with Sin and Years, Good God, what Lewdness lurks in hoary Hairs! As chief of Priefts, Imperial Sway does bear, For he alone is God's Vicegerent here; His leffer Villains of the Church are Slaves, For he that's chief of Priests is chief of Knaves. Twas this same Levi did our James enthrone And when h' had done, as balely pull'd him down : The Levites first his Sovereign Will declar'd. The Levites first his Sovereign Will debarr'd. And thus old Levi, through miltaken fame, Had got a Patriot's and a Martyr's Name ; Him th' unftable Mob with Praises grac'd, And thus his Humour for his Conscience past : Morose and Peevish, insolently Proud. Levi would stoop to none but to the Crowd. Who, e'er the Rabble could his Bleffings crave, His Apostolick Benedictions gave.

Unhappy James! Prepostrous was the Fate
That brought on thee the Clergys Frown and Hate.
Hadst thou our Civil Rights and Charters took,
Not half a word the Clergy then had spoke:
But to molest the Church, was to depose
God's holy Blockheads, and set up his Foes.
Now Foreign Troops invited o'er the Main,
Come to disturb the Scenes of thy short Reign.
Grown mad with sear when thou hadst lost the Day,
And in inglorious hast didst run away,
Our pious Levi loyally came down
T'invite our future Monarch to the Town.
How beggerly's the Crown! how mean the State,
That does depend on Bishops Love or Hate!

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Nor can Conventions now make him a King, Till Levi does the Regal Vestments bring In vain's your Reasoning, in vain your Toil, If Levi but keep back th' anointing Oil. 'Twas not for this the Hero was brought o'er, No, but to fettle Church'as twas before, To beat his Dad, and call his Mother Whore. Shou'd he be crown'd, Levi's Deligns are crost, The Juggle too of the Succession lost. If James be reinthron'd, we must afcribe His Restoration unto Levi's Tribe: And thus the Hierarchy of course bears Rule, And the weak Monarch is the Bishop's Toul; None but the Church should keep their Civil Rights, And all Diffenters be but Gibeonites. So much these Arguments with Levi sway'd, That he aside his Faith and Conscience laid; At once the Sanhedrim and God forfook, And to his own pernicious Counsels took; Rather than have his Priests left in the lurch, Would damn himfelf only to fave the Church. Thus in a Fret he to his Cell retires, To plot new Mischiefs, and blow up new Fires Had this Retirement been well defign'd, Only to ease the Plague of Human Kind, Levi, thy Absence then we ne'er could mourn, Nor been ambitious of thy loath'd Return. But since thy Don's become the Lyon's Court, Whither in Black the Bealts of Prey refort, May'A thou from thence thy final Journey take, And on some Gibbet thy just Exit make. Nor shalt thou Corab, now my Hand is in,

Nor shalt thou Corab, now my Hand is in,
Escape the justest Censure of my Pen;
Corab, in the lewd List must next take place,
To Man and to Religion a disgrace.
In him, when Young, the Priestly Sign appear
Did promise Mischief in his tender Years,

hat does depend on Bilbons Love or Hate

Nor

No cost was wanting to provide him Fools To pass the learned Drudgery of the Schools, Where Youth is with the Laws Corruption fed, Where Priests are form'd, and holy Cheats are bred. Their flavish Tenents much our Corab lov'd; And in the Tricks of Priesthood foon improv'd. He from the Pulpit did his Doctrine breath, And fhed his Venom on the Crowd beneath : --He taught that Kings might govern by their V.Vill, And like the Gods themselves could ne'er doill; That Princes had an arbitrary Power, and ard ard and And might their Subjects, when they pleas'd, devour; That God all Reason gave to Kings and Priests. And that all Men besides were only Beasts. But when his Lion from the Throne was driven, Disown'd by all good Men and juster Heaven. Aking fet up the Nations all approv'd. A King that God and all the People lov d; Our treacherous Corab had his Faith forgot, And turn'd his fam'd Obedience to a Plot : His scruplous Confeience would not let him swear, Whilft Father liv'd, Obedience to the Heir; But in the Head of a Rebellions Race, burns all As void of moral Vertues as of Grace, Corab the new-made Monarch did difown, And fince the other went, each Action done; Until King William's Fate resounds from far, His great Success and Enterprize in VVar. And Fame aloud does of his Fortunes rell. How by his Hand the Sons of Corab fell. Now Corab is become a milder Priest. I have been And fwears as well as any of the reft. Priests are like Spaniels ne'er inclin'd to good, No longer than they fee or feel the Rod. Ah William, had I but thy Scepter Royal! By Heaven I'd beat the Dogs till they were Loyal. Ungrateful Corah! I'll bid thee adieu; Since God hath left thee, I will leave thee too:

Nor

Nor shall my Satyr e'er disturb thy Life, Since thou hast got a Satyrina VVise.

Dathan must next be from Oblivion freed, VVho in the Field obtain'd the Bishops Meed ; VVas bred a Soldier, now by Trade a Prieft, Tho not so wife or learn'd as are the rest. He feldom does to Preaching make pretence, But does excuse it by his want of Sense. Yet Dathan never like his Tribe was mad. Nor were his Crimes so great or half so bad; Dathan did never question his Belief But pinn'd his Faith upon his Father's Sleeve; Sometimes was in the right, but vary'd foon, And chang'd his loofe Opinion with the Moon. Dathan did with King William's Interest close, Yet like a Sot encourag'd all his Foes. VVho but wife Dathan would his Sense prefer, And take the part of a Petitioner? Favour the City Mob, fo lately fam'd, For Murderers and Evidences nam'd? Yet Darban, though thy Crimes too far exceed, I'll pardon all thy Faults for one good Deed.

But damn'd Abiram must my Anger seel,

V hose Lewdness is as deep, as black as Hell,

Such as a Muse, scarce as Old Nick, can tell.

Abiram did late Jemmy's Will controul,

And made a Seventh in the samous Roll:

Abiram with 'em enter'd his Protest,

And grew as saucy as did all the rest;

But now his Conscience does by Levi's square,

And his leud Thoughts with Levi's Notes compare

Levi to God nor to the Kingdom true,

The Elder Brother of the factions Crew;

He chose Abiram out of all the Tribe,

To be his Secretary and his Scribe,

VVho best to Mr. Redding might present

The Strength and VVeakness of the Government

Hew

How stiff the Levites to his Interest stood. As true as Steel and firm as Oaken Wood. But poor Abiram does the Toil endure. Whilft Levi in his Cell does fit fecure : Levi of Freedom knew the worth and price, and therefore fent the Fools to break the Ice. The some in forming Plots may well agree. Yet few think good to hang for Company: But poor Abiram! it would vex a Stone, To plot in Numbers, and to hang alone. Yet never at thy Destiny repine, Hanging's the fittest Death for a D -ne for who does ever at the Gallows fwing, Bute'er he's turned off a Pfalm does fing? And though thou art a dire Example made, Thou'lt leave the World in thy own way of Trade.

Nor must Abiathar be here forgot, for he that well can write can make a Plot: Of any Faith he never maketh doubt, But like the Wind his Conscience veers about. In losty Strains he Tyrant Noll did praise, And to his Fame a lasting Statue raise; he in Usurpers praise employ their Pens,

Whate a pretence to Priesthood may belong, Gold Is their God, and Glory guides their Tongue; These even Beelzebub have quite outdone,

In Priest thy Ackers Plagues are cram'd in one.

But now my Muse another Story tells;

Pray hear the Sound of pious Acron's Bells,

Whose Strength of Zeal suppresses that of Sense,

Where Flesh does fail, Devotion does commence:

Tir'd with Age, of youthful Vigor free,

He is devout of meer Necessity;

His great Austerity his Tribe does sute,

He sometimes rides, but oftner walks on foot:

Such pageant Zeal attendeth Bishopricks, He well may walk, where follows Coach and Six

Nor

Nor can he pray, but where his Pictures stand,
To fix his Zeal, and wandring Thoughts command.
These Images do pious Heats confer,
And raise Devotion up the Lord knows where;
He soars so high, and to the Clouds does grow,
He quite forgets all Loyalty below,
Can take no Oath nor swallow any Test,
But must be stubborn as are all the rest.

Let lasting Infamy curst Zadoc damn,
Who makethall Religion but a Sham:
Zadoc who boasts of Fighting, Drinking, Roaring,
And above all his mighty Strength in Whoring;
Yet to debauch his Conscience now is loth,
And swears by God, he cannot take the Oath:
Let Zadoc to his Sins stand firm and stiff,
'Till Triple Tree shall take the Triple F.——

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Next in the Lift must Eleazar come, A Foe to England, and a Friend to Rome. Priests in Divinity take little Pains, And with Religion feldom crack their Brains. This want of Sense made Eleazar run The first to worship the arising Sun. When Brother Priests arrived here from Rome, Good Eleazar did invite them home: He took his Coach, and mighty Stir he made To be affiftant at the Cavalcade But yet thy Coachman, as the Act exprest, By most was thought the better fort of Priest; He would not drive, nor Rome's black Fiends adore, When thou wer't but Postilion to the Whore; Whilst honest Stalk did for his Freedom strive, Thou like the Devil unto Rome didft drive: Thy Brethren banish'd by the present Reign, Thou long'st to view and welcome here again. Not the lewd Levites which arrive from Rome, Are greater Villains than our Priests at home; The Church's Warriors of thy py-bald Band, That plague the Natives of this wretched Land,

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That blow the Coals and warmer Blood ferment,
To cause a Fever in the Government.

I'll mention but one more and then have done, 'Tis fighting Josuah the Son of Nun: Though he to Men of Sense is a Buffoon, He serves to make a Spiritual Dragoon. What tho he cannot preach, or pray, or write, He'gainst his Country and his King can fight. He's strongly armed with a double Sword, To fight God's Battels and to preach his Word. What Wonders in the Field were lately done, By fighting Fosuab the Son of Nun? He bravely Monmourb and his Force withflood, And made the Western Land a Field of Blood; There Tofuab did his reaking Heat allwage, On every Sign-post gibbet up his Rage; Glutted with Blood like some most Christian Turk, And scarce out-done by Jefferies or Kirk; Yet now the Prieft is grown a Rebel too, And what Monmouthians did, himself can do. Since thou like them art equally to blame, Their Fate was to be hang'd, be thine the same.

Should I of all the lesser Villains tell, I would a great, a bulky Volume fill, Fit for the Devil's Library in Hell.
Should I their Lewdness and their Crimes relate, Their Lusts, their Perjuries, their Envy, Hate, Their filthy Drunkenness, their height of Pride, Their Avarice yet Luxury beside, Their want of Goodness and their want of Sense,

And their Repentance in the future Tense,
Their new-coin'd Tenets which the Pulpits fill,
Would tire Pelling's Passive Lungs to tell.
Hophnie of old laid down his rampant Whore,
And thump'd her Carcase at the Temple-Door &
But who can tell what Tricks our Priests do use
Behind the Altar and within the Pews?

S

The antient Levites (as the times then stood) Were Men of Cruelty and Men of Blood; The far more harmless Bulls they did surprize, And near the Altar shew the Sacrifice. Altho the Butcher now does not take place; The Cruelty's entail'd upon the Race; Our Priests are all descended from that Stem, Nero and Aretine are Saints to them; They oft the Blood of War in Peace have spill'd, How many Prisons has their Malice fill'd? How many Widows have they made a Prey? What Goods the holy Guzmans stole away ! Well may they grieve now, having lost the Power By which they Widows Houses did devour: That Land's accurft, hath reason to lament, Where Priests are made a piece of Government; They damn our Souls and lead us weary Lives, Millead our Daughters and debauch our Wives ? Whatever shew of Zeal the Priesthood paints, They are at best but cuckoldizing Saints, The pious Vermin that molest a State, The Source of all Disorder and Debate; The Bane of Princes, a tumultuous Crew, Not fatisfy'd with what is old or new. For James they underwent a wondrous Toil, And greas'd his Head with their Anointing Oil; But when he to the Jesuits tack'd about, They as the Devil with Pray'r cast him out. Nor are they with their new-made Monarch glad, (The Priests have still a Privilege to be mad) Tho eafy, gentle, and averse to Blood, His only Crime, he's to his Foes too good ? Well may he have the Priests to be his Foes, That even God Almighty would depose.

### CLITO: A Poem on the Force of ELOQUENCE.

By Mr. Toland.

CLITO the Wife, the Generous, and Good;
Better than whom none ever understood or Things or Words, wou'd yet distinctly know How far the Force of Eloquence con'd go To teach Mankind those Truths which they mistake, And who the noble Task durft undertake. To him ADEISIDÆMON thus replies: Othon, whose Age my jounger Tears Supplies With Virtue's Precepts, and my Country's Love; What Laws below, or Pow'rs there be above, Made bold by thy Example, and the Fame Of antient Heroes (whose immortal Name Might ferve alone all Errors to reform) I hall the welcome Lubour thus perform.

In common Words I vulgar things will tell, And in Discourse not finely speak, but well: My Phrase shall clear, short, unaffected be, And all my Speech shall like my Thoughts be free 3 Not grave enough to fright the Young away; Nor yet for elder Company too gay.

But when the Crowd I'm chosen to persuade By long Orations for the purpose made; Or by what reaches more with more fuccels, The labor'd Compositions of the Press: Then shall my fertil Brain new Terms produce; Or old Expressions bring again in use, Make all Ideas with their Signs agree, And fooner Things than Words shall wanting be. Harmo-

-correct

Harmonious Sounds th' attentive Ear shall please, While artful Numbers Passions lay or raise; Commanding Vigor shall my Thoughts convey, And Softness feal the Truth of all I fay : I'll footh the raging Mob with mildest Words, Or fluggish Cowards rouze to use their Swords. As furious Winds sweep down whate'er resists, So shall my Tongue perform whate'er it lifts, With large impetuous Floods of Eloquence Tickle the Fancy and bewitch the Sense; Make what it will the justest Cause appear, And what's perplex'd or dark look bright and clear. Not that I would the wrongful Side defend; He best protects who's ablest to offend: As the fame Force which ferves to curb our Foes, Can hurt those Friends who on our Love repose, And for whose sake we wou'd our Lives expose.

Thus arm'd, thus strong, thus sitted to persuade, I'll Truth protect, and Error straight invade, Dispel those Clouds that darken human Sight, And bless the World with Everlasting Light. A Noble Fury does possess y Soul, Which all may forward, nothing can controul; The sate of Beings, and the hopes of Men, Shall be what pleases my creating Pen.

Who form'd the Universe, and when and why, Or if all things were from Eternity; What Laws to Nature were prescribed by Jove; Where lies his chiefest Residence above; Or if he's only but the World's great Soul; Or Parts the Creatures are, and God the Whole From whence all Beings their Existence have, And into which resolv'd they find a Grave; How nothing's lost, tho all things change their Form, As that's a Fly which was but now a Worm; And Death is only to begin to be Some other thing, which endless change shall see;

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(Then why should Men to die have so great fear? Tho nought's Immortal, all Eternal are.) Whether the Stars be numerous Suns, or no. And what's their Use above, or Pow'r below ; What Planets are inhabited, what not; How many new emerg'd, what old forgot; If the dull Earth does turn about the Sun, Or that bright Phebus round this Globe does run; Whence the Magnetic Force; how Winds can blow; What makes the Ocean duly ebb and flow; How come th' alternat Seasons of the Year, And why the Weather's warm, cold, dull or clear; How Animals and Plants increase their Kind; And what's the Source of Life, of Soul or Mind; flow Stones and Metals, Sands or Shells are fram'd, shall only after me be rightly nam'd. Thus quick as Thought I unconfin'd will fly Thro boundless Space, and vast Eternity; Nature to me appears in no difguize, Nor can one Atom scape my prying Eyes. OGlorious Liberty! for thee I'll prove The firmest Patron that e'er Tongue did move I'll always execute what you decree, And be the fatal Scourge of Slavery. Ambitious Tyrants, proud and useless Drones, I'll first expose, then tumble from their Thrones: some their foul Crimes shall expiate by Death, And some in Exile draw their hated Breath. Their warlike Troops I shall with Ease disband, And conquer those who all besides command;

But,

I've known a Senate with fome magic words

Our fearless Youth (if these are at an end)

And punish Nations when they dare offend.

To Forks and Spades transform their bloody Swords: Those hest'ring Braves, who vaunt their Force so loud,

A Patriot's Tongue can humble with the Crowd.

Will their own Rights by their own Arms defend,

But, by the Soul of him who Julius kill'd, When I perceive that Oracle fulfill'd, Which was to me pronounc'd by Men Divine. That All goes well when Whigs and Tories join; I'll fing the Triumphs of the Good Old Cause, Establish Justice, reinthrone the Laws, Restore the Nation to its perfect health, Then Pow'r usurp'd destroy, and form a Co

Then Pow'r usurp'd destroy, and form a Common-But what in faint Ideas I conceive, wealth. A matchless Hero will by Facts atchieve; That Freedom he restor'd he will maintain, Incourage Merit, and leud Vice restrain. Our Laws, Religion, Arms, our Coin and Trade, All flourish under him, before decay'd; In this more fafe, more mighty, and renown'd, Than if ten thousand Successors he crown'd: For oft a just and valiant Prince's Name Degenerate Sons by horrid Crimes defame. Her Brutus Rome had not fo long ador'd, If he had made himself her Sov'reign Lord. O Godlike Brutus! for thy Country's good Thou didst not shrink to shed thy Childrens Blood! And fure at home if thou wer't so severe, Thou'dst never labour for a foreign Heir. But more than Tongues can speak, or Pens improve, The World and I expect from William's Love, His People's Darling, Heav'ns peculiar Care, The Branch of Peace, and Thunderbolt of War.

Thrice happy they who see thy Youth renew'd, O potent Britain! thy worst Foes subdu'd, The proudest Kingdoms for thy Friendship sue, And all free States their Safety place in you. Their Products East and West shall send to thee, Both Indies gladly will thy Handmaids be. The North unlocks her adamantin Door, And what the South conceals thou shalt explore. Thy mighty Fleets our Honor will regain, And the Flag's Triumph e'ery where maintain.

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Thy Sons shall reap fresh Laurels near and far, Umpires of Peace and Leaders still in War. High Heaven alone shall o'er thy Buildings sway, And that alone be fairer thought than they. Submissive Kings shall on thy Senate wait, While Nations thence expect to hear their Fate. Let Learning then and Manners be thy care, The Proud to humble, the Distress'd to spare, and to free those who slavish Fetters wear.

But what if Tyrants ne'er were heard of more? What serves it equal Freedom to restore, So long as other Monsters, worse than they, Rule all Mankind with a despotic Sway? These are fit Objects of a Hero's rage; But where's the Hero'les to redeem the Age?

No longer thus the World shall be misled By him that's falfly call'd th' unerring Head. His Triple Crown I fcornfully will spurn, And his proud Seat to heaps of Rubbish turn, Fright all his Vallals into Dens and Caves, Then smoke to death the facrilegious Slaves. The swarming Herds of crafty Priests and Monks, The Female Orders of Religious Punks, Cardinals, Patriarchs, Metropolitans, Franciscans, Jesuits, Dominicans, And fuch like barbarous Names Ecclefiaftic, Such superstitious, villanous, fantastic, Coz'ning Rogues I'll evermore difturb, Sense shall their Doctrines, Force their Malice curb. Nor will I here defift; all Holy Cheats Of all Religions shall partake my Threats, Whether with fable Gowns they show their Pride, Or under Clokes their Knavery they hide, Or whatfoe'er disguise they chuse to wear To gull the People, while their Spoils they flare. As much as we revere those worthy men, Who teach what's peaceful, necessary, plain;

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As only Jargon, Strife, and Empire preach.
Religion's fafe, with Priestcraft is the War;
All Friends to Priestcraft, Foes of Mankind are.
Their impious Fanes and Altars I'll o'erthrow,
And the whole Farce of their feign'd Saintship show,
Their pious Tricks disclose; their murd'ring Zeal,
And all their awful Mysterys reveal;
Their lying Prophets, and their jugling Thieves
Discredit quite; their soolish Books (as Leaves
From Trees in Autumn fall) I'll scatter wide,
And show those Fables which they fain wou'd hide.

When I've perform'd these Feats, new Danger From Earth I'll foar, and scale high Heaven's Walls To pull false Gods from thence, that Men may see There's but One, True, All-perfect Deity, Sound Reason is the Law that likes him best, Of Good and Ill the never-erring Test. His Sacred Temple's e'ery good Man's Heart, Where his choice Gifts he freely does impart; But they deferve and share his first Applause, Who stake their Lives in their dear Country's Cause. An honest Mind is the best Pray'r he needs; Paid with good Works, for him no Victim bleeds. With Forms and Postures he is never pleas'd, Nor is his Wrath with Bribes to be appeas'd: But, happy in himself, he neither wants Ought we can give; nor greater Bleffings grants Than folid Sense, and an industrious Pain, Riches with this, Wisdom with that to gain.

From this high Steep with hasty slight I'll bend, And to the Bosom of the Earth descend; To those dark Shades I'll introduce the Day, And the vain Terrors of Hell's Court display. But wicked Deeds shall not unpunish'd go, Tho not as Priests and Poets falsy show.

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Those Old-wives Tales, imaginary Fears, The Cause of Horror, and the Source of Tears, I'll foon destroy; extinguish all their Flames, Dry up their Rivers, break their ratling Chains, Poison their Scrpents, fright each hideous Form, Cerberus choke, and Pluto's Castle storm. Legions of Fiends to Atoms I'll reduce, And leave bad Men no Tempter for excuse, But such leud Thoughts as their vain Fancy draws, Rebels to Reason's just and easy Laws. The best Repentance is to sin no more, And to the Owners what they've loft restore. Hell's always flaming in a Villain's Mind, Who's felf-condemn'd, abhor'd of all Mankind, And still suspicious of a Fo behind. Virtue's its own Reward; nor Rage of Foes, Nor Frowns of Friends can Virtue discompose. Tho Malice, Fraud, and Envy may combine, Spite of their Fury Innocence will shine. An honest man, when thousands treat him ill, His confcious Virtue will support him still; Till undeceiv'd, the World repairs his Fame,

Thus pow'rful Eloquence shall teach the Wise Vile and absurd Inventions to despise;
And Fools will mend when abler men exhort, Or by strict Laws are kept from doing hart. But as no Rule without exception is, So Fools in Learning come not under this: For neither Brains nor Books make them improve, Nor Laws restrain, so much they Mischief love. The easiest things they speak in Terms uncouth, And empty Notions hug for solid Truth. Sworn Foes to Reason, whose resistless Light Condemns their Pride and Ignorance to Night: Slaves to Authority, the Bane of Schools, Because all Times have Precedents for Fools.

If in right ways I cannot such direct,
I'll spoil their Trade, their Vanity detect.
As sick men order'd by their Doctors Bills
To breath that Air which quickly cures or kills;
So shall my Words like Thunderbolts be hurl'd,
And will confound or mend the erring World.

But when from Cares and publick Business free,
Bright Victorina my lov'd Theme shall be;
The softest Words the sweetest Things will tell,
And all I write or speak be fine and well.
When she inspires, I must great things pursue;
If she approv'd, what Wonders cou'd I do?
I shou'd than all to come discover more,
And would eclipse those Lights which shin'd before.
But her dear Image calms my raging Breast,
All should be still to lodg so fair a Guest,
Who hating me, I'm curst; or loving, ever blest.

Thus far I spoke; and Clito all approved,
Except what last was said of her I lowed.
He did not blame my Passion, and allowed
A virtuous Woman's Heart might well be woo'd;
But that her Hate (like other Ills) the Wise
Show'd soften first, or missing that, despise:
For Cowards lose by a too quick Despair
What's gain'd by nobler Souls who persevere,
And in Success or Merit Visiors are.

We part; and each went where he wish'd to be, I to my Study, to his Garden He. Some Verses sent by a Friend to one who twice ventur'd his Carcase in Marriage.

THE Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He always in danger, the always in motion;
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcafe,
Twice ventures the Drowning, and Faith that's a
(hard cafe:

Even at our own Weapons the Females defeat us, And Death, only Death can fign our Quietus.

Not to tell you fad Stories of Liberty lost,
Our Mirth is all palled, and our Measures all crost;
That Pagan Confinement, that damnable Station,
Sutes no other State or Degree in the Nation.

The Levite it keeps from Parochial Duty,
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?
The Rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,
And a poor Beast, you know, can scarce carry double.
Twas invented they tell you to keep us from falling,
O the Virtues and Graces of shrill Caterwawling!

How it palls in your Gain; but pray how do you How often your Neighbour breaks in your Inclosure? For this is the principal Comforts of Marriage, You must eat the a hundred have spit in your Porridg. If at night you're unactive, or fail in performing, Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Blood-shed next (Morning);

Lust's the Bone of your Shanks, O dear Mr. Horner, This comes of your sinning with Crape in a Corner.

Then to make up the Breach all your Strength you And labour and sweat like a Slave in a Gally;

And

And still you must charge, O blessed Condition!

Tho you know, to your cost, you've no more Ammu
(nition:

Till at last the poor Tool of a mortified Man Is unable to make a poor Flash in the Pan. Fire, Flood, and Female begin with a Letter, But for all the World's not a Farthing the better.

Your Flood is soon gone, and your Fire you must lf into the Flames Store of Water you tumble;

But to cure the damn'd Lust of your Wife's Titi-

You may use all the Engines and Pumps in the Na-As well you may piss out the last Conslagration. And thus I have sent you my Thoughts of the matter, You may judg as you please, I scorn for to flatter; I could say much more, but here ends the Chapter.

Signior Dildoe, by the Earl of Rochester, 1678.

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Y OU Ladies all of merry England,
Who have been to kifs the Dutches's Hand,
Pray did you not lately observe in the show
A noble Italian, call'd Signior Dildoe?

This Signior was of her Dutchesses Train, And help'd to conduct her over the Main; But now she cries out to the Duke, I will go, I have no more need for Signior Dildoe.

At the Sign of the Cross in St. James's Street,
When next you go thither to make your selves sweet,
By buying of Powder, Gloves, Essence or so,
You may chance to get sight of Signior Dildoe,

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You would take him at first for no Person of note, Because he appears in a plain Leather Coat; But when you his vertuous Abilities know, You would fall down and worship Signior Dildoe.

My Lady Southesk, Heaven prosper her for't, (Court; First cloth'd him in Sattin, then brought him to But his Head in the Circle he scarcely durst show, so modest a Youth was Signior Dildoe.

The good Lady Suffolk thinking no harm, Had got this poor Stranger hid under her Arm: Lady Betty by chance came the Secret to Know, And from her own Mother stole Signior Dildoe.

The Countels of Falmouth, of whom People tell, Her Footmen wore Shirts of a Guinea an Ell, Might fave that Expence, if she did but know How lusty a Swinger is Signior Dildoe.

By the help of this Gallant the Countels of Rafe, Against the fierce Harris preserv'd her self safe; She stifled him almost beneath her Pillow, So closely she embraced Signior Dildoe.

That Pattern of Vertue her Grace of Cl—land Has swallow'd more P—s than the Nation has Land; But by rubbing and scrubbing so wide it does grow, It is sit for just nothing but Signior Dildoe.

Our dainty fine Dutchess having got a Trick, To dote on a Fool for the sake of his ——
The Fops were undone, did their Graces but know The Discretion and Vigour of Signior Dildoe.

The Dutchess of M—na tho she looks high, With such a Gallant is contented to lie;

And

And lest the English her Secrets should know. For her Gentleman Usher took Signior Dildre.

The Counters of the Cockpit (who knows not her She's famous in Story for a killing Dame; When all her old Lovers for take her, I trow, She'l then be contented with Signior Dildoe:

Red Howard, red Sheldon, and Temple to tall; Complain of his Absence so long from Whitehall; Signior Barnard has promised a Journey to go, And bring back his Country-man Signior Dildor.

Moll Howard no longer with his Highness must And therefore is proffered this civil Exchange; Her Teeth being rotten, she smells best below, And needs must be fitted for Signior Dildor.

St. Albans with Wrinkles and Smiles in his Face, Whose Kindness to Strangers becomes his high Plate, In his Coach and six Horses is gone to pergo, To take the fresh Air with Signior Dildoe.

Were this Signior but known to the Citizen Fops, He'd keep their fine Wives from the Foremen of (their Shops;

But the Rascals deserve their Horns should still grow, For burning the Pope and his Nephew Dildie.

Tom Killigrew's Wife, that Holland's fine Flower, At the fight of this Signior did fart and belch four; And her Dutch Breeding further to show, Says, Welcome to England Myne Heer Van Dilloc.

He civilly came to the Cockpit one night,
And proffer'd his Service to fair Madam Knight;
Quoth she, I intreague with Captain Cazzo,
Your Nose in mine A—good Signior Dildit.

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This Signior is found, fafe, ready and dumb, As ever was Candle, Carrot, or your Thumb; Then away with these nasty Devices, and show How you rate the just Merit of Signior Dildee.

20.

Count Cazzo, who carries his Nose very high, In Passion he swore his Rival should die, Then shut himself up to let the World know, Flesh and Blood could not bear it from Signior Dildoe.

21.

A Rabble of P—s who were welcome before, Now finding the Porter denied them the Door, Maliciously waited his coming below, and inhumanly fell on Signior Dildoe.

22.

Nigh wearied out, the poor Stranger did fly, And along the Pall Mall they followed full Cry; The Women concerned, from every Window Cry'd, O for Heaven's sake save Signior Dildoe.

2.2.

The good Lady Sands burst into a Laughter, To see how the B—— his came wobbling after; And had not their Weight retarded the Foe, Indeed it had gone hard with Signior Dildoe.

The Encouragement by the E. of Rochester.

Tis the Arabian Bird alone
Lives chaft, because there is but one;
But had Dame Nature made them two,
They would like Birds and Sparrows do.

The Commons Petition to the King, by the E. of Rochester.

In all Humility we crave
Our Sovereign may be our Slave,
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd to us most loyally;
And if he pleases to lay down
His Scepter, Dignity, and Crown,
We'l make him for the time to come
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

#### King's Answer.

Charles at this time having no need, Thanks you as much as if he did.

## A Satyr by the Lord Rochester, which King Charles took out of his Pocket.

PReserved by Wonder in the Oak, O Charles,
And then brought in by the Duke of Albemarle;
The first by Providence, the next all Devil,
Shews th'art a Compound made of Good and Evil:
The Bad we've too long known, the Good's to come,
But not expected till the day of Doom.
Was ever Prince's Soul so meanly poor
To be a Slave to every little Whore?
The Seaman's Needle nimbly points the Pole,
But thine still points to every craving Hole;
Which Wolf-like in that Breast raw Flesh devours,
And must be sed all Seasons and all Hours,

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C - is the Mansion House where thou dost dwell, But thou art fix'd as Tortoise to her Shell, Whole Head peeps out a little now and then Totake the Air, and then creeps in agen. strong is thy Luft, in C - thou'rt always diving, And I dare swear thou pray'ft to die a S-How poorly squanderst thou thy Seed away, Who should get Kings for Nations to obey? But thou poor Prince so uselestly hast sown it, That the Creation is asham'd to own it; Witness the Royal Lives sprung from the Belly Of thy anointed Princess Madam Nelly, Whose first Employment was with open Throat To cry fresh Herrings, even Ten a Groat: Then was by Madam Ross exposed to Town, lmean to those who would give half a Crown: Next in the Play-house she took her Degree, As Men commence at University. No Doctors till they've Masters been before, so no Players till they've been a Whore. Look back and fee the People mad with Rage, To see the Bitch in such an Equipage; And every day that they the Monster see, They let 10000 Curses fly at thee: Allow'd in publick Streets they use thee thus, and none dare check them they're so numerous. Stopping the Bank in thee was only great,

Stopping the Bank in thee was only great,
But in a Subject it had been a Cheat.
To pay thy Debts what Sum canst thou advance,
Now thy Exchequer is remov'd to France,
I' inrich a Harlot all made up of French,
Not worthy to be call'd a Whore, but Wench
Cl—land indeed deserves that noble Name,
Whose monstrous Lechery exceeds all Fame;
The Empress Messaline was cloy'd with Lust at last,
But you could never satisfy this Beast:
Cl—land, I say, is much to be admir'd,
Altho she ne'er was satisfied or tir'd.

Fall

Full 40 Men a day provided for this Whore, Yer, like a Bitch, the wags her Tail for more. Where are the Bishops now? Where are their Bawdy Instead of Penance, they indulge the Sport; (Court) For standing in white Sheets their Penance cools, And's only fit for Frenchmen and for Fools. O Heavens! wert thou for this loofe Life preserv'd? Are there no Gods nor Laws to be observ'd? Nineveh repented after forty Days; Be yet a King, and wear the Royal Bays: But Jonas Threats will ne'er awaken thee, Repentance is too mean for Majesty. Go practife Heliogabalus his Sin, Forget to be a Man, and learn to fpin; Go dally with the Women on their Wheels, Till Nero-like they pull thee out by th' Heels: Go read what Mahomet did (that was a thing Did well become the Grandeur of a King) Who all transported with his Mistress Charms, And never pleas'd but in her lovely Arms; Yet when his Janizaries wish'd her dead, With his own Hand cut off Irene's Head : Make fuch a Practice with thy felf as this, Then thou mayst once more tast of Happiness; Each one will love thee, and the Parliament Will their unkind and stubborn Votes repent, And at your Feet lay open all their Purfes, And give you all their Prayers unmix'd with Curses. All this I wish, altho I'm not your Friend, Till like a Child you promise to amend; If not, you'l find your Subjects rugged Stuff, But now I think on't, I have faid enough.

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## An Epitaph on a Stumbling-Horse. Aserica

I ERE lies a Horse beneath this Stone, & The links Who living oft hath lain on one: A noble Steed, who as he went Proclaimed Still his great Descent A proudly headed Nag he was, And hence it often came to pass That he his Feet not valued. But still stood much upon his Head. He was no War-Horfe, yet he knew The Art to Iquot and lie perden. Yetmany a Horse long train'd in Wars Had never half fo many Scars; There's only this small difference in't, Theirs were of Steel, and his of Flint. He was no Hunter, nor did care To follow Chafe of Fox or Hare; Yet had this property of Hound, He still was smelling on the Ground. And tho Dame Nature did not frame Him for a finder of the Game, Yet were it loft, none certainly Would fooner stamble on't than he. He was no Racer, as some fay, Tho fome conclude the other way, And fay for swiftness he might run Against the Horses of the Sun: For though full swift Don Phabus be, This would be fooner down than he. For his Oipnion, Critick Wit Does very much in gueffing it. Some say he was Conformist Breed, He bow'd fo low: but some this Steed Think may for Nonconformist go, At every thing he stumbles fo.

Some

Some think him Presbyter, 'cause he Brings Rider down to Parity. But some say no; for by this knack He still throws Jockey from his back. Some think him Papift, 'cause so prone He was to worshiping of Stone. Some think again, that tripping he Confutes Infallibility; But most allow him, which is worse, No more Religion than a Horse. Well now he's dead, no wonder is't, For Mother Earth long fince he kift; And what it was, full well did know To turn his heels up long ago. If any to inquire shall please What caus'd his death, 'twas a Disease Call'd Epilepse by learned Leech, But Falling-sickness in plain speech. And now good Coroner, fince he hath By his own flumbling caus'd his death, In Kings High-way pray let him reft, With this Inscription on his Breaft.

Despise me not ye passing Steeds,
Nortos in scorn your losty Heads:
What mine is now, may be your lot;
For where's the Horse that stumbles not?
But since my Charity does enjoin
To wish you milder fates than mine;
When e'er it is your hap to stumble,
Oh may you trip, but never tumble.

# Ad Populum Phaleræ: or the Twin-Shams.

OF all the Cheats and Shams that have of late Shock'd our Religion, and embroil'd our State, None more abuse and leave us in the Lurch, Than those false Cries of Monarchy and Church: To these bewitching Sounds, these mighty Charms, We chiefly owe the Miseries and Harms That fill'd the two last Reigns: and tho at last kind Heav'n an Eye upon our Bondage cast, And opportunely to our Resche sent, These plague us still, and clog our Settlement. So when the Hebrew Chief, on Egypt's Strand, Such Wonders wrought by the Almighty's Hand, That the wish'd Freedom was almost obtain'd, Two Sham Magicians let it back again.

For Monarchy; it is by all confess'd Our Antient Government, that futes us best; Our Legal Form, to which our Statutes bind, By Laws Supported, and by Laws defin'd. And more what can be ask'd? But when this Name Shall fore an Heav'nly Pitch, and Kindred claim With Jove himself: when boundless Rule and free, Contemning Laws, shall fetch its Pedigree From Sacred Writ, and be impos'd upon The World, on pain of dire Damnation; The Filmer's Tribe, with their Paternal Farce, into one House shall cramp the Universe; That Noah's Heirs despoticly might rule, Altho a Cobler, Mad-man, Knave or Fool: When Hodge and Parker's Doctrines do revive, Which God Almighty's Pow'r to Monarchs gi

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To rule the World with such a perfect Sway, That they the Potters are, and we the Clay : We rub our Eyes, and quickly are aware What the Refult of fuch wild Maxims are. For then our Laws are Mockery and Sport, Our Judges are but Heraulds to the Court. Our Antient Rolls, grown useless to preserve Our Rights, may then for Taylors Measures serve, Or Childrens Drums; our Property and Claims Are all but bluftering Sounds and empty Names: Our Charters too are void. though fworn and fign'd. For no Concessions Right Divine can bind. Who strives to limit such a Sov'reign Head, Fetters Levi'than with a fingle Thread : Heav'ns darling, he was only made to fport, And take his Pastime in the Watry Court, Where all th' inferiour Mutes, and lesser Fry, Are but his Chattels, Goods and Property. Then talk of nat'ral Liberty no more, Equality of Souls is out of door, All, but of Kings, were stamp'd for Slaves and Poor. And were they visible, you might descry The native Badges of Servility: As Camels shew they were deligned for Packs, By nat'ral Pack-faddles upon their Backs. Such Notions well might fute the former Reigns, When French and Turkish Models fill'd our Brains; But under one who Champion comes to be Of England's, and of Europe's Liberty, Such Language needs must grate upon our Ears, And midst our Joys and Hopes, must whisper Fears: When such for Patriots pass, who t'other Day Were the known Tools of Arbitrary Sway; And those that English Laws and Freedoms plead, Republicans are presently decreed, Altho the Men that Crown'd our Prince's Head. When fuch Discourses fill the Town, what less Can be defign'd than James's Re-access? By By blackning those who have so plainly shown Themselves the best Supporters of the Throne. Or else they sain would tempt the Royal Breast To more desire of Rule, than will consist With English Laws, or with his Oath and Word, That of his Subjects he might be abhorred; And so might pave the absent Prince's Way, And sall the Gallick Tyrant's easy Prey. But Heav'n, that at the Boyne its Power did shew, We hope will save him from these Flatt'rers too, More dangerous than grazing Ball that slew.

But, O the Church! that, that's the fecond Cry, Asvery a Sham as that of Monarchy: For while the Letters in our Ears do ring, The Cabala is quite another thing. Some mean by Church down-right Debauchery; For the our Church abhors such Villany, Yet when a Sot or Bully, reeking from Tavern or Brothel, to a Church doth come, Mumbling his Orifons without Regard, To charm his Conscience, more than to be heard, That he might fin a fresh with greater Gust, (As Turks with Opium fortify their Lust) Then, Ab the Church! the Church! that facred Name Must ferve to hallow his impurer Flame; Cancel old Sins, and qualify for new, Give Absolution, and a Licence too. So when he hugs the Sanctuary-Walls, Himself a Saint, the Malefactor falls; Christens his Fears, and from the sacred Stone Hath turn'd his Flight into Devotion. So Temples were by Heathens made their Stews, And Dens of Thieves and Robbers by the Jews. So Eli's Sons, who at the very Doors Of the Assembly made the Women Whores, Were Church men too, but to the Church's Cost For by fuch Church-men foon the Ark was loft.

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With others, Name of Church doth fignify A mere misplaced Zeal and Bigotry For Rises and Ceremonies, and these too The very worst and meanest of the Crew; Such as perhaps the Church might better spare, And more her Blemish than her Beauty are. Live as you list, this Man doth not regard; Infringe her Dollrines too, he is not ftirr'd : But touch a Surplice, or an Eastern Ned, You wound his Darling, and blaspheme his God. Ask him but whence unlighted Candles came? And straight the Man himself is in a Flame : Speak but against the Cross, he'l read your doom, That you deserve to hang in Gismas Room: He'd rather have two Easters in a Year, Than to difturb the facred Calendar. What most is scrupled, that he values most; And rather would have all Dissenters lost Than old Translation should be refitted. Or Tobit and his Dog should be omitted. He joys when Service in the Chancel's read, Tho half the People hear not what is faid. Adores an Organ, tho he needs must know, That when the Heav'nly Boreas doth blow, The Sense too oft is murder'd by the Sound, And many a Pfalm felonioufly is drown'd. And if you do but lift of Alteration, Then straight Vox Cleri must alarm the Nation: You're then Phanatick, Neuter, Half-way-man, Or mungrel Latitudinarian; You pull the Church down; for 'twill surely fall, If you but pick one Pebble from the Wall: Or tho you never move the smallest Stone, 'Tis Sacrilege to pull the Ivy down. So Pedants count themselves the best Orators, And Fops and Beaus the only Courtiers. So Dancing-Masters walk the Fields by Rules, Whilst all the World proclaims them formal Fools.

A third, by Church, mean Perfecution, right Church-militant with Sword and Gun: Church that governs more by Fear than Love, And more hath of the Eagle than the Dove : A Church that into Swords doth beat her Shares, And all her Pruning-books converts to Spears. " Ah could we but these Vermin hunt to Death

" By five and thirtieth of Elizabeth;

" Or plague them by Imprisonment or Fine, " Until we had compell'd them to come in.

" 'Twere brave indeed! but fince that's laid afleep, " And (which is still a Wound more wide and deep)

" A free and legal Toleration

" Is gain'd for all that do our Doctrines own;

" What help remains, the Church doth gasping lie,

" And all is lost beyond Recovery! But hold Sir! Is't impossible to fave The Church's Life, and keep her from the Grave, Unless these Steel Prescriptions we have? Pray tell me how in Ages Primitive She made a shift to keep her self alive, And flourish'd too? Or else resolve me how All pious Pastors hold up Churches now By Preaching and good Life? and so may you. The way is open, imitate your Lord, And that alone will Followers afford:

Most Men are not so giddy as to scorn Good Sermons more at Church than in a Barn, Or think an Heav'nly Life less fair doth look Under a Gown and Cassock than a Cloke. But if you rather choose to prop your Cause By violent and compulfory Laws, Which is Dragooning in the best Edition,

(Or younger Brother to an Inquisition) Your Church will meet the Fate of Tyranny,

Hated to live, and foon unpitied, die.

The last of those pretended Cheats and Shams. Doth [by the Church] at bottom mean King James:

Let

Let one that's true to William's Interest (Altho as good a Churchman as the best) Attempt to stand at an Election, Straight he's a Whig: the Church is quite undone! But for a trusty Spark, that secretly Drinks James's Health, when knows his Company, They'l'rend the Welkin with their bellowing Cry. ) There needs no Oedipus t'unriddle this; Church is the Apologue, and James the Moral is. But if you think indeed King James your Friend, And that your Church he'l mightily defend; Then pray, to do King Lewis Right, remember Give him the Stile too, of your Great Defender; Who lift'ning to the Groans of the Oppress'd, In pure Compassion fent his Fleet from Breft. This would resolve the Question, whether France Came hither by Agreement or by Chance? Or if the last abortive Letter-Plot Was to be finish'd by French Force or not? And who must pay him his expended Pelf? Or if he wou'd not wifely pay himself? And ballancing the Charge against the Gains, Rescue the Church, and take it for his Pains? But whatfoever Int'rest was intended By French Invasion to be befriended, Tis all a Case, the Treason is the same, Whoe'er the Authors are; and if the Name Of Church must shelter ev'ry Plotting Knave, (As once the Ark did Toads and Vipers fave) Both Church and State, fo late at Ruin's Brink, Sav'd in a Storm, will in the Harbour fink.

11

### The CAMPAIGN,

1692.

W HEN People find their Money spent,
They recollect which way it went,
The like in order to prevent

for th' Future.

That Money's spent I need not tell, for what I know not very well linless to make Folks to Rebel

or Tutor.

But lest you think it spent in vain, And of our Hero's Acts complain, I will describe this last Campaign

in Flanders.

With Treasure, Ships, and Arms good store, To make the French (as we be) poor, He did embark with many more

Commanders.

While Cares were fighting in his Breast, And nothing left (but Wife) unprest, He took, not staying to be bless'd,

his Ark Sir.

Hastning to make some work for Verse, Fit for dull Dutchmen to rehearse, Where Wit and Courage are so scarce;

d'ye mark Sir.

He was no sooner set on shore, When News came Post that Luxembur? Had actually besieg'd Namur,

nigh Liege Sir.

This

This Action put him in a maze, Fearing if he should make delays, It would be difficult to raise

the Siege Sir.

With that he muster'd all his Force, Full fourscore thousand Foot and Horse, That never slinch'd or hung an Arse

when fighting,

And march'd away with Noble Train; But all Endeavours prov'd in vain, There were such Storms of Thunder, Rain,

And Lightning

The filthy Season made him fret; I modifie with the Not that he fear'd the French a bit; a word in the But that it was such plagay wet and a should be a season of the sea

raw Weather.

We boldly view'd their dirty Paffes,
And strong Retrenchments where no Grass is,
And so retir'd like driven Asses

together.

For not attempting once to fight,

Namur was taken in our fight,

Though from the Town we lay not quite

a Mile, Sir.

F

1

The strength of Flanders so was mon,

And W \_\_\_\_ bravely saw it done,

And unconcernedly looks on

the while, Sir.

The Dutch, who better knew the Land, Found it too slippery to stand, And therefore would not be trapann'd,

as we were

For so to Fight at any rate,
Without Assurance of their Fate,
Or a respect to Future State,

is not fair.

Louis

Τ.

er.

Sir.

Sir.

ere.

Low

Louis in hopes was made to fly, His Conquests left to W— to buy; To'th Commonwealth his Tyranny

to borrow.

Twas a Descent, you understand, On the French Coasts some Men to land, To rescue Traytors from the hand

of Levi.

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If

Old Laws of France there to restore, As England's he had done before; But some will ha't to break 'em more,

most true is

Suppose all Kings alike for ease, And the Name only not to please, (Old Things with us are a Disease)

twere madnes;

While Lewis's Glory does commence, T' exchange him for a creeping Prince, 'Twould be a vile Affront to Sense

in fadnes

The Ladies would forbid those Arts, To give away their King of Hearts, For one of less performing parts

than le Grand.

For One that ha'nt to show, God knows, So much to please'em, as a Nose; Tho it may serve to spight his Foes,

how ere't ftand.

But while our Champion was abroad, Mind how he kept the very Road He to his Cabinet had show'd,

and went in

To drag our Landmen out to Sea, To use them ill, and keep their Pay, Strict Orders coming ev'ry Day

from B-ting

With

With fifteen thousand Men, and more, five hundred Ships to wast them o'er, With fixty Cannons that would roar

Vol. II.

id.

10.

ing

Vid

like Thunder.

Some fifty Mortars great and small, Bombs, Carcases, the Devil and all, And bloody Threats sent from Whitehall,

you'd wonder.

Spades, Shovels, Pioneers they got, Guns, Swords, sav'd all since Oates's Plot, At Bilboa made, if I am not

mistaken.

Bridles and Saddles not a few, With Harnesses for Mankind too, To shew the French what they must do,

if taken.

The forty thousand Bills from Spain, Which ne'er till then saw Sun or Rain, But have in Hugger Mugger lain

fourteen year;

The Pilgrims too, fly Voluntiers, Expected just so many years, If you'll believe't, t'increase French Fears,

were feen there :

But above all they were supplied
With six Months powdred Beef beside,
For fear the French should not provide

enough, Sir.

And armed with a pious Zeal For holy Kirk, and Commonweal, And Courage true as any Steel,

or Buff, Sir.

This grand defign was deeply laid, If it be true that People said, That Rechel was to be betray'd,

or Dunkirk;

Tho

The others said they were to go In dusk of Night to St. Male, To burn the Ships and mall the Foe

with Dungfork.

But some a wiser thing did say,
'T was farther off into a Bay,
Not sar from Bayonne, call'd Biscay,

nigh Spaniard

H

To stop our Search an Order came, That none the destin'd Place should name, But he should strait be hang'd for th' same

at Main-yard

All thus equipt, Wind sitting right, They hoisted Sail with all their Might, And safely past the Isle of Wight

as can be.

Strange Hopes and Fears did us possess, To know what would be the Success, When suddenly came an Express

to Danby;

Which brought Advice that Russel, he With L—ster's Duke could not agree; So was our Project utterly

defeated.

B

To get in order this Descent Four hundred thousand Pounds were spent; So you, and not the Government

were cheated.

Thus between French that us do hear, And Dutch that daily do us chear, Our Grief and Ruins must be great,

I fear it.

Is achar's Arms may ours be made, An Ass between two Burdens laid, To both for being Jews betray'd,

vou'll (wear it.

Namar we saw to France submit, At Steinkirk slush'd into a Net,

on

And

Vol.II. State-Affairs. And the Descent proved beshit al doco is a man and i Per insventant as People His Conquests thus at once you view, or elegant and And how he did his Foes fubdue; His Triumphs next I will to you add dold vigo. or or or or of the sand of the sand But first observe how he return'd ! we sweb in 17 10 day Some Paltry Ships that you thought burn'd, And Bart, with whom to fight he fcorn'd, on Durch in there face force Met him: But Kings, whose Honour lies As his, be not to fight a Prize With Folks concern'd in Robberies branches branch affin and Plunder. So to escape a Bloody Bootoy & commit aid audi bal Hedid take down his Royal Clout, Or Flag, on which it did fall out, Gaff. Momus. parent reserve for a Our King of Bees then did not fail, of clargow over 100 Altho he wears no Sting in's Tail, And without shifting Hive to fail, lafe Home to's. The Tower Guns were all prepar'd, And Fireworks on Lighters rear'd; But what came on 'em I ne'er heard Toring Logists In Windows most Folks fet up Lights, Excepting fancy Jacobites, That had their Glazing broke to rights, to curb em. First came some Guards to clear the way; And next a Squire with Boots of Hay, And on a Nag most miserably Bejaded. Two Men came next, who cring'd and bow'd, And humbly did befeech the Crowd, To make a noise, and baul aloud as they did. Then

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Then came a Coach, in which there fate Four Lords, who went, as People prate, His Highness to congratulate

Next twenty Mob, the Chief o'th Town, In left Hand Club, in right Hand Stone, Those Windows which had Candles none ad the non that you moreht buttet.

lo

Four Horses next a Chariot drew, on white the In which of Dutch-men there fate two. Whose very Looks would make one spew,

At last the fierce Life-guards appear'd, con allo Who at the Candles gap'd and star'd : And thus his Triumphs you have heard a ode of

described down in Royal C

Now judg if he's fo fit a Pin bib deliberty no For th' wounded Hole that he is in; Or have we cause to chuse again,

or no, Sir?

less to antilino

If we to Slavery are born ; vill animin smoothwha Yet 'tis a Case that's too forlorn, To ferve them that our Servants fcorn, 100 and 11

A Worth Ties on the heers rear

But after all it must be said, on I me no omes i His Conquests were not quite so bad, But he those Triumphs merited, Wadows mole Fr

and more, Sir:

For fure no Emperor of Rome and wish banks Nor Bruish King was, I presume. With Farthing Candles lighted home annot smeet

it soot of guire with Boot of Ha dona Nag mon miferably

bebaise

Walten came next, who criped and bowl ditumbly did beforen the Crowd,

lymake a noife, and bank aloud

as they did MAN I

A Satyr written when the K-went to Flanders, and left nine Lords Justices.

But after all to do him right. Tis fed

A Thin ill natur'd Ghost that haunts the King,
Till him and us he does to Ruin bring,
Impeach'd and pardon'd, impudently rides
The Council, and the Parliament bestrides;
Where some bought Members, like his serving Men,
To all his Lies devoutly say Amen.

Room for the Pink of starch'd Civility,
The Emptiness of Old Nobility:
This Fop without distinction does apply
His Bows and Smiles to all promiscuously;
With an affected Careless waves his Wand,
And tottering on, does neither go nor stand,
So humbly proud, and so genteely dull,
Too weak for Counsel, and too old for Trull;
That to conclude with this bilk'd stately thing,
He's a meer costly piece of Garnishing.

A drowfy Wittal drawn down to the last,
Dead before's time for having liv'd too fast,
Lives now upon the Wit that's long since gone,
Nothing but Bulk remains, the Soul is flown;
The little Good that's sometimes of him said,
Is because Men will speak well of the Dead:
For when all's done, this honest worthy Man
Has no Remorse for taking all he can.

A Grave Eye, and an Overthinking Face
Seem to diffinguish him from all his Race;
But Nature's proud, and foorning all Restraint,
By sudden Starts shows there's a mortal Taint;
Which to a good Observer makes it plain
The Frenzy will e'er long return again:

P 3

But after all, to do him right, 'tis sad The best of all the Nine should be stark mad.

A good Attorny spoil'd, when his ill Fate
And ours did make him Secretar' of State;
For if his part had been to give a Charge
At Country Sessions where he might enlarge,
H'as a rare Method to display a thing
With mighty Sense, not worth the mentioning:
But the fine gilded Bead is much too weak
To bear the weight he's under, so must break.

Next, Painter, draw a Jackanapes of State,
A Monkey turn'd into a Magistrate,
A sawcy Wight born up with Heat and Noise,
Fit only for a Ring-leader of Boys;
To untile Neighbours Houses, and to play
Such uncouth Gambols on a Holy-day.
Strange! that so young a Government should dote,
So as to let a Whirlwind rule the Boat.

Ungrateful Toad-stool, despicable thing!
Thus to desert thy Master and thy King;
He was thy Maker too, and from the Dust
Rais'd thee, tho'twas to all Mankind's Disgust.
William with all his Courage must be afraid
To trust the Villain who has James betray'd;
For sure no thing can e'er redeem thy Crime,
But the same brutal Trick a second time.

As rich in Words as he is poor in Sense,
An empty piece of misplac'd Eloquence:
With a soft Voice and a Moss Trooper's Smile,
The Widgeon sain the Commons would beguile;
But he is known, and 'tis hard to express
How they deride his Northern Gentleness,
While he lets loose the dull insipid Stream
Of his set Speeches made up of whipt Cream.

'Tis here alone you'l find, where'er you feek,
A profound Statesman with a cherry Cheek:
He has a quick Eye and a sprightly Glance,
His Face a Map of jolly Ignorance;

The

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The Lilies and the Roses so dispos'd, should not by Care or Thought be discompos'd: pity that fat, round, pretty, blushing thing should e'er be thus condemn'd to Counselling.

A Prophecy which hath been in a Manuscript in the Lord Powis's Family above sixty Years.

A Bout the time that I shall be
Joined unto two times Three,
And sour times Ten with four times Two,
Amongst us shall be great ado;
An Eagle's Head that time shall fall,
Scatter'd will be the young ones all.

Then shall a Cypher swell so great,

Name 100 takes the Seat,

And shall do mighty things before

He is removed off the Shore;
But ten times Four, with three times Six,

Doth in another World him fix.

Then quickly after you shall spy
The Eagle back again to fly,
And shall himself bedeck again
With Feathers of his Father's Train;
Then heavy Times shall make Men say
Ost-times, Alas and Well-a-day,
And wish that they a Death might sind,
For something troubles fore their Mind.
Then after all a Cloud shall come,
And almost darken quite the Sun;
And in that time Actions shall be

Chiefly carried on by Three:
The Crofs, the Surplice, and the Crown,
Strive who shall put each other down;
Great Treachery and Blood-shed then

Shall sweep away great Store of Men.

The

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B

The Lion and blew Flower shall seek
Quite to destroy the Heretick Sheep,
And England shall be hard bested
Besore the Miter hence be rid.
False Ireland continues our Woe,
But zealous Scotland doth not so.
Begin again at One and Six,
And ten times Seven begins these Tricks;
And for a time shall last full sore,
Till you may number One and Four.
And for Four more it shall abate
To return in a happy State.
Then better every day will be,

But no more — in England see.

When 8 times eight and four times Three With Six and Two shall joined be,
Then shall be factified C.

In Dust shall lie that errant Whore, Disdain'd of all like to 7 - S

And all her Brats turn'd out of door.

J. R. shall into Saddle slide,
And furiously to Rome shall ride,

His Principles no longer hide.

The Pope shall have a fatal fall
And never trouble more Whitehall,

And he that chanceth to survive Until the Year of Eighty five,
Shall see this Land begin to thrive.

O England's Wonder, which hath never been, Three Queens in England shortly shall be seen. Two Dukes shall highly for the Crown contend, Each shall bring England's Monarchy to end.

B—— shall fall into Contempt and Scorn, And Gospel-Angels shall our Church adorn. If any ask how this shall come to pass, The Fox shall ride the Goose, the Goose the Ass.

Toke

82.

An Epitaph upon the E. of Ro—. ster's being dismist from the Treasury in 1687, by Mr. Dryden.

HER E lies a Creature of Indulgent Fate,
From Tory H--de rais'd to a Chit of State;
In Chariot now Elisha like he's hurl'd
Toth' upper empty Regions of the World;
The Airy thing cuts thro the yielding Sky,
And as it goes does into Atoms fly:
While we on Earth fee, with no small Delight,
The Bird of Prey turn'd to a Paper-Kite.
With drunken Pride and Rage he did so swell,
The hated thing without Compassion fell;
By powerful Force of universal Prayer,
The ill-blown Bubble is now turn'd to Air;
To his first less than Nothing he is gone,
By his preposterous Transaction.

King James to bimself, by Mr. D-n.

and treaten and B ------

U Sod's Justice Sword, and his Vicegerent here, Am now depos'd, 'gainst me my Children rise, My Life must be their only Sacrifice.

Highly they me accuse, but nothing prove, But this is out of Tenderness and Love:
They seek to spill my Blood, 'tis that alone Must for the Nation's crying Sins atone.
But careful Heaven forewarn'd me in a Dream, And shew'd me that my Dangers were extreme;
The Heavenly Vision spoke and bid me see, Th' ungrateful Wretches were not worthy me.

P 4 Alarm'd

Alarm'd Isled at the appointed time, Thus meer Necessity was made my Crime.

On the Dake of Bucks, by Mr. D ... n.

H

Sing the Praise of a worthy Knight,
Whose King James (that never could fight)
For his but more for his A — made a Knight.

This Knight foon after a Duke became, And got at the Island of Rhee fuch Fame, That since all English men curse his Name.

This Idol Duke to that Greatness did swell, That Honours and Riches before him fell, Till Felton the Brave sent his Soul to Hell.

And now you shall hear how his mighty Son With the very small Sin of Incest begun, And to Treason and B—ry went on.

For first, old Richmond can tell when and where, For the Treasons the Papers of old Oliver, And Keniston's A— knows the B—— r.

Now he who nobly and bravely begins, Must afterwards know when such Glory he wins; Adultery and Murder are but trivial Sins.

I come to his Farce, which must needs be well done, For Troy was not longer before it was won, (begun. Since 'tis more than ten Years since this Farce was

And the Advice of his own Canonical Sprat, And his Family Scribe, Antichristian Mat.

done, egun.

Was

With transcribing of these, and transversing those, With transmitting of Rhyme, and transversing Prose, He hath drest up his Farce with others Mens Clothes.

10.

His abusing the Living, and robbing the Dead, His inferting fine things which other Men said, Makes this new way of Writing without Tail or Head.

II.

But where the Devil his own Wit doth lie, They must have very good Eyes that espy, Unless in the Dances and Mimiquery.

12.

I confess the Dances are very well writ,
And the Time and the Tune by Hains are well set,
And Littleton's Motion and Dress has much Wit.

12.

But when his Poet John Bays did appear, Twas known to more than half that were there, That the greatest part was his Grace's Character.

14. (Crimes,

For he many Years plagu'd his Friends for their Repeating his Verses in other Mens Rhymes, To the very same Person ten thousand times.

15.

But his Grace has tormented the Players more Than the *Howards* or *Flocknoss*, or all the Store Of damned dull Rogues that e'er plagu'd them before.

When in France and in Spain, and in Holland, 'cis

What Wonders our mighty Statesman has done, Twill make them all tremble to hear his Renown.

17.

For he that can libel the Poets, and knows
How to mimick the Players in Gestures and Clothes,
With ease may destroy all his Majesty's Foes.

r8.

Now the Church he contemns as much as a Quake, The Kingdom he'l ruin if the Parliament for sake her, For he serves his King as bad as his Maker.

19.

For he that for fook him in all his distress, Kill'd the Husband, and kept the Adulteress, Like Judah would fell him, and fell him for less.

20.

He hath mimick'd the King and Duke o'er and o'en That Merciful King that hath pardoned more Than all our Kings e'er pardon'd before;

21.

That King, that if e'er he committed a Crime, That to Church and to State may prove fatal in time, It was in extending his Mercy to him.

22.

Now God grant his Majelty never may find, What's fatal, to be to a Buckingham kind For his Father was ruin'd by the first of the Line.

Prologue for Sir John Falstaff, rising slowly to fort Musick.

SEE Britains, see one half before your Eyes
Of the Old Falst aff labouring to arise.
Curse on these straitlac'd Traps and French Machine,
None but a Genius can ascend these Scenes.
Once more my English Air I breath agen,
And smooth my double Russ, and double Chin.
Now let me see what Beautys gild the Sphere;
Body O me! the Ladies still are fair:
The Boxes shine, and Gallerys are full,
Such were our Bona Robas at the Bull.

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or Supreme Jove, what washy Rogues are here? re these the Sons of Beef and English Beer? old Pharaob never dreamtof Kine fo lean, This comes of meagre Soop and four Champaign. Degenerate Race! Let your old Sire advise, f you defire to fill the fair Ones Eyes, Drink unctious Sack, and emulate my Size. Your half-flown Strains afpire to humble Blifs, And proudly aim no lower than a Kifs, Till quite worn out with acting Beaux and Wits, You're all fent crawling to the Gravel-Pits: Pretending Claps, there languishing you lie, and let the Maids of the Green-fickness die. The Case was other when we rul'd the Roast, We rob'd and ravish'd, but you figh and toast. But here I fee a Side-Box better lin'd. Where old plump Jack in Miniature I find. Tho they're but Turnspits of the Mastiff kind. Half bred they feem, mark'd with the Mungrels Curfe, Oms! which among you dares attempt a Purse? If you'd appear my Sons, defend my Caufe, And let my Wit and Humour find applause; Shew you disdain those nauseous Scenes to taste, Where French Buffoon like leanest Switzer dreft, Turns all good Politicks to Farce and Jest. Banish such Apes, and save the sinking Stage; Let Mimes and squeaking Ennuchs fill your rage; On fuch let your descending Curse be try'd, Preserve plump Jack, and banish all beside.

T.

mic fove, what washy Rogues

Lords assembled in Council; The Petition of Tho. Brown,

e to fill the fam Ones Humbly Shewerb, C Hould you order Tom Brown nutsous Sack-To be Whipt thro the Town For Scurvy Lampoon, Tate, Soutbern, and Crown, Their Pens will lay down.

E'en Durfy himself, and such merry Fellows, That put their whole trust in Tunes and Trangdillo's, May hang up themselves, and their Harps on the (Willows,

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So

om that we wone

finish (acts Apes, an

On lucition your descen

referre plump fack

For if Poets are punish'd for Libelling Trash, Jo. Dryden, at fixty, may yet fear the Lash.

Half bright mey feems that No Pension nor Praise, All Birch and no Bays; I you'd appear my Son Thefe are not right ways Our Fancies to raise To the writing of Plays, And Prologues fo witty, That jerk at the City; And now and then hit Le Mimes and fquesks Some Friend in the Pit, So hard, and so pat, Till he hides with his Hat His monstrous Crevat.

The Pulpits alone Can never preach down The Fops of the Town: Then pardon Tom Brown, And let him write on.

But if you had rather convert the poor Sinner, His foul railing Mouth may be stopt with a Dinner, Give

Give him Clothes to his back, some Meat and much (Drink, Then clap him close Prisoner without Pen and Ink.

And your Petitioner Shall ever Pray, &c.

To Mr. Dryden, upon his declaring himself a Roman Catholick.

a all Kelegrams reeve the James

Reat Truckling Soul! whose Stubborn Honesty I Does with all Revolutions still comply. Thy Youthful Muse gilt an Usurper's Bays, And for King-killing smoothly lang his Praise, Nay, valiantly and wifely fawn'd on's Hearfe, and strove t'embalm his Name in Loyal Verse. And then Reformers were not call'd prick-ear'd, But plain Religion Primitive appear'd, Because, like its first Master, all its Charms Were Truth and Peace, not jugling Shews nor Arms. When Heav'n was pleas'd our Princes to restore, Thou with the first didst fervilely adore Those Earthly Gods, thou had'st Blasphem'd before. In High Weak Verse them fulfomely didst load With Titles due only to th' Heavenly God, By thee as much unknown, as are his Ways untrod. The Mitre, which meer Prieft-Crafe, and Prieft-Pride With Gordian Knots have to the Grown fast ty'd, Asif one Empire could not stand by Law, But by another within to keep't in Aw, Receiv'd thy Homage too, and then our Creed Seem'd only some weak Christian's feeble Reed; And true Religion, which must save Mankind, I' Indifferent necessary Rites confin'd. Solike thou thought'st thine and the Churches Scene, That Poet Squab would fain have been a Dean:

ive

IA

But thy lewd Life, and publick Blasphemys Made a Loofe Clergy fuch gross Vice despise, Be'ng thus deny'd the Loaves, thou didft decry The Miracles as a meer Forgery. No Sect nor Clergy could fecure their Fame, All Priests and all Religions were the same. E'en Holy Church was lug'd into thy Farce, And Ghoftly Fry'r made Pimp to Bully's Tarfe: A meer Almanzor grew'ft in e'ery Sin, In Atheism didst outvie thy Maximin; Lampoon'st our God, thy Patrons, e'en the Great And Sacred David's felf, who gave thee Meat. No Vice which thy lewd Thought and Poverty Could reach, but was us'd, and difgrac'd by thee. Thus by Bad men despis'd, abhor'd by Good, Thou bungled'st out a Life like a loath'd Toad. Impatiently then waiting a new Wind Of Doctrine fit for thy licentious Mind, Till a curst Western blast of Popery came; Pop'ry, of Christendom the Plague and Shame, The Yoke of Princes, the true Politick Cheat, To cramp the Honest, and to make Knaves Great. Thou fuckd'ft th' Infection in the very Nick, And pliant Conscience veer'd to Catholick; Thy Zeal e'en nimble Harry Hills outran, And Turn-coat Nich. Butler the Publican. Should Mahomet this Antichrift o'erthrow. Thy Crucifix would to the Crescent bow. At thy Conversion, Jack, thus Whigs rejoice, Who fee not through the Prudence of thy Choice. What fo fit refuge for thee, as New Rome, Which, like the Old, receives all Nations Scum? Or what fo fit retirement couldit thou choose For an old Bawdy, Prophane, Thieving Mufe, When all her Stock of purloin'd Wit was gone, As making the dry fumbling Jade a Nun?

Now the may translate Legends for our Land,

According to his Majesty's Command;

If

H

V

And drivel out her dregs of Poetry

Mymns on all the Sacred Trumpery

Of Reverend Relicks, pretty Mirracles,

Which the Monk forges, then devoutly fells the

How Many's Image weeps for finning Souls,

Though with dry Eyes the bore the Carvers Tools,

When through her Trunk he drill'd the Squirting (holes)

How the Milk which from her Paps did distil, Isgrown a Flood enough to drive a Mill; How the curst Cross, at first but one man's Weight, Is now encreased to a Navy's Freight, (And 'tis but fit they multiply the Wood, Who so oft make and crucify the God.)
Such lofty Themes I leave thee to pursue;
So Jack of all Faiths, and of none, Adieu.

## Upon Mr. Neal's projecting new Taxes.

N vain the harass'd People Strive of the state and To keep their gasping Trade alive, If Bankrupt Neal, whom all Stars curfe, Has the disposal of their Purse; He Ante manum will advance Our future Rents for present Chance, And leave our Children like his own To know upon a Naked Bone, And we our felves this Year shall be Turn'd to a Million Lottery, 1 /1 101 VER BOIDOV Where for two Thousand that get Plums Ninety eight thousand fuck their Thumbs. Then rouze your felves, ye Men of Lands, Of English Hearts and unbrib'd Hands, And rescue us from being Slaves To Home-bred Fools or Foreign Knaves;

DOA

And if abroad we must be kickt, Yet let us not at home be nicke.

Docton Hannes Diffected, in a Familiar Epiftle, by way of Nosce Teipsum.

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COme fay a Physician of late That always lov'd to ferve the Great, Met a Disease out-match'd his Skill, And some pretend to say so still: Tho learnedly he'as told the Mob, The Lungs were tainted ev'ry Lobe, And how th' Abdomen was affected, So nicely well it was diffected. As who shou'd fay, that Dr. Hannes, If any one wou'd take the Pains, Wanted either Lungs or Brains. I know not what the Vulgar think Or how fome Men at Noon-day wink; But thus it is, may't please you all. To raise a P-mp a Prince must fall.

Thus when grave Sages are neglected. And beardless Boys so much respected; When Oracles, that us'd of old Mighty Mysteries to unfold, Are like Stories still untold : 1000 but and over by When folid Truth and folid Gold, a construction Are for Noise and Gingle fold; Add 250 1 100 900 000 Then Notion may for Knowledg pass, But Asculapin for an Afs. Manual Town and W Thiftles and Logick chop together, nody and is wanted As Baro - men do Wind and Weather; Both hit alike, and both prove good, One for the Mind, the other Food. Had not Mens Wits eclipsed been, 100 Man 1 and 1 Tis Ten to One we had foreseen, 6-A

And then we'd needed no Diffections, No Confultations, no Inspections, Nor any need of these Reflections; But when menseyes are grown to bad, They cannot see what once they had, Tis time to let'em feel the fmart, And clear their eyes by rules of Art. When that falls fhort, 'tis fome content, Tho the Mark was mis'd it was well meant. And thus poor Mortals seek for Ease, When the Physician's the Disease: Is Learned Heathen's use to tell, Where such men live does Sorrow dwell. But fure a Nation must be blind, or else they wear their Eyes behind, That cannot tell a Man of Senfe, from one that's all Impertinence. All Guts and Meseraick Veins, Lungs, Liver, Spleen and rotten Reins, But little Head, and much less Brains; loynts stiff, Inflexible as Stones, No Juice or Marrow in his Bones, Nor Flesh nor Fat is to be feen, But Muscles shrivled, dry and lean. This is the Wondrous piece of Nature, That picks the bones of every Creature: And yet you'd fwear, to look upon him, He knows no more than what comes from him. But how so great a Man of Art, hould let a Royal Heir depart, And never tell the reason why, He shou'd not Live, or he shou'd Dye. Tho fome time after, as they fay, He cou'd have told a certain Way How to have got the Poison out, That lurk'd in th' Heart or thereabout. But then his thoughts were so perplext, full as a Priest that takes a Text,

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how to have not effe. Poil on to

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that lark'd in the Heart on the second.

And has forgot what he defign'd When first the Text was in his mind: Ev'n so, our learn'd Apollo did, Not thinking what Heaven had forbid. But had the People thought on't then, They might have been great friends to Spain, And fav'd them many a needless Shilling, That they bestow'd on their King's Killing, By fending for a Neapolitan, When we have much a quicker Man, And far more dextrous at the Parts, At shewing livid Lungs or Hearts, Or any fecret of that Nature, For this is but the smallest matter; He can in few years practice show, How he has ferv'd a thousand so. And wou'd you wonder at his Skill, M Guts and-Me Whose business'tis he shows to Kill; Spaniards, dull Souls, preferv'd their King, By Chocolate or some such thing: When Hannes has Arts, as yet unknown, Where 'tis but Presto, and they're gone. Man stall Not floth par line is an i I wonder any one then dare, With this Philosopher compare, Gibbons and Ratclife, he'd prove Fools, Walled and If laid in's Anatomick Schools. He'd fo dissect both their Abdomens, and buoy by bal You'd swear they were but Nasty Omens : " work it Then tell you 'tis but common Matter,
Such as is found in every Creature. Such as is found in every Creature, As wife in Brutes as human Nature.

For my part, 1 believe it true, Since, Hannes, I see no more in you. APoem on the Death of his Highness the Dake of Gloucester.

TITH the fad Tydings of the Day opprest, I laid me down to feek Relief from Reft ; When lo! Britannia's Genius wrapt in Night, But op'ning wide the Intellectual Sight, Before me stood; and with a dismal Mien Renew'd my Grief, and gave me back to Spleen : His weighty Sorrows I cou'd well divine, Sprung from the same too cruel Cause with mine. Old England's Weal was his peculiar Care, And mine the fatal Loss of England's Heir. But having now the opportunity To know the fecret Counfels of the Sky. Led on by Princely Love and Loyal Fear, Thus to the Genius I addrest my Prayer. Great Guardian Angel of this happy Me, On which till now the Gods did ever sinile, Instruct me in the Mystery of Fare That thus perplexes and disjoints the State. Since all the Kingly Race our Annals shew Have had a Royal Issue still in view, How comes it now by (by a fevere Decree) That Bleffing's wanting for Pofferity? Long on the Throne may Glorious William Thine But Gloucester's gone! - the Promise of the Line! I spoke, and thus the Gracious Form reply'd: From you I'll not the Gods Intentions hide. Things Sacred heretofore, are now profan'd; Monarchs of old for Publick Good ordain'd, In Lawless Rage and Lust of Pow'r have reign'd. Levis contemns Divine and Human Laws, And on himfelf his Peoples Curfes draws;

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Nulls his own Compacts, and with raging Might, By wilful Sway invades the Subjects Right; Tyrant o'er Souls! he wou'd usurp the Th rone Of Conscience, facred to the Gods alone; While by his impious Rage expell'd from home, Distrest, from Pole to Pole his Vassals roam. The strong Contagion of this Gallick Peft Invades the Northern Air; and Denmark, bleft With King-restraining Rights of antient Date, Shares with her Sifter France an equal Fate. From hence Great Ericson attempts in vain The Liberties of Sweden to maintain: And James, by the same ill Example led. Thro furious Zeal his Kingdoms forfeited. Cease then to wonder that a Pious Prince, The Darling, and the Care of Providence, Inft lent us for the Vision of a Day, From wide Infection should be snatcht away! The Weight of Empire, and the Cares of State Shou'd not depend upon a fingle Fate, For tho in Antient Story we may find, How fome few Neighbouring Families combin'd To chuse a Chief, by whose Paternal Care They might be govern'd both in Peace and War; Yet fince the Scene is alter'd, and of late Whole Nations join'd make but one Common State, What finite Person can sustain the Load, Alone sufficient for the common Good? Thus when the scatter'd Swains of Alban Race, For publick Safety fought the Sacred Place Which the Twin-Brothers pioully defign'd The Seat of Empire (shou'd the Gods be kind); One Chief was thought fufficient to command Their new-born Empire, and small Tract of Land: But when th' Auspicious Arms of rising Rome Inlarg'd her Sway to Regions far from Home, Her Discipline soon alter'd with her Fate; Her Lords grew many, as her Empire great.

And fince the Gods with Pleasure have survey'd Albim's Increase in People, Pow'r and Trade And that Ierne's rich and fruitful Soil Pays yearly Tribute to our British Isle; That she extends her Propagated Sway. And either Indies her Commands obey : Since none but Mighty William's Awful Hand The Reins of Pow'r fo justly can command. No more lament your Prince's early Fate, To Heav'nly Glory took from Earthly State; He loses Life, but is of that secure That louder Sounds and longer will endure, A faultless Name! when more the Fates deny. The fecond Lot is happily to die. Then happy He! who from the Task retires of Which all that Naffaw can perform, requires. And as the Attick Realm of old decreed No Prince the Godlike Codrus shou'd fucceed; Striving to build, by that new way to Fame, Their last and best of Kings a Deathless Name: So may the grateful Tribes of Britain's Race This Handle, offer'd by the Gods, embrace; And by their last Effort of Loyalty. Th' Athenians Honour to their King decree.

## A Description of Mr. Dryden's Funeral.

OF Kings Renown'd and Mighty Bards I write,
Some flain by Whores, and others kill'd in
(Fight;
Some flarwing liv'd, whilst others were prefer'd;
But all, when dead, are in one place inter'd.
A Fabrick stands by Antient Heroes built,
Design'd for Holy Use t' atone their Guilt;
Here sacred Urns of Majesty they keep,
Here Kings and Poets most prosoundly sleep;

Here Choristers in Hymns their Voices raise,
And charm the dreadful Goblins from the Place,
Thro throng'd with Tombs, no Specier here is found,
They sing the very Devil off the ground:
No Night-mare dances mongst the antient Tombs,
Nor sulphurous Incubus dispenses Fumes;
Nor let no subterranean Hag asright
My Muse, whilst of the FUNERAL I write.

A Bard there was, who whileme did command, And held the Laurel in his potent Hand; He o'er Parnassus bore Imperial Sway, Him all the little Tribes of Bards obey: But Bards and Kings, how e'er approv'd and great, Must stoop at last to the Decrees of Fate. Fate bid him for the stroke of Death prepare, And then remov'd him to the Lord knows where. If to the Living we such Tributes owe, VVe on the Dead must pieus Rites bestow; To our Assistance all the Wits must call, To grace the Glory of the Funeral.

VVho is the first appears unto our View, But looks as big as any Bilgick Lord; In the best Dairies fed, grown sleek and fat, The creeping Moufe is turn'd into a Rat: Of others Brows he licks the toil fom Sweat, And by our Sins grows impudently great: As chief of Wits he does himself prefer, And with our Gold bribes ev'ry Flatterer ; But Men of Sense and Honour does despise, And crushes such as would by Virtue rise, Whilst each leud Rakehel of the nanseous Town He fills with Coin, and does with Honours crown. The Nation's Wealth he most profusely spends, But not on such as are the Nation's Friends; But fuch as wrote our Country to inflave, His Kindness follows even to the Grave.

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He the great Bard at his own charge inters, And dying Vice to living Worth prefers. Some others too in the Affair are join'd, Alike in Morals, and alike in Mind; But these my Muse must here forbear to name, Scarce worthy Honour, or deserving Fame.

The Day is come, and all the Wits must meet From Covent-Garden down to Watling-street;
They all repair to the Physicians Dome,
There lies the Corps, and there the Eagles come:
No Corps an Entrance has within this Gate,
None are admitted here to lie in State,
But such as Fate a noted Death has carv'd,
A Cutpurse hang'd, or a poor Poet starv'd;
One is anatomiz'd when he is dead,

The other in his Life for want of Bread.

A Troop of Stationers at first appear'd,
And Jacob T——n Captain of the Guard;
Jacob the Muses Midwife, who well knows
To ease a lab'ring Muse of Pangs and Throws;
He oft has kept the Insant-Poet warm,
Oft lick'd th' unweildy Monster into Form;
Oft do they in high Flights and Raptures swell,
Drunk with the Waters of our Jacob's Well.

Next these the Play-honse Sparks do take their turn, With such as under Mercury are born, As Poets, Fidlers, Cut-purses, and Whores, Drabs of the Play-house, and of Common-shores; Pimps, Panders, Bullies, and Eternal Beaux, Fam'd for short Wits, long Wigs, and gaudy Clothes; All Sons of Meter tune the Voice in praise, From Losty Strains, to humble Ekes and Ayes: The Singing-men and Clerks who charm the Soul, And all the Traders in such as soul, And all the Funeral Obsequies do aid, As younger Brothers of the Rhyming Trade.

The tune for Parable post together some

The tuneful Rabble now together come, They fill with dolefome Sighs the fable Room;

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Some groan'd, some sob'd, and some I think there went And some got drunk, loll'd down, and snor'd and sent Around the Corps in State they wildly press; In Notes unequal, like Pindarick Verse, Each one does his fad Sentiments express. The Player fays, My Friends we are undone, See here, the Muses best and darling Son Is from us to the bleft Elyzium gone; What other Poet for us will engage To be the Prop of the declining Stage? All other Poets are not worth a Loufe, There fell the Prop of our once glorious House; But now from us by Fate untimely torn, Leaves the dull Stage a Defert and forlorn. A dismal Sadness in each Face appears; And such as could not speak, burst out in Tears; His Death, alas! affected ev'ry Body, And fetch'd deep Sighs and Tears from ev'ry Noddy: It much affected every tuneful Ringer, But most of all the jolly Ballad-singer, Who now at a Street's Corner must no more A Play-house Song in equal Numbers roar. Nay, I am told, when he his last Gasp groan'd, The Bell-rope trembl'd, and the Organ ton'd; And as great things affect a little thing, This was the Death of many a Fiddle-string. No Chronicles I read of do relate Such a fad Hurricane in Church and State. The charming Songsters at our great St. Paul's Cou'd scarce sing Pray'rs to save their very Souls; The Boys were dumb, the Singingmen were wounded, All the whole Choir disabled and confounded; And when the Prayers were ended, alas then The Clerk could hardly fob out an Amen. Not a Crowdero at a Bawdy-house, Who us'd in racy Liquors to carouse, But with fad haft unto the Burial ran, Forgets his Tipple, and neglects his Can. With

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With Tag-rag, Bob-tail was the Room full fill'd, You'd think another Babel to be built;
Not more Confusion at St. Bai's fam'd Fair,
Or at Guildhall for choice of a Lord Mayor.

But stay my Muse, the learned G - th appears, He fighing comes, and is half drown'd in Tears; The famous G -th, whom learned Poets call Knight of the Order of the Urinal. He of Apollo learnt his wondrous Skill, He taught him how to fing and how to kill; For all he fends unto the darksome Grave, He honours also with an Epitaph. He entertain'd the Audience with Oration, Tho very new, yet something out of fashion: But 'cause the Hearers were with Learning blest, He faid it in the Language of the Beaft: But so pronounc'd, the Sound and Sense agrees, A Country Mouse talks better in a Cheese, Or Jack-at-a pinch, when reeling he repairs To neighb'ring Church to mumble o'er bis Prayers. The Sense and Wit they say was very good,

The Sense and Wit they say was very good,
Tho neither seen, felt, heard, nor understood.
Thus we must all, as common Rumour saith,
Believe the Doctor by implicit Faith.

Next him the Sons of Musick pass along,
And murder Harace in confounded Song;
Whose Monument, more durable than Brass,
Is now desac'd by every chanting Ass.
No Man at Tyburn doom'd to take a swinging,
Would stay to hear such miserable singing,
Where all the Beasts of Musick try their Throats,
And different Species use their different Notes:
Here the Ox bellows, there the Satyr howls;
The Puppies whine, and the bold Mastiff growls;
The Magpys chatter, and the Night-Owls screek;
The old Pigs grunt, and all the young ones squeek:
Yet all together make melodious Songs,
As Bumpkin Trols to rusty pair of Tongs.

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Now, now the time is come, the Parfon fays, And for their Exempt to the Grave he prays : The Way is long, and Folk the Streets are clogging Therefore my Friends away, come let's be jogging,

Affift me thou, who, clad in Son-beam Weeds, Driv'it round the Orb each day with fiery Steeds; Who neither art with Heat nor Cold opprest, Art never weary, tho thou tak it no rest :

Affift me to describe the Cavalcade,

What mighty Figure thro the Streets they made.

Before the Herse the mourning Hautboys go. And screech a dismal found of Griefand Wo; More dismal Notes from Bogtrotters may fall, More dismal Plaints at Irish Funeral. But no such Flood of Tears e'er stopt our Tide Since Charles the Martyr and the Monarch dy'd. The Decency and Order first describe, Without regard to either Sex or Tribe. The fable Coaches lead the difmal Van. But by their fides I think few Footmen ran; Nor needed these, the Rable fill the Streets, And Mob with Mob in great Diforder meets. See next the Coaches how they are accounter'd Both in the Infide, eke and on the Outward. One pocky Spark, one found as any Roach, One Poet and two Fidlers in a Coach; The Play-house Drab, that beats the Beggars Bush, And Bawdy talks would make an old Whore bluft, By every Bully kifs'd, good Truth, but fuch is Now her good Fate to ride with Mrs. Dutchess. Was e'er Immortal Poet thus buffoon'd? In a long Line of Coaches thus lampoon'd? A Man with Gout and Stone quite wearied, Would rather live than thus be buried. What greater Plague can Heaven on Man below, Who must with Knaves on Life's dull Journy go? And when on Cother Shoar he's landed fafe,

A Crowd of Fools attend him to the Grave,

A Crowd so nauseous, so prosusely leud, with all the Vices of the Times endu'd, shat Cowley's Marble wept to see the Throng, old Chauser laugh'd at their unpolish'd Song, and Spencer thought he once again had seen the Imps attending on his Fairy Queen; ser little Tib, and Tom, and Mib, and Mab, some to lament the Death of Poet Sonab.

Come to lament the Death of Poet Squab. But Burying is not all the Rites we owe, ome other Obsequies we must bestow: Must fo Religious, fo Profound a Wit, Betos'd like common Dust into the Pit? The Fates forbid! We'll furely fill the Plains And neighb'ring Woods with Elegiack Strains: en Newgate's Chaplain, who in's Office fell, offructing Villains in the way to Hell; He had the Muses Pass-port on his Herse, His Praises sung in everlasting Verse. Nay, a Dutch Mastiff late in state did lie; My Lady's Lap-dog had an Elegy; And shall not Dryden have one Q Fy, Fy! Ve, fay the Oxford and the Cambridg Sparks. We'll fing his Death as fweet as any Larks; Oxford and Cambridg, the renowned Schools, fam'd for a Breed of wife Men and of Fools. Where Infant Wits with water-gruel fed, And little puny fucking Priefts are bred; Where Conjurers employ their Time in Vision, Whence many a Learned Saffold has his Mission ? These always march in Verse in rank and file, In Company pursue Poetick Toil; Here a Battalion does in English lead, While one in Latin does the Troopers head: But fuch the VVit and Senfe, you'd think the Elves Did only write but just to please themselves:

Playford laments that he their Lines bespoke, And swears the Bookseller is almost broke. A Melancholy Theme on a dismal Disaster, In a Grubstreet Poem, by Grubstreet Poetaster.

Quos Deus vult perdere, hos dementat.
Whom Jove reserves to Fate, he doth infatuate.

Mundus vult decipi; Qui enim vult decipi decipiatur.

The World will be deceived, because they love it, Why should they not, when tis Deceit they cover?

Three Doctors of late
Held a learned Debate
On a desperate Case of a Lamb o' the State;
Where each shot his Bolt,
And on the Result
Did declare they opin'd the Distemper occult.
Tho my Story be late,
And thought out of date,
We cannot too often great Actions repeat.

Beau H—sfreih from School,
A new sharpen'd Tool,

Was summoned first to be on the Roll.

H-s active and great,

Ad omne parate,

Had nat' egonus the Dispensing of Fate.
So he led the Dance,
A la mode of France,

And (without ever thinking) directed the Lance:

But hand over head,

Did attempt and proceed

(At all peradventure) this Lamb for to bleed.

E

By which fage Advice He was bled in a trice.

To flew the Disparch of an expert Novice:

Now the Deed being done, The grim Fact to atone,

Our great Afenlape did fall in a Swoon.

Who by fympathick Touch, Having acted too much,

Was strangely affected, his Sense it was such.

And being put to Bed As one almost dead,

Did order himself forthwith to be bled.

Which shew'd he would do As he'd be done unto,

Tobleed, as he bled, whether needed or no.

As Erostrate's great Name Is still living in Fame,

Who did put the Temple-Diana in Flame.

H---s only defir'd
(By Ambition fir'd)

To gain some Repute before he expir'd.

Next G-bb-s tho muddy,

And always in Study, (ruddy,

His Thoughts being quicken'd with a thing that is

Did stir up his Muse To Action and Use.

And approv'd all H -- s had done at fast and loofe:

Yet added his Mite,

By Directions to write,

Did Clysters and Cupping and Cordials endite.

But acting too fast,

Growing qualmish at last,

He was forc'd to retire for needful Repalt.

So R—t—ff was next, And (the formerly vext)

Was persuaded his Science to spend on the Text 3

Having Wine first to drink, It whet him to think,

Especially being well sweetned with Chink.

But the Fever malignant

Did puzzle Skill pregnant,

'Twas fo very putrid and super-regnant:

That off o' the Hooks;

You might guess by their Looks, (Books. They found nought cou'd prevail that was in their So these Magi's next part

Boldly was to affert, the stand and

That (fince he must die) 'twas according to Art.

But now to find out,

And bring it about,
The Mob to perfuade and the Plebeian Rout;
He must be diffected.

And with care inspected, and fill

To report all Parts were with Matter infected.

And avouch no Mistake
Such Learning cou'd make,

Three famous Epistles for these Doctors sake, Must be publish'd in Print,

Up and down to be fent, evanis bah

Composed of Words, without Argument.

That he died of a Rash

With eating of Trash, s moid A o

Which is a sufficient Account for your Cash.

But such frail Excuse

Is of no force or use, oitosi a la

(The Mischief once done) Folk to disabuse.

If the Counsel were good

In fuch case to let Blood,

What needed feign'd Words, ne'er before understood?

For Rash is a Name

No Author does claim, 1 od) baA

But is true modern Cant to cover a Shame.

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By common Inflinct, aluba and the Almost all Men do think,

he firring this matter has made it to fink.

And Silence were better, von sanded and and

Than from each a Letter, 10 of Managed A

o make an O yes to smother the matter.

To do Penance in Sheet,

nd by Civil Law Still esteemed discreet.

But why our Phylicians we was 18 9 1013 when a

On different Conditions, to Div ada b'all apart

11 Sheet should appear to take off Suspicions,

No Man can divine winted gounds of book

But their Thoughts do incline

obelieve it was Ignorance, Madnels, or Wine.

Some to get a Name, Do publish their Shame,

And by vain Excuses their Errors proclaim.

Qui ante non cavet, post dolebit.

Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cautum.

Whoso improves not his Spring, may be forc'd to repent it in Autumn.

Menhold that Man in high Veneration,
Whose Name is rais'd up by a just Reputation.
Whose Name is proclaim'd without Desert or Honor,
Not Fame, but Insame, is the Author and Donor.

A Comparison betweet Lewis XIV. and Prince Eugene.

NOVY Lewis, all thy numerous Trophies boast, Recount the Blood and Treasure they have cost, Tell of Towns storm'd, and Countries over-run, and all by thy victorious Armies won.

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Yet now thy Brows not only wrinkled show, But Age has made their Laurels wither too. Thus Hannibal, his many Conquests past, Found Fabius to grapple with at last; Fabius more great, with wifer Conduct blest, Vanquish'd the Victor, and his Pride represt is Sure means he found to make the Tyrians yield, And by declining Battel won the Field.

## An Epitaph on the Late King of Spain,

Qui en ses jours ne fist Campagne,
Ny Enfans Males, ny Femelles,
Laissant ses deux Femmes pucelles.
Qu' at il donc fait ce vaillant Prince,
Qui possedoit tant de Provinces,
A vous le dire Franchement,
Rien, pas mesme son Testament.

Here lies the last King Charles of Spain, Who all his Life ne'er made Campagn; He made no Children, Girl nor Boy, Nor gave two Wives one nuptial Joy. What has this valiant Prince then done, Who long posses'd so vast a Throne? E'en nothing neither Good nor Ill, Nay not so much as made his Will,

chilood and a salure the

doubline of Countries

ali by the victorious Arabids while

# A Fable.

Whose Years and Comforts equally declin'd;
He in two Wives had two domestick Ills,
For different Age they had, and different Wills;
One pluckt his black Hairs out, and one his Grey,
The Man for Quietness did both obey,
And thought he wanted Brains as well as Hair.

#### The Moral Selected of the Hat N

The Parties, hen-peckt W-m, are thy Wives, The Hairs they pluck are thy Prerogatives; Tories thy Person hate, the Whigs thy Power, Tho much thou yieldest, still they tug for more, Till this poor Man and thou alike are shown, He without Hair, and thou without a Crown.

# The Patriots. Writ about the Year 1700.

Y E Patriots go on
To heal the Nation's Sores,
Find all Mens Faults out but your own,
Begin good Laws, but finish none,
And then shut up your Doors.

Fail not our Freedom to fecure,
And all our Friends disband,
And fend those Men to t'other Shore
Who were such Fools as to come o'er
Tohelp this grateful Land.

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And may the next that hear us pray, And in Distress relieve us, Go home like those without their Pay. And with Contempt be fent away For having once believ'd us.

And if the French should e'er attempt This Nation to invade, May they be damn'd that lift again, and labout on But lead the fam'd Militia on, To be like us betray'd.

As for the Crown you have bestow'd With all its Limitations, The meanest Prince in Christendom Would never ftir a Mile from home To govern three fuch Nations.

The King himfelf, whom you have call'd Your Saviour in Distress, You in his first Suit have deny'd, And then his Royal Patience try'd With a canting sham Address.

Ye are the Men that to be chose Would be at no Expences, Who love no Friends, nor fear no Foes, Have ways and means that no Man knows To mortify your Senses. Vens Faults out ha

and awar I ber Ye are the Men that can condemn are seen norther By Laws made ex post facto. Who can make Knaves of honest Men, And married Women turn again To be Virgo and Intacta.

9.

Go on to purify the Court,
And damn the Men of Places,
Till decently you fend them home,
And get your selves put in their room,
And then you'l change your Faces.

IO.

Go on for to establish Trade,
And mend our Navigation,
Let India India invade,
And borrow on Funds will ne'er be paid,
And bankrupt all the Nation.

.1.

Tis you that calculate our Gold;
And with a senseless Tone
Vote what you never understood,
That we might take them if we wou'd,
Or let them all alone;

to

Your Missives you fend round about
With Mr. Speaker's Letter,
To fetch Folks in, and find Folks out,
Which Fools believe without dispute,
Because they know no better.

13.

With borrow'd Ships, and hir'd Men
The Irish to reduce,
Who will be paid the Lord knows when a
'Tishop'd when e'er you want again,
You'l think of that Abuse.

Yelaid sham Taxes on our Malt,
On Salt, on Glass, and Leather,
To wheedle Coxcombs in to lend;
And like true Cheats you dropt that Fund,
And sunk them all together and the same day.

And Taxes Deficient,
And Deponents intents able.

And now y'are piously enclin'd

The Needy to employ,

You'd better much your time bestow

To pay neglected Debts you owe,

Which makes them multiply.

16.

Against Profaneness you declar'd,
And then the Bill rejected;
And when the Arguments appear'd,
They were the worst that e'er were heard,
And best that we expected.

17.

Twas voted once, that for the Sin

Of Whoring Men should die all;

But then 'twas wisely thought again,

The House would quickly grow so thin,

They durst not stand the Tryal.

18.

And Places gave and Penfions;
And had King William's Mony flown,
His Majesty would foon have known
Your Consciences Dimensions.

19.

But he hath wisely given you up it a bound in To work your own Desires,
And laying Arguments aside,
As things that have in vain been try'd,
To Fasting calls and Prayers.

Veleid tham Taxes orerodDete,

Your Hours are chaicely employed, coxcolor wo Tour Hours are chaicely employed, coxcolor wo Tour Petitions lie all on the Table, to end that the With Funds Insufficient, educated the most such that And Taxes Desicient,

And Deponents innumerable.

For shame leave this wicked Employment,
Reform both your Manners and Lives;
You were never sent out
To make such a Rout,
Go home and look after your W—s.

### On Squire Neal's Projects.

Y Our M\_ves, Cl-is, H-lys, F-y's, Lowthers, Who in the House are wont to make great Po-And fquander Taxes time in long Debates, To fave those foolish Trisles, our Estates, Be filent now; and for the publick Weal, Give ear to learned Barebone, prudent Neal, Those Oracles rais'd by relenting Fate, Both to direct and prop the puzled State: As once the hungry Geefe in Capitol, Sav'd Rome from the same direful Foe, the Gaul. And ne'er did Fate, or human Wisdom yet, More proper Tools to the Employment fit: For who can help fo well at a dead Lift, As those who always live by thank and thist? Most Members in Vacation take their pleasure, Or wast their time upon their private Treasure; Whilst these Great Publick Souls, humbly content With the bare Privilege of being pent, And fafe enfconc'd within their Forts at home Against th' Assaults of Dun and dreadful Bum, Lay out their hireling Thoughts how to reduce The French, by bringing us to wooden Shoos. As the old Monky who his Tail had loft,

As the old Monky who his Tail had loft, Did the Convenience of bare Buttocks boaft, Advise his Friends to the same Amputation, As the most useful and becoming Fashion;

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So Neal, who long fince threw his Lands away, His Wife's Exchequer, Princes Boons at play, Has been his own Executor and Heir, And funk his desp'rate Ruins past Repair, Whose Life all parts of Fortune's Wheel hath seen, And a meer Bubble in all Senses been; To level the whole Nation to his Size, Cries up th' Advantages of Blank and Prize; Loudle proclaims the only way to baffle The French, is to put all Estates in Raffle, Trust Chance with what you have already got, Draw Lots whether you shall eat Bread or not; Whilft he like State-Groom-Porter holds the Stakes, And out of all Events a Living makes: So drunken Vintner meeting with Milhap, Shrinks into Drawer, and still lives by th' Tap.

Th' amphibious Doctor, who more Years hath spent In making Mortar than Medicament, Many fair Palaces and Fields defac'd, And stately Nothings on the same Spots plac'd, Has made the Suburbs to outswell the Town, Yet ha'nt a Hut which he dares call his own; In new Foundations has the Ruins laid Of many Artists whom he never paid; Stuff'd the Kings-Bench, the Fleet, Mint and White-With broken Building-Knights, Alfatia Squires, T'avoid which Fate himself was forc'd to tamper For a dear Bargain with the Men of Bramber. He weary grown of ruining by Retail, Gravely prescribes Destruction by Wholesale. As if the curfed Spirit of your Pool Had in a double share inform'd this Tool, Would lay our new-erected Fences walt, And th' Glory of the Revolution blaft; Revive damn'd Chimney-Mony, and impose Gabels on Childrens warming Hands and Toest If Doctor-like the Builder would advise, Close-stools and Urinals should pay Excise. Unhappy 6

Unhappy fure must be that Nation's Fate,
Where Quacks and Cullies do direct the State.
Britannia listned at the Senate-house,
And groaning spake thus, with contracted Brows:
This House, once my stout Guard of Property,
Now harbours sniveling Pimps to Beggary;
Apack of senseless Fools, as well as Knaves,
Who take a Bribe, and sell themselves for Slaves:
But thus it must be (letting sall a Tear)
Whilst Officers and Pensioners sit here,
Whilst by self-ended Knaves deluded Kings
Make England's Int'rest and their own two things.

# On Some Votes against the Lord S.

And all the two or a Confeder

WHEN Envy does at Athens rife,
And swells the Town with Murmurs loud,
Not Aristides, Just and Wife,
Can scape the moody factious Crowd.

Each Vote augments the common Cry, While he that holds the fatal Shell, Can give no Cause, or Reason why, But being Great, and doing Well.

The

The Confederates: or the first Happy Day of the Island Princess and the

e a Bribe, and fell themiel es for Sia V E vile Traducers of the Female Kind. I Who think the Fair to Crueley inclin'd. Recant your Error, and with Shame confess Their tender Care of Skipwhb in Diffres. For now to vindicate this Monarch's Right. The Scotch and English equal Charms unite; In folemn Leagues contending Nations join, And Britain labours with the vast Design: An Opera with loud Applanfe is play d, Which fam'd Motteux in foft Heroicks made, And all the fworn Confederates refort To view the Triumph of their Sov reigns Court : In bright Array the well-train'd Hoft appears, Supreme Command brave Darentwater bears. And next in Front George Haward's Bride does fhine, The living Honour of that Antient Line. The Wings are led by Chiefs of marches Worth. Great Hamilton, the Glory of the Morth, Commands the left; and England's dear Delight, The bold F-ter, charges on the Right. The Prince to welcome his propitious Friends, A Throne erected on the Stage ascends.

He said: Blest Angels for great ends design'd,
The best (and sure the fairest) of your Kind,
How shall I praise, or in what Numbers sing
Your just Compassion of an injur'd King?
Till you appear'd no Prospect did remain
My Crown and salling Scepter to maintain,

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No noisy Beaux in all my Realm were found,
No beauteous Nymphs my empty Boxes crown'd.
But still I saw (Odire heart-breaking Wo!)
My own sad Confort in the foremost Row:
But this Auspicious Day new Empire gives,
And if by your Support my Nation lives,
for you my Bards shall tune the sweetest Lays,
Norton and Henly shall resound your Praise;
And I, not last of the Harmonious Train,
Will give a loose to my Poetick Vein.

To him Great Darentwater thus replied:
Thou Mighty Prince in many Dangers try'd,
Born to dispute severe Decrees of Fate,
The nursing Father of a sickly State;
Behold the Pillars of thy lawful Reign,
Thy Regal Rights we promise to maintain;
Our brightest Nymphs shall thy Dominions grace
With all the Beauties of the Highland Race;
The Beaux shall make thee their peculiar Care,
(For Beaux will always wait upon the Fair)
For thee kind Bereton and bold Web shall sight,
Lord Scot shall ogle, and my Spouse shall write:
Thus shall thy Court our English Youth engross,
And all the Scotch from Drummond down to Ross.

Now in his Throne the King securely sate,
But O! this Change alarm'd the Rival State;
Besides he lately brib'd in breach of Laws
The fair Deserter of her Uncle's Cause.
This rouz'd the Monarch of the neighbouring Crown,
A drowsy Prince too careless of Renown,
Yet prompt to Vengeance and untaught to yield,
Great Sears dale challeng'd Skipwith to the Field.
Whole Shoals of Poets for this Chief declare,
And Vassal Players attend him to the War.
Shipwith with Joy the dreadful Summons took,
And brought an equal Force: Then Scarsdale spoke;

Thou Bane of Empire, Fo to Human kind, Whom neither Leagues nor Laws of Nations bind,

For

For Cares of high Poetick Sway unfit,
Thou Shame of Learning and Reproach of Wit;
Restore bright Helen to my longing Sight,
Or now my Signal shall begin the Fight.

Hold, said the Fo, thy warlike Host remove, Nor let our Bard the Chance of Battel prove; Shou'd Death deprive us of their shining Parts, What would become of all the Liberal Arts? Should Dennis sall, whose high Majestick Wit And awful Judgment like two Tallies sit, Adieu strong Odes and every losty Strain, The Tragick Rant, and proud Pindarick Vein. Shou'd tuneful Dursey now resign his Breath, The Lyrick Muse would scarce survive his Death: But should Divine Mottenx untimely die, The gasping Nine would in Convulsions lie. For these bold Champions safer Arms provide, And let their Pens the double Strife decide.

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The King confents, and urg'd by publick Good, Wisely retreats to fave his Peoples Blood. The moving Legions leave the dufty Plain, And safe at home Poetick Wars maintain.

Note an his Throne the King Securely face. But O! this Change alarm defected Kival Stace leides he larely brib? dip beach of the killed The larely brib? dip beach of the larely brib? dip beach of the larely of the Unclose Cause.

Therody I rise Modarch of the Leighbouries Craw A dowly Prince 100 carel is of Renown,

t prompt to Vergeance and antaught to the deather star start that the finite block shorts of the Chief declarations and Poets for this Chief declarations.

And Vallat Players attend him to the War. Stymb with Joyahe dreadful Summons track.

And brought an equal Force: Then Search the

Whom a life Leagues nor Laws of Nations bind

### A Dialogue between Poet Motteux and Patron Henningham.

Enter Poet.

Told you, Sir, it would not pass;
Why wou'd you make me such an Ass,
To own, for sake of piteous Pels,
Your Dedication to your self?
The Cheat is out; for all the Town
Full forty Years your Stile has known.

#### Patron.

Pray Brother Morieux, hold your Tongue, Some Coxcomb has inform'd you wrong; Forten Years fince, a Wager lost, Prov'd me but Forty six at most:
And Stile like raine was never seen In full Perfection at Sixteen.
Which Argument does plainly show Itwas not known so long ago.
Besides, how can you think me old, Who now my Air and Dress behold; Who hear me sing, and see me caper?
Godz—you take me sure for Napper.

#### Poet.

Forgive me, Sir, but Dryden swore
Tome, you were at least threescore;
And 'tis but just I should depend
On him who does my Works commend:
Oft have I been inform'd by him,
That you two flourish'd at a time;

That he in Verse, and you in Prose, By equal steps to Glory rose, When to a Dame wry-fac'd and old, You did the Place of Stallion hold.

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The Dotard lyes, for Ladies know That still my Veins with Vigor flow; With Joy their tender Limbs I press, And thrice a day some Beauty bless; Wasting my Spirits without measure, To give intolerable Pleasure. But how, Dear Brother, was it known That I should write what you did own?

rest is dut; for all the To

isite to b'illimollows to Parm.

Alas the thing, Sir, is too plain, And all your Oaths and mine are vain-What Pen, but yours, cou'd e'er express Such Care of Beauty, in Diffress? Such Honourable Hands prepare, And Hospitable Walls for her? What Author, but your self, can tell, That you divide your Time fo well, mil Between the Witty, Wife, and Fair, And to 'em all so grateful art dich awould for Form'd to improve, to cheer, to charm, To touch their Souls, their Hearts to warm; won To tast their Sweets, their Graces rifle, And fo agreeably to trifle : But above all the Proof's point blank, That none could tell the warlike Prank Play'd in the Plains of Judah, when and am ovigial The Henningham and Saracen, first to a you you of The Turks and Christians to delight, I die and air bal With Heads alike engag'd in Fight, 2000 on w min al Oft have I been informed by him,

Inat

Strait those that never read Longinus.

To low r Phrates wouldnesta Rue us :

I must confess I was to blame, and a state of that one Particular to name; or the rest could never have been known, I made the Stile so like thy own.

Equipme pray, and let. mo Po.

Ibeg your Pardon, Sir, for that.

Here, Sirrah, here's fignoria Treatment

Why, d — me, what would you be at?
I writ below my felf, you Sot,
Avoiding Figures, Tropes, what not:
For fear I should my Fancy raise
Above the Level of thy Plays.

Divase commended lefs ; too nie.

There was no Danger, Sir, alass!
But 'tis no matter, let that pass:
From some I can expect no less;

Uninterrupted good Success
My Works to Ency does expose,
And shining Meric makes me Foeso
But while the Learned World admires
The little Flight my Muse inspires,
I'll calmly let Detractors lie
In their deserv'd Observity;
And for their Malice I desy 'em,
'Tis shewn to better Pens than I am.

With keen lamblaks Larona Pallows.

Nay now thy felf thou usest ill,
What art thou dwindled to a Quill?

Antand nov by Poet. .

Why there's the thing; let us express Our Thoughts above the vulgar Dress;

Strait

God day our Bl

Strait those that never read Longinus,
To lower Phrases would confine us;
But better Judges know my Merit,
And would be ready to declare it,
Were not Words wanting to commend
So great a Poet, good a Friend.
But since you criticize me so,
Equipme pray, and let me go.

Patron.

Here, Sirrah, here's five Guineas then.

Poet.

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What do you mean? you promis'd ten?
And Norton gave a hundred Pieces,
To own a better thing than this is,
Even to Southern, whom you see
Dryden commended less than me.

Patron. 101 , 1018

Lord! Peter, what a stir you keep here?

Tom Dursey would have done it cheaper.

Nay Gildon told me, he was willing

To own the thing for forty Shilling.

Poet. M. va.

Nay Gad, if you despise the matter,

Morbleu I'll take it out in Satyr.

There was an antient Grecian Poet

(Tho I suppose you hardly know it)

That made a Trade of writing Fellows

With keen lambicks to the Gallows.

Patron. hassab negation and Wi

How now you Puppy, do you threaten?

God d— my Bl—, I'll have you beaten.

Here— where are all those Sons of Whores?

Go— kick that Rascal out of doors.

Exit Poet.

and do lithout the site Sare and on a make ow

A Letter from J. P. to Colonel H. occasion'd by the Colonel's two late Letters.

Harry, canft thou find no Subject fit, But thy best Friend, to exercise thy Wit; Order but the Toast to ridicule? Why with things facred doft thou play the Fool? dly condemn'd (the Poets common Curfe) till to be writing, and ftill writing worfe. thy first Essay was with some Fancy fir'd, Thy last was by some Grubstreet Muse inspir'd; wharsh the Numbers, Raillery so gross, ore twas translated out of Scoreb by Rofs. sthis thy Gratitude for all the Wine and stantage and The Knights bestow'd, who never tasted thine? and dost thou thus our Mysteries disclose, And in rude Rhime our President expose? how oft haft thou with awful Silence heard The midnight Lectures of that Reverend Bard, When with his Glass in Hand he doth unfold What Faith the Priefts of all Religions hold; What old Socious, and Molinos teach, And what the modern Philadelphians preach; What nice Remarks each different Tongue affords, And curious Ecymologies of Words?) has mad and W Then he goes on to fearch Decrees of Fate, and has A And gives ftrong Proofs about a future State : I de W Not old Silenus fo divinely spoke by Of hidden Truths in Virgil's facted Book, When with a load of Wine and Knowledg fraught, The drunken God the liftning Satyrs taught ; ary does loth Kingfor ground

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And dost thou thus his Care and Pains requite. To make thee learned in thy own Despite? Hard Fate of Greatness! tho a Man should be As wife as Afhly, or refin'd like thee, Like Fletcher should for England's Glory toil, And plot as deep as Monmouth, or as Moyle, Yet Barber, B -y, and fuch Wits as those, Would find out something in him to expose. Thrice happy B --- , who alike does prove Successful in Affairs of State and Love; Grave as Sir Harry in a Council-Chair, Yet smart as Archer to engage the Fair. Such are his Mien, his Person, and his Parts; He feems by Nature form'd to gain their Hearts And fuch his Prudence to protect their Fame. Safe are his Darts, and innocent his Flame: None e'er for him provok'd her Husband's Rage, Nor flood recorded yet in Walker's Page. The Jealous trust him with their Wives alone. Who guards them from all Arrows but his own. Bold to attack, yet skilful to defend, He plays at once the Lover and the Friend : But he's a Theme too lofty for thy Pitch, Aim not at things that are above thy reach. Mildmay feems fitting for a Stile like thine, And William Pawlet in thy Works would fhine; Lord Ratcliff's Poems might thy Satyr fit, But what hast thou to do with Men of Wit? Refign the Task to some sublimer Muse, To tell what Beauties Burl \_\_\_ n purfues, What powerful Charms did Anglesea recall. And who now warms the Heart of gentle Maule; What lovely Youth Boyle fondly doth carefs, Or strowling Punk does brawny Granvile bless; What new Swivante Manwaring will clap, And who by Walf is deftin'd to a Rape; How Therrold Still for Mazareen doth burn, And Lady Mary does loft Kingfton mourn. Well

Vol. II. Well it becomes wife William's rightful Heir To fix his ferious Inclinations there, Where folid Prudence the fit Choice commends, And from the Mother Chastity descends. But groundless Fears oblig'd him to desist, And no bold Man will venture to be bleft. Till Heaven provides, the Family to grace, Some daring Hero of the Regal Race. But these are Subjects that surpass thy Rhimes. Draw thou the Fops or Husbands of the Times; Or if to charge the Fair thy Fancy moves, Write Popham's Life or Madam Griffin's Loves. One Labour too to Ranelagh is due, Who with false Beauty does deface the true; And may arrive with Diligence and Care In time to rival Darentwater's Heir. On fuch as thefe thy Doggrel Numbers try. And freth Memoirs Lord Edward will supply. But all whose Beauty and whose Vertue shine,

Should be protected from fuch Pens as thine : from them, dear Harry, modeftly abstain, Nor ever more Immortal Charms profane. More I could fay, but Bufiness must not wait, And I to day must open a Debate. If after all the Criticks tell us right, Who fay fome other did those Rhimes indite, And fet thy Name to what thou didft not write : Then pardon this Impertinence in me, Who am thy most affured Friend J. P.

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A Satyr upon the French King. Writ after the Peace was concluded at Relwick, Anno 1697. by a Non-swearing Parson, and said to be drop'd out of his Rocket at Sam's Coffee-House.

ND hast thou left old Jemmy in the Lurch! . A Plague confound the Doctors of thy Church: Then to abandon poor Italian Molly; That I'ad the firking of thy Bum with Holly. Next to discard the virtuous Prince of Wales; How futes this with the Honour of Verfailes? Fourthly and lastly, to renounce the Turks; Why this is the Devil, the Devil and all his Works. Were I thy Confessor, who am thy Martyr, Dost think that I'd allow thee any Quarter? No-Thou shouldst find what 'tis to be a Starter. J Lord! with what monstrous Lies and senseless shams Have we been cullied all along at Sam's? Who could have e'er believ'd, unless in spite, Lewis le Grand would turn rank Williamite? Thou that hast look'd so fierce, and talk'd so big, In thy old Age to dwindle to a Whig; By Heaven, I fee thou'rt in thy Heart a Prig-I'd not be for a Million in thy Jerkin, Fore George thy Soul's no bigger than a Gerkin. Hast thou for this spent so much ready Rhino? Now what the plague will become of Jure Divin? A Change so monstrous I cou'd ne'er have thought, ) Tho Pareridg all his Stars to vouch it brought; 'S life I'll not take thy Honour for a Groat. Even

Even Oaths with thee are only things of Course, Thou Z -, thou art a Monarch for a Horse. of Kings diftres'd thou art a fine Securer, Thou mak'ft me fwear, that am a known Non Juror. But tho I fwear thus, as I faid before, Know, King, I'll place it all upon thy Score. Were Job alive, and banter'd by fuch Shufflers, He'd out-rail Oates, and curse both thee and Boufflers. For thee I've loft, if I can rightly fcan 'em, Two Livings worth full eightscore Pounds per Annum, Bona & legglis Anglia Moneta, But now I'm clearly routed by the Treaty. Then Geese and Pigs my Table ne'er did fail, And Tithe-eggs merrily flew in like Hail, My Barns with Corn, my Cellars cram'd with Ale. The Dice are chang'd; for now, as I'm a Sinner, The Devil, for me, knows where to buy a Dinner: Imight as foon, tho I were ne'er so willing, Raise a whole Troop of Horse, as one poor Shilling, My Spoufe alas, must flant in Silks no more; Pray Heaven, for Sullenance, the turn not Whore: And Daughter Peggy too, in time, I fear, Will learn to take a Stone up in her Ear. My Friends have basely left me with my Place; What's worse, my very Pimples bilk my Face: And frankly my Condition to disclose, Imost refent th' Ungratitude of my Nose, On which tho I have spent on Wine such store. It now looks paler than my Tavern Score. My double Chin's difmantled, and my Coat is Past its best days in Verbo Sacerdoris. My Breeches too this Morning, to my wonder, I found grown Schismaticks, and fal'n afunder. When first I came to Town with Houshold Clog, Rings, Watch, and so forth, fairly went for Prog. The antient Fathers next, in whom I boasted, Were foon exchang'd for Primitive Boil'd Roafted Since

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Since 'tis no Sin of Books to be a Glutton, I truck'd St. Auftin for a Leg of Mutton; Old Jerom's Volumes next I made a Rape on, And melted down that Father for a Capon. When these were gone, my Bowels not to balk, I trespass'd most enormously in Chalk; But long I had not quarter'd upon tick, E'er Christian Faith, I found, grew monstrous sick; And now alas, when my starv'd Entrails croke, At Parener How's I dine and sup on Smoke: In fine, the Government may do its Will, But I'm afraid my Guts will grumble ftill. Dennis of Sicily, as Books relate, Sir, When he was tumbled from the Regal State, Sir, (Which by the by I hope will be your Fate, Sir) And his good Subjects left him in the Lurch. Turn'd Pedagogue, and tyranniz'd in Birch. Tho thus the Spark was taken a peg lower, Some feeble Signs of his old State he bore, And reign'd o'er Boys, that govern'd Men before. For thee I wish some Punishment that worse is; Since then thou'st spoil'd my Prayers, now hear m Curle

May thy Affairs (for so I wish by Heavens)
All the World o'er at Sixes lie and Sevens;
May Conti be impos'd on by the Primate,
And forc'd in hast to leave the Northern Climate;
May he rely upon their Faith and try it,
And have his Belly full of Polish Dyet;
May Maintenon, tho thou so long hast kept her,
With Brand-venereal singe thy Royal Scepter;
May all the Poets that thy Fame have scatter'd,
Un-god thee now, and damn what once they statter'd
The Pope and thou be never Cater-Cousins,
And Fistula's thy Arse-hole seize by Dozens.

Thus far in Jest; but now to pin the Basket,
May'st thou to England come, of Jeve lask it,

Thy wretched Fortune, Lewis, there to prop, Ihope thou'lt in the Fryars take a Shop;
Turn puny Barber there, bleed louzy Carmen,
Cut Corns for Chimny-sweepers and such Vermin;
Beforc'd to trim (for such I'm sure thy Fate is)
Thy own poor Hugonots, and us Non-Jurors gratis.
May Savoy likewise with thee hither pack,
And carry a Raree-show upon his Back.
May all this happen, as I've put my Pen to't,
And may all Christian People say Amen to't.

On Madam Mohun and Mr. Congreve's Sickness.

O NE fatal Day a Sympathetick Fire, Seiz'd Him that writ, and Her that did in spire. Mohum the Muses Theme, their Master Congresse, Beauty and Wit had like to've lain in one Grave.

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So go move her Vings, where we note the conjugate

each Vietne will mour plorious thand

Engrav'd

# Engrav'd on a Medal of the French King's.

S Econd to Jove alone, in whom unite ilnbounded Virtue with unbounded Might; Whether to succour Innocents opprest, Or quell those Monsters which the World infest. In vain the Tirans against Heaven combine, In vain the embatts'd Squadrons pass the Rhine, Theirs is the Eagle, but the Thunder's thine.

### On Fortune, by the Duke of Buckingham.

That common Jade that has not common Sense;
But fond of Business, insolently dares
Pretend to rule, yet spoil the World's Affairs.
She sluttring up and down, her Favours throws
On the next Man, not minding what she does,
Nor why nor whom she helps or injures knows.
Sometimes she smiles, then like a Fury raves,
And seldom truly loves but Fools and Knaves.
Let her love whom she please, I scorn to woo her,
While she stays with me I'll be civil to her.
But if she offers once to move her Wings,
I'll throw her back all her vain Gewgaw things;
And arm'd with Virtue will more glorious stand,
Then if the Bitch still bent at my Command:

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I'll marry Honesty, tho ne'er so poor, Rather than follow such a dull blind Whore.

#### On Madam Behn.

THE Gods are not more blest than he,
Who fixing his glad Eyes on thee,
With thy bright Rays his Senses cheers,
And drinks with ever-thirsty Ears:
The charming Musick of thy Tongue
Does ever here and ever long,
That sees with more than human Grace,
Sweet Smiles adore thy Angel Face.

But when with kinder Beams you shine,
And so appear much more Divine,
My seebled Sense and dazled Sight
No more support the glorious Light,
And the sierce Torrent of Delight.
O then I feel my Life decay,
My ravish'd Soul then slies away;
Then Faintness does my Limbs surprize.
And Darkness swims before my Eyes.

Then my Tongue fails, and from my Brow
The liquid Drops in Silence flow;
Then wandring Fire runs thro my Blood,
Then Cold binds up the languid Flood;
All pale and breathless then Hie;
Isigh, I tremble, and I die.

Regul-

### A Song on the Taxes, 1696.

GOD People, what will you of all be berest?
Will you never learn Wit while a Penny is lest?
You are all like the Dog in the Fable betray'd
To let go the Substance and snatch at the Shade;
Your specious Pretences, and foreign Expences,
We war for Religion, and wast all our Chink,
'Tis nipt and 'tis clipt, 'tis lent and 'tis spent,
Till 'tis gone, till 'tis gone to the Devil I think.

We pay for our New-born, we pay for our Dead, We pay if we're fingle, we pay if we're wed; To show that our merciful Senate don't fail To begin at the Head and tax down to the Tail. We pay thro the Nose by subjecting Foes, Yet for all our Expences get nothing but Blows; At home we are cheated, abroad we're defeated, But the end on't, the end on't the Lord above knows.

We parted with all our old Mony, to shew
We foolishly hope for a Plenty of new;
But might have remember'd, when we came to the push,
That a Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush.
We now like poor Wretches are kept under Hatches,
At Rack and at Manger like Beasts in the Ark;
Since our Burgesses and Knights make us pay for our

Why should we, why should we be kept in the dark?

Regu-

T

# Regulus's Death by Carthage two Ways.

WHEN the bold Carthaginian
Fought with Rome for Dominion,
Little Reg. was ta'en in the Quarrel;
They led him up a Hill,
And fore against his Will
They tumbled him down in a Barrel.

When the bold Carthaginian
Fought with Rome for Dominion,
Little Reg. was ta'en in the Strife;
When his Eye-lids they par'd,
Good Lord how he star'd,
And could not go to sleep for his Life.

### To King WILLIAM.

IN Council wife, in War so great a Man, VVhat Age did e'er produce, or ever can? Brutus himself this best of Kings would love, The wife Fabricius would to Court remove; And Cato too, whom Cesar could not tame, Would now a Subject live with greater Fame.

Martiak.

### Martial. Lib. 1. Epig. 58.

What kind of Girl I'd chuse to make my Life, What kind of Girl I'd chuse to make my Wise; I would not have her be so fond to say Yes at first dash, nor dwell too long on Nay:
These two Extremes I hate, then let her be 'Twixt both, not too hard hearted, nor too free.

### Cure for Green Sickness, 1702.

A S fair Olinda beneath a shady Tree

Much Love I did profer to her, and she the like

(to me;

But when I kiss'd her lovely Lips, and press her to
be kind,

(are Wind.

She cry'd O no, but I remember, Womens words
I hug'd her till her Breath grew short, then farther
did intrude,

(was rude.

She scratch'd and struggl'd modestly, and told me I
I beg'd her pardon 20 times, and some Concern did
feign,

But like a bold presumptuous Sinner did the same again.

At last I did by Dalliance raise the pretty Nymph's Desire, and south of the pretty of

Our inclinations equal were and mucual was our Fire.
Then in the height of Joy she cry'd, O I'm undone I fear; (my Dear.
O kill me, stick me; stick me, kill me; kill me quite

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Found on the Church-Door at Whitehall, January 30. 1696.

W HAT, fast and pray
For the horrid Murder of the Day!
And at the same time drive the Son away,
The Royal Father and the Royal Son?
While by your Praying you their Rights do own.
Go ask your learned Bishop and your Dean,
What these strange Contradictions mean;
And cease to fast and pray and trouble Heaven,
Sins, whilst unrepented, cannot be forgiven.

## Epitaph on King WILLIAM, 1702.

Who did our Rights and Liberties defend,
And rescu'd England from its threaten'd Doom;
Heav'n snatch'd him from us whom our Hearts cares (ress'd,
And now he's King in Heaven among the Blest,
Grief stops my Pen; Reader pray weep the rest.

A Sign (1), and mean go or ou harm though he done,

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On the Lord Lovelace's coming to Oxford from Glocester Goal in Decem. 1688.

A Late Expedition to Oxford was made

By a Protestant Peer and his Brother o'th blade

Who in Triumph his Lordship from Glocester con

vey'd, Which no body can deny

Had you feen all his Mirmidons when they came to us Equipt in their thred-bare grey Coats and high Shoos You'd have fworn not the Goal, but Hell was brok loofe, Which, &c.

In rank and in file there rode many a Man, Some march'd in the Rear and some in the Van, And for want of their Hats they had Head-pieces on, Which, &c.

Tho Arms were not plenty, yet armed they come With stout Oaken Plants and Crabtree Sticks some, To cudgel the Pope and the bald Pate of Rome, Which, &c.

Some had two able Legs, but never a Boot,
And on their Tits mounted they stood stoutly to't,
But for the Name of a Horse they'd as good went of
foot,
Which, &c.

In all these gay Troops, 'mongst twenty scarce one Had Halbert or Pistol, Sword, Carabine or Gun; A Sign they did mean no great harm should be done, Which, or

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7.

One Horse wore a Halter amongst the rest, Nor had the dull Wight half the Sense of his Beast, and he of the two did deserve the Rope best, Which, &c.

8.

Here were many Gallants I warrant you that Had Ribbons of Orange and Seamans Crevat, The Defect of their Arms was made up in State, Which, &c.

(prance,

Here Mordant and G— on their pamper'd Steeds D— Brab—, G— next, and J. Willis advance, Who phyz'd at the Switzer that cand him in France, Which, &c.

10.

In this Cavalcade, for the Grace of the matter, Lord Lovelace rode first, and the next follow'd after, They gallopt up Town first, and then down to Water, Which, &c.

11.

The Mayor and his Brethren in courteous Fashion Bid him welcome to Town in a fine pen'd Oration, And thank'd him for taking such Care of the Nation, Which, &c.

TO

His Honour the next day in Courtship exceeding,
Return'd a smart Speech to shew them his Breeding,
Which when 'tis in print will be well worth the reading,
Which, &c.

13.

Having thus far proceeded to secure the Town,
The Guards were strait set, and the Bridges beat down,
And tho no great Courage, yet his Conduct was shown,
Which, &c.

14.

Next Night's Alarm our Warriours surprize,
Drums beat, Trumpets sound, and at Midnight all rife
To fight the King's Army that came in disguise,
Which, &c.

The Cits were strait armed, expert Men and able,
With Prongs and with Coal-staffs march'd next whoo(ping Rabble,

In as great a Confusion as ever was Babel,

Which, &c.

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In the midst of the Mob two fat Draymen appear,
To guard Mr. Ensign a huge nasty Tar,
Who slourish'd a Blanket for Colours of War,
Which, &c.

17.

Since England was England, no People e'er scarce
So pleasantly burlesq'd the angred God Mars,
Or of Affairs warlike e'er made such a Farce,
Which, &c.

18.

At the foot of the Colours blith Craudon did go,
Who play'd a new Tune you very well know,
His Bagpipes squeak'd nothing but Lero, Lero,
Which, &c.

19.

And had the Dear Joys now but come in the nick, I fancy they'd shown them a slippery Trick, And march'd more nimbly without their Musick, Which no Body can deny.

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## A Song.

sw datay in a standard server

TAlk Screphon no more of what's honest and just,
For Friendship is Int'rest, and Love is but Lust;
To the Purse and no farther the one does extend,
And after Enjoyment your Love's at an end.
Then no longer maintain what your Actions deny,
Your oft-broken Vows your Assertions bely:
When I once see your Words with your Patience agree,
That you once have deceiv'd me I do not complain,
But 'tis my own Fault if you cheat me again;
For none will the Fate of that Pilot deplore,
Who racks on that Shelf where he stranded before.

How Apple on g Traytor, who began The Wrath of Heaven and Missies of Man And half with unrefiguration and Conce

neg Truly of Wormwood, bitter Teal of Life,

Then Hunder of Laman Cares, a Wifes

Improv'd the Out to Hame Pace e'er find

Farguel Charch-Jurgie, that enflaved

N a dark filent shady Grove
Fit for the Delights of Love,
As on Corinna's Breast I panting lay,
My right Hand playing with & catera.

A thousand Words and amorous Kisses
Prepar'd us both for more substantial Blisses;
And thus the hasty Moments slipt away,
Lost in the Transport of & catera.

She blush'd to see her Innocence betray'd,
And the small Opposition she had made,
Yet hug'd me close, and with a Sigh did say,
Once more, my Dear, once more & catera.

But O the Power to please this Nymph was past,
Too violent a Flame can never last;
So we remitted to another Day
The Prosecution of & catera.

### On the Divorces by Parliament, 1701.

7 Oman, thou worst of all Church-plagues Farewel. Bad at the best, but at the worst a Hell; Thou Truss of Wormwood, bitter Tease of Life, Thou Nursery of human Cares, a Wife; Thou Apple-eating Traytor, who began The Wrath of Heaven, and Miseries of Man; And haft with never-failing Diligence Improv'd the Curfe to Human Race e'er fince. Farewel Church-Juggle, that enflav'd my Life, But bless that Power that rid me of my Wife: And now the Laws once more have fet me free. If Woman can again prevail with me, My Flesh and Bones shall make my Wedding Feast, ? And none stall be invited as my Guest, But my good Bride, the Devil and a Priest.

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Some Verses found in the Ruins of the Privy Garden, which were carried to the Gentleman Usher, written in a Scroll of Parchment.

Ax-yard,

By a biting Peer's trick having play'd a wrong Card;

When at the Green Cloth a Gray does prefide,

And a Wolf in a Chain thro the City does ride:

When Chalk pays for Cheefe, Gold dwindles to Wood,

And Banks rather let in, than keep out the Flood;

When Grocers-Hall fears to be fent to the Counter,

And Faith Publick's fo light that a Feather will mount

When the Coin scarcer grows as the Mints do increase, and we're man'd with a War without hope of a Peace; When the Ocean's so Frenchisi'd sew Ships do ride in't, and is rul'd by a Shovel instead of a Trident; When Justice is forc'd to abandon the Land, Tho most People are seen with Scales in their Hand; (grace,

When a pack of brib'd Knaves does a Chappel dif-Who deferve the same Fate with the Saint of the Place; When London's great Wit is shewn in a C-ddon, And a Man with a Nose does things that he shoud'ut; Then England, I tell you, you are cursedly sham'd, I's too late to repent, sin on and be damn'd.

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The Life and Actions of that Valiant Hero Robert Blake Esq; General of the Fleets of the Commonwealth of England, from the Year 1649. to 1657. when he died in Plimouth Sound much Lamented.

#### An Historical POEM.

D Enowned Blake, what Trumpet may be found, That can thy matchless Praises duty sound? Or what Seraphick Pen, that can fet forth, In fitting Measures thy transcendent Worth? And justly warble forth in faddest Strains, Thy Death, and Lofs thereby the Land fustains? Is that Sidneian Spirit, with his Dust, wilder the Extinct? or for this mournful Subject must Heroick Spencer, and that fweet Divine Dubartas, rais'd be from their resting Shrine, Thy fignal onexampled Acts to fing, and Of which the whole World doth already ring? Which if in order we must needs recount, Our mean unpolish'd Quill they far surmount, That to thy Merit we shall in debt remain, So great a Sum not able to attain: Leaving a richer Pen the same to pay, Whilst in the common Stock our Mite we lay. When first Bellona did fair Albion greet With dreadful Larums in the open Street; And when that high and Roman-like Dispute Of the Militia, did in Field recruit Two Armies, 'twixt the late unhappy King And Parliament, from whence, as from a Spring, ts

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Ran Seas of Blood throughout this Isle, which had Drown'd all, but that Jehovab it forbad : Commissions of Array are islu'd out, Which do disturb the trembling Land throughout. Blake now stands up without Delay or Fear, 'Gainst the Tyrannick Levies doth appear; And with those noble Patriots of the West. A Captain of frout Foot, himself addrest With their affociate Troops to march and face The Royal Forces, who with nimble pace Quitting the Field, to Sherborne do retreat. That antient Castle, Digby's stately Seat: From thence are forc'd with tedious March to fly To the Cornubian Mountains strong and high; And there divided, some away do post, Through swelling Severn to the Cambrian Coast. And fenced Hills of Wales for shelter, where Th' old Britains by the Romans chased were. So after many fignal Proofs flewn forth

Of his Heroick Prowess and true Worth, At Bodmyn, Briftol, and at Lanfdown Fight, And at ' Bridgewater (where he first faw Light) Tho by just Providence and Heaven's Decree, We were deny'd a Conquest yet to see ; And Royal Charles did Subjugate the West, And two full Winters had the same possest. He now arriveth to the Council great, Thereof a Member, to confult and treat Of State-Concernments (where fometimes did vote His grave Progenitors, there to promote The common Good) and fo with great Applause, Mongst other Worthies, he that Publick Cause, Twixt Prince and People then in high Debate, Is call'd with Dint of Sword to vindicate: And speedily on Neptune's Chariot sent, Commander of a valiant Regiment,

Born there, 1598.

Rais'd by stout Popham of illustrious Rank, And timely landing on the Western Bank.

By faithful Celey kept with hazard great,
Near gasping, as beleaguer'd strongly by
A Rhenish Prince's Army strong and high,
Form'd of all Nations, who like ravenous Bears,
Thirst after English Blood; whilst he prepares
Himself for Sallies, and thro Help Divine
The bold Assallants slays like Herds of Swine:
Prince Maurice still recruits, still is repel'd
With Loss of Thousands, and at last compel'd
To quit the Leaguer with his Princely Train,
Not daring sery Lyme to face again.

E having now paid to Jehovah High His Vows and Thanks for this first Victory, In Triumph hence doth march, bent to fet free! The neighbouring Places that in Thraldom be, (Affisted by stout Pye from Effex fent, That Peer renown'd, in Arms so eminent) To that firong Castle founded by King Inc. Of Saxon Race, feated as "twere on Rhine, Or rather Eden sweet, a Land so bleft, Call'd vulgarly, The Garden of the West, And herein yet more happy, that brave Blake, His first Breath in this fertile Soil did take; 'Gainst this strong Hold, call'd Taunton, that fair Town, (By high-born Stawell kept) he sitteth down, Soon forcing the Besieged to submit To his Conditions: They forthwith do quit A Princely Garison, Ror'd plenteously With all Provisions, here he worthily Is now ordained Governour; but he, As born to high Atchievements, will not be Embas'd with Rest and Sloth, but prudently Forefees approaching Storms; for fuddenly

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Great Forces under Wyndham are drawn out,
This growing Garison to quell and rout:
Whilst with few Men, but by him spirited,
And by his Fortitude and Wisdom led,
With Sallies strong, the potent Foe he plies,
That with great Loss, and greater Shame he slies.

VET here the Royal Party will not rest, But fresh Alarums do him still infest: On sudden, lo, a formidable Host, Commanded by the Chieftains, and the most Stout Greenvil, Goring, Hopton, breathing out Nought elfe but Fire and Sword the Camp throughout. Here might you hear the Irish Tories thunder More hideous Threats than Cannon, that afunder The Caftle feem'd to rend: Lo like a Flood, Great Multitudes have broke the Line, now Blood Is like to dye fair Tone, or rather make New Rivers in the Streets, all lies at stake; Women and Children, nought but ghaftly Death Beholding, and half dead do gasp for Breath. Yet here great Wonders wrought by those May Tauntonian Blades, the overflowing Foes 1645. Are bravely check'd, and stopped at a Bay, And forc'd to fight at Piftol-fhot by day And night, from house to house, until the Foe Repuls'd, fuch Fury could not undergo. Now are made good the words fometimes he spake, By Inches they their bloody way should make; And yet poor Souls, have lost their way at last, As into Darkness and Confusion cast.

And when that Goring sent to him in scorn Atatter'd Drum (best suting their for lorn Condition) for exchange of Pris'ners, he Them kindly treats, and quickly sets them free; And like himself, or like that Greesan Prince, The falling Foe with Kindness doth convince:

This

This one Exchange doth to the other add, Returns the Nuncio with new Rayment clad.

Yea to their great Altonishment, upon
Their taking of a neighbouring Garison,
Insulting proudly with great Threats and Jeers,
The Church's Bells he ringeth in their Ears,
And thereby quickly checks their Pride and Rage,
Of their ensuing Fall a sad Presage.

Redoubted Welden lo, that Man of Kent,
With seasonable Succour hither sent,
From th' Hills appears: The harass'd Foe again
Doth raise the Siege, and fairly leaves his Slain
By thousands to their Mother Earth, to seed
The hungry Worms, which look'd before indeed
For other Flesh, whilst Mercy with strong Hands,
Out of the raging Fire pulls us as Brands.

IV.

HE Kingly Forces never rest nor cease From their implacate Wrath, which doth increase, Still hotly thirsting for the Blood of those, Who meerly in their own Defence arofe. Fresh Armies now are levied, to pull down The haughty Courage of this sturdy Town, By a third Siege more dreadful than the rest, Which kindles Flames of Valour in the Breaft Of this stout Helter, made for Dangers great, Like that great Greek that did Darins beat. Here Goring chief Commander vows to lay His Bones, and not retreat or march away, Till that proud Castle were reduc'd, just then When Nafeby Battel wavering flood, and when He straitly summon'd was by Royal Call To aid his King on that Day Vertical. The gallant Governour well knowing all These Passages, together he doth call His Captains, cheers his warlike Boys, who like Lions fall on, and with Amazement strike

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The Royalists, whose stout Heart will not yield,
Till master'd by a stouter in the Field.

Here now that joyful Sound of Nafeby-fight Was heard, like sweetest Musick for delight:
After sad Thunder-cracks let England sing Still that appealing Victory, and bring Fresh Laurels to adorn that glorious Field, Whilst to th' Almighty we due Praises yield. Now Noble Fairfax doth victoriously March to relieve the VVestern Parts, that lie Opprest; the same at once relieves, and meets Another Conquest in brave Taunton Streets, Atchiev'd by Blake, who solemn Thanks ordains unto the Highest, who for ever reigns.

AND now to march forthwith he doth prepare
To Dunfter, that strong towning Castle, where
The wasting Pestilence of late did rage, April 1646.
Which God was pleas'd on his approach t'asswage.
The Foes great Obstinacy did him move
To spring a Mine; the losty Walls above
Mount in the Air, some dead, some living are
In those great Heaps blown up, the Fruits of VVar;
At length dear Blake to thee they did resign
This Castle, by Rendition now made thine.

Thro Heav'ns fair Aspect now, auspicious Peace
Begins to spring, and flagrant Arms to cease;
To that great Senate he from bloody Fights
Returns, there to assert the Peoples Rights:
And he that was a VVarriour stout of late,
Doth now consult of arduous things of State;
VVell hoping in the end the Sword to see
Into a pruning Hook might turned be.

But Io, sad Rumours from the British Main, Our Fleet revolted is, which doth a Train 1649. Of Troubles new, and great Combustions breed; For our great Sins a just vindictive Meed:

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VIII.

Now this Brave Senator must once again Harness himself, more Honour yet to gain, For his great Merit elected General: And as the first Fruits of this publick Call, Those Princely Pirates from Kingfale doth rout, Rupert and Maurice both, two Princes stout; From thence he to th' Herculean Straits doth chafe These German Exiles, who from place to place Pursu'd within th' Herrurian Seas (which do The VVorld's Terrestrial Globe divide in two) Are forced with their winged Fleet to fly Unto the Caribean Isles, to lie At Mercy of the Deep, and on that Coast The greatest part of those great Ships, yea most Of those seduced Souls with Maurice sink, As Lead in mighty Waters (fad to think!)

IE now for Tagus Banks do's steer his Fleet, 1650. And with his thundring Squadrons Lisbon greet, Which did the English so much wrong of late, And for it must account unto the State. Mean while those rich Braflian Ships arrive, Which with nine others outward bound do strive Him to escape in vain, near all made Prize By his successful Fleet, who like a wife As well as gallant Captain, by his Care For this great Spoil a Convoy doth prepare. With this mellifluous Trophy from Brasil, Which with its Sweetness did all England fill, In Triumph homewards he his Course doth bend, Where Publick Service doth him still attend. Yea to his Praise this may recorded be, That as the End of Wars is Peace, so he (After full Reparation by them made To th' English) did restore both Peace and Trade.

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VIII.

Famous Island, and of great Import A To England, startled with the loud Report Of his amazing Actions, trembling stands: To this strong Isle begirt with Rocks and Sands He fails, and Greenvil fummons (that frout Knight, Then Chief Commander there) the State to right By his Surrender, or he must be sure The Fury of his valiant Arm endure. Whilst Trump then hovering with his Fleet, in vain Solicits with vast Sums the same to gain; At length upon Blake's fight he doth retreat. Or rather fly: By this Commander great. Now Scilly is reduced to the State, And loy of English Merchants, who of late Could not for fear of this new Dunkirk Trade. Sorich and high by warlike Plundrings made.

IX

Mpregnate Dunkirk, once our Friend, but now Our Foe, if Noble, will with Homage bow To him, as 'twere once holding in his Hands The Scales of France and Spain on either Sands: As Umpire he decides and weighs the Town Freely to Spain, for England's great Renown. Tho that Ledean Marquess did him treat, And him carefs'd in vain with Prefents great; Yet not without a rich and glorious Prize As unto them, fo to himself, whose wise And gallant Conduct fix frout Ships did feize, No less than Princes stile we two of these; Great Neptune with his triple Scepter dread, Princess Maria eke with Crowned Head, All captive led by this great Admiral, Which did the conquer'd French fo much appal.

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X.

OR can we Jerfey lile in Silence pais,
So near an Hostile Coast that seated was,
And by a mighty Moharch then protected,
From his black Storms, yet was by him subjected;
Which France beholding from her losty Strand,
At such portentous Acts doth trembling stand,
And seeing Holland since in humble wise
Strike to our Flag, her Peace of England buys.

IE yet engag'd is in more dreadful Fights, 1692. Which all the World on every Coast afrights: New Fires of War betwixt two Protestant And Neighbour Nations kindled are, which want Not Rome's Fomenters; which the British, French, And the Baravian Seas could hardly quench: I hat Thunder Striking, and Duich Admiral, Which Scilly late did court; that Hannibal. With fair Pretexts, attempteth to furprize Our Royal Downs, a Sore unto his Eyes. Our watchful Scipio, now in the great James, By him made greater, foon appears and tames The Belgick Lion, with his roaring Whelps. The three to one, the Lord of Hosts still fielps Such as on him in just Appeals depend, And to that righteous Judg their Cause commend.

OUR new made Foe now beaten hence

Whose Fate pursues them humbled more to be,
The boundless Love of Trade, transports on post
These famous Merchants to the Orcadian Coast,
To force our Caledonian Fishes there,
Of whose Bones, as they bruit, first sounded were
The Walls of Amsterdam, that Magazine
On Texel Banks, which to their Fleet hath been.
He with his Eagle Fleet soon them pursues,
Their num'rous Men of War sinks and subdues,

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The Bulles takes; the one his Justice feels, The other tasts his Mercy : hence he wheels is winged Frigots, when our antient Right He had restor'd by his unconquer'd Might, And fo with Shontings homeward fails, where lo More difmal Actions he must undergo.

AND shall we Portland name, a Portland Febr. Fight, Where mortal Wound first seiz'd this noble Wight let to his Glory; where behold, the High and Mighty States brought low, he gallantly Triumphing fails thro Seas of Belgick Blood, WIN The wounded, whilf the Sun eclipsed stood; and and thro that black Storm, and that tempestuous Fight Three Winters days (like a continual Night) Which lasted, whilst that he the Day to gain, I ad I both in his grifly Wounds on Deck remain, As in Triumphal Chair, would not retire for his more speedy Cure; but is on fire, and thereby with new Courage doth inflame is English Trojans, to their lasting Fame, But terror of the Foe, who now o'erthrown loft homewards, there this fatal Blow to moan, But stay, my Muse, here Noble Mank we must

AND after some small Interval of Rest, June Scarce cur'd he buckles for the last Contest 1653 against the Dutch, tho much impaired by his Martial Hurts received formerly i miles by 1014 And Element is fay, he was more fit a semesta bud or some fick Hospital than brave De Wit has bill And valiant Trump to fight: yet he again and od but With Mind above his Strength, and not in vain,

And Gallant Dean Salute with Honour just,

Posterity in Leaves of Fame may hear.

His brave Compeers, whose Gallantry shown here,

Takes

Takes Neptune's Field, and on the Flemish Flood Relieves Brave Dean and Monk engag'd in Blood; Whose valiant Acts and high Atchievements then In that sharp Fight, deserve a golden Pen. The English Standard then by Blake display'd In Laureate Essex, finds the Foe dismay'd.

Here now in Sight of both the Nations, you Great Earthquakes on each Shore might fadly view, Made by those horrid Thunders which did quell Their Navy, where their chiefest 'Pillar fell; With whose dear Blood the greatest Victory Was gained by our Fleet, for that hereby 'Twixt antient Friends is wrought a lasting Peace, For mutual Commerce, and their Joys encrease: His former Wish he now sulfill'd doth see, So often by him mention'd, that as he The Tragick Prologue of this War hath seen, So might a happy Period, which hath been Accomplish'd in his Eyes: Let Spain and Rome Hence read with Grief and Rage their fatal Doom, XV.

A ND now we see the Seat of ghastly Decemb

Remov'd from home to foreign Countries far,
Unto a wrathful Foe inveterate,
Whose Character in bloody Lines bear date
From Eighty eight; and so unwearled Blake
Plows up the Southern Seas, his way to make,
And in those boistrous Floods to him well known
Before proud Cadiz Strand, as on his own,
One Winter full did ride, which Drake did never,
Nor Hawkins or brave Forbisher endeavour,
Nor yet the hardy Dutch (whose proper Seat
And Element is in the Waters great)
Did e'er assay, tho all the World abroad,
And both the Indies, be their confident Road.

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### XVI.

PRoud Malaga, how was thy roaring Mouth 1655.

Muzled by him, the Terror of the South,
When thy strong Mould was seiz'd, thy thundring speekt up, and all the Town as frighted runs? (Guns Thy warlike Fleet, tho scaping Storms and Winds Abroad, no Harbour in thy Harbour finds;
But are destroy'd all in thy smoking Bay,
Unto his siery Engines made a Prey.

HOW fuddenly doth Vigo now bemoan
The like Difaster with a howling Tone?
When Vulcan, Marr, and Neprune all conspire
Her Merchants and her Men of War by Fire
And Sword to spoil: Whilst he doth leave the Port
And Ships, all flaming in prodigious sort.

And at great distance strong Alarum takes,
Astho the Roman Legions on their Shoar
Appear'd: The Turks are summon'd to restore
Our English Goods and Captives, but resuse,
And therefore must expect no other News
Than Cannon Peals, whilst he doth seize their Port,
And charge the Insidels up to their Fort.
Twelve stately Ships of War behold in Flames
Consuming are, whereby he quickly tames
Their Cham-like Spirit by his unconquer'd Power,
Whilst raging Fires the Vessels do devour.

The poor Mahametans do trembling fly,
From their strong Holds to Mountains that were nigh;
Whence like so many Fiends of blackest hue,
(With scaring horrid Faces) they might view,
In those sulphureous fiery Streams below,
A new Gehenna, to their greater woe.
A Day so dark, the Ottomanian sear'd
A fall, and th' horned Moon in Blood appear'd,

That

That old Republick, and brave Virgin City, Ne'er tavish'd yet by warlike Foe, tho pity So Romanized; that Virago flout, Which at Lepanto Fight the Turks did rout; Fair Venice now with Shouts doth gratulate The English African, who now in State From his late Conquest saileth by their Shoar, Where loudest Trumpets found, where Cannons roar (Leading his ranfom'd ones, the Christian Slaves, From Turkish Yoke, rescu'd as from their Graves) As if Triumphant Cafar were in Sight; Returning now from the Pharfalian Fight.

He leaving these poor Caitiffs to lament This doleful Loss, for more Exploits is bent.

XIX. UT where was now the Iberian God,

1656. that should Protect those Galleons huge, so fraught with Gold? That the Peruvian Mines exhaust were near, The golden Age again feem'd to appear. Was Baal journying then, or elfe afleep, So great a Treasure could no better keep? Or did that Babylonish Prince now hope To be install'd fifth Monarch by the Pope? And build a new Escurial for so high A Majesty? Lo all triumphantly, In Streams of Spanish Blood near Cadiz Sands, Doth flow into those still victorious Hands Of him, and Noble Montague, his dear Collegue, now honour'd to convoy and steer This Princely Prize, and Treasure so immense Bound for th' Elifian Thames, defign'd from thence A Prefent only for a Sovereign meet, A Conqueror of Kings, whom now we greet; A greater than that Macedonian Prince, Or any Hero that hath e'er been fince; lst A For he did mostly barbarous Foes defeat, This the most civil, warlike, truly great,

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With greatest joy uniting Nations three
By threefold Cord, not ever like to be
Dissolv'd, ne'er yet so firm in any Age,
One Law, one Faith, one Blood, which may presage
Fair Halcion days; our British Annals may
Crommel the Great well stile him from this day.
The Midland Seas, which many Years him knew,
And Tribute to him paid, bids now adieu
To this European Ajax; ne'er again
The like to see, while Sun and Moon remain.

THE Islands falsly called Fortunate,
Do trembling gaze at their approaching Fate.
And where's a Homer now, that fully may
His last stupendious Act to life pourtray?
A Theme as Noble as the Trojan Story,
Which fill'd all Pens and Ages with its Glory.

He now against this Scarlet Whore of Rome, As born to execute the written Doom. And as inspired (from all Fear exempt) The grand Canarian Cross he doth attempt, Which had the Indian Mines some few days past Near drain'd, and now possess those Treasures vast: Twice eight great warlike Ships he doth affail, And up unto the Castle Walls doth fail, All that great Fleet, those mighty Galleons he With golden Argos burneth (fad to fee) In those huge Bonfires made a Sacrifice Unto the Bacchanalian God: Whose Eyes Dim waxed to behold the Ocean wide By those Atnean Fires almost dry'd, To fee fuch Flames, and unheard Thunders hear, That Sanda Cruz, and all the Isle did fear On that black Day the World would be disfolv'd, And in another Chaos be involv'd. The Dolphins by those flashy clatterings scar'd, from their own proper Region are debar'd,

And forc'd to fall into a watry Hell, Their fad Exile there to bewail and tell.

The frighted Foot, which from the lined Strand Saw Seas of Blood, now will no longer stand, But from those fenced Walls and Bulwarks strong, To lofty Teneriff did run, among The craggy Rocks and Caves themselves to hide, Such blafting Sorms not able to abide. What ailed thee, great Mountain and proud Peek, That shelter for thy felf thou now didst seek? Who to thy forlorn Fugitives should be A Sanctuary, when they fled to thee. Why didft thou quake, sky-daring Mount, fo high, That into Heaven thou presum'st to pry? From the Creation, feeming to be fixt Above the middle Region, and there mixt Amongst the Stars, from fiery Meteors free. Or didst thou fear, that now fulfill'd should be That facred Prophecy? That by the Power Of Faith remov'd, the Seas should thee devour? Those Indian Silver Mines, and Wealth so wast For Spanish Crasus hither sent, are fast In durance kept, and like to perish here, Made useless to their Masters, or in fear Of English Frigots, that perhaps may seize Those Golden Heaps, if they appear on Seas. XXI.

His!course for Sally (where he soon appears)
That little Egypt, and most doleful Cell,
Which held some of our English Israel
In Bonds; he maketh there a Noble Peace,
And freely doth the Christian Slaves release:
Whence gone, he takes another glorious Spoil,
Still Providence on his Designs doth smile.

XXI.

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A Little Army of Canarian Dons, A From th' Indies come, he taketh, now in bonds Attending this great Victor, to perform Their Obsequies to him in solemn Form; Who, after thousand Storms, to which enur'd He was, and noble Wounds by him endur'd, Of which he languish'd, now return'd in Peace To English Port, did there alas decease, let gloriously, where he did facrifice for us his dearest Blood, Death's greatest Prize; When many hundreds he had ta'ne of late, Now to a Royal Chappel brought in State, or his Devotion ye'rst to him well known, Amongst the Kings inter'd, and near to one, That Prince of Peace, which join'd in Hymen's band The two divided Houses of our Land.

If now some British Plutarch, kindly prest With love of Vertue sparkling in his Breast, should in Historick stile limm out this Brave and English Aristides, and from Grave Redeem his Memory, for his Renown, This one thing more (his worthy Deeds to crown) May added be, the Glory of them all, that during those long Wars, wherein the fall Of thousands he beheld, as many rise To Fortunes high, (true Valours Meed and Prize) let he postponing with Heroick Zeal, his private Interest to the publick Weal, simfelf would not advance by those vast Spoils, hill him attending from those bloody Broils, Tho Millions feiz'd by his Conduct, fo skil'd Arms and Connsel, the English Coffers fil'd)

or his dear Countrys good was gladly spent. What Marble Pile, what Monument for thee, mat Britain's Shield, Spain's Scourge, now rais'd shall

(be? That

Tho with his Native portion well content,

That may our English Heroes animate,
Thy matchless Worth (brave Blake) to emulate;
And to succeeding times eternize may
Thy Name, and thee entitle from this day
A Saint Devout, for Learning Socrates,
A Caro Just, for Valour Hercules.

And thou Great Oliver, thy Sword gird on:
Ride forth and prosper, Truth's great Champion,
Against that Romish Beast; Jehowah send
Such Leaders still, thy high Designs t' attend:
That so that Glorious Work, advanc'd so far
Against proud Babel, by a Holy War,
Under thy Conduct may yet farther thrive;
And to perfection in the end arrive;
Yea crowned with this Epinicion be,
Great Baby on is fall'n, and that by Thee.

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## Mock Mourners.

# A Satyr, By way of Elegy on King WILLIAM.

## To the QUEEN.

MADAM,

YOUR Majesty bas so often declar'd Your just Concern for the Nation's Loss, and your Value for the Memory of the late King: You have so publickly approved his Conduct, so visibly moved in the same Steps, and pursu'd the wife Measures of this Your Glorious Ancestor, that it cannot be thought displeasing to Your Majesty, to reprehend those who make a Mock at the Sorrow of Your Majesty and Three Nations.

Tour Majesty was the first who told us he cou'd not be sufficiently lamented. May those who are not of the same Mind find no Favour with Your Majesty, nor their Maker, till they repent that Sin against his Merit, and the Voice of

their Native Country.

Here are no Reflections upon Your Majesty's Houshold, or Council, or Courts of Justice, or either House of Parliament, and consequently no Offence against Your Royal Proclamation. 'Twould be an Affront to your Majesty to imagine there were any under all those Heads of Your

Government, cou'd deserve the Reproof of the following

Satyr.

Your Majesty has an entire Possession of the Hearts of Your People, but their Affection is still the deeper rooted by that generous Sorrow you have expressed for the Loss of him to whom they owe the full Possession of their Liberty under Your Government.

How they can be faithful Subjects to your Majesty that were not true Friends to such a King, is a Mystery out of humane Understanding; since the Happiness we enjoy by Your Government proceeds from his defending us against those who wou'd not have had Your Majesty to Reign over us.

'Twon'd be a Crime against Your Majesty, which diserv'd no Pardon, to suggest you shou'd be offended at that part of the Satyr which points at our Immoralities: Your Majesty's Example, as well as Command, has encourag'd us all to declare War against Vice, and there we are sure

of your Royal Protection.

For the rest, if an extraordinary Concern for the Glorious Memory of the late King has led the Author into any Excesses, be begs Your Majesty wou'd place it to the Account of that just Passion every bonest Man retains for his extraordinary Merit; believing that no Man can have an Indifferency for the Memory of King William, and at the same time have any Desire for the Welfare of his Native Country.

While Your Majesty pursues the true Interest of England, the Protestant Religion, and the Welfare of Europe, as he did, you will have the same Enemies that he had, the same to oppose You abroad, and reproach You at home; but You will thereby engage all your honest Subjects to adhere the strength their Duty, all Your Protestant Neighbours to depend upon your Protection, and God shall Crown Your Majesty and these Nations with His Special Favour and Benefety and these Nations with His Special Favour and Benefety and these Nations with His Special Favour and Benefety and these Nations with His Special Favour and Benefety and these Nations with His Special Favour and Benefety and these Nations with His Special Favour and Benefety and these Nations with His Special Favour and Benefety and these Nations with His Special Favour and Benefety and these Nations with His Special Favour and Benefety and the second seco

diction. Amen.

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### The Mock-Mourners.

Such has been this Ill-Natur'd Nation's Fate,
Always to see their Friends and Foes too late;
By Native Pride, and want of Temper led,
Never to value Merit till'tis Dead:
And then Immortal Monuments they raise,
And damn their former Follies by their Praise;
With just Reproaches rail at their own Vice,
And mourn for those they did before despise:
So they who Moses Government desi'd,
Sincerely forrow'd for him when he Di'd.

And so when Britain's Genius fainting lay, Summon'd by Death, which Monarchs must obey; Trembling, and Soul-less half the Nation stood,

Upbraided by their own Ingratitude.

They, who with true-born Honesty before,
Grudg'd him the Trophies he so justly wore,
Were, with his Fate, more than himself dismay'd,
Not for their King, but for themselves asraid.
He had their Rights and Liberties restor'd,
In Battel purchas'd, and by Peace secur'd:
And they with English Gratitude began
To feel the Favour, and despise the Man.
But when they saw that his Protection ceas'd,
And Death had their Deliverer posses;
How Thunderstruck they stood! What cries they
(rais'd)

They look'd like Men Distracted and Amaz'd: Their Terror did their Conscious Guilt explain, And wish'd their injur'd Prince Alive again.

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They dream't of Halters, Gibbets, and of Jails, French Armies, Popery, and Prince of Wales, Descents, Invasions, Uproars in the State, Mobs, Irish Massacres, and God knows what: Imaginary Enemies appear'd,

And all they knew they Merited, they Fear'd.
'I is ftrange that Pride and Envy should prevail,
To make Mens Sense as well as Vertue fail:
That where they must depend they should abuse,

And flight the Man they were afraid to lofe.

But William had not govern'd Fourteen Year, To be an unconcern'd Spectator here: His Works, like Providence, were all Compleat, Which made a Harmony we wonder'd at. The Legislative Power he fet Free, And led them step by step to Liberty, 'I was not his Fault if they cou'd not Agree. Impartial Justice He protected fo, The Laws did in their Native Channels flow, From whence our fure Establishment begun, And William laid the first Foundation Stone, On which the stately Fabrick soon appear'd; How cou'd they fink when fuch a Pilot steer'd? He taught them due Defences to prepare, And make their future Peace their present care: By him directed, wifely they decreed, What Lines shou'd be expel'd, and what succeed; That now he's Dead, there's nothing to be done, But to take up the Scepter he laid down.

The Circle of this Order is so round,
So Regular as nothing can consound:
In Truth and Justice all the Lines commence,
And Reason is the vast Circumference:
William's the moving Centre of the Whole,
'I had else a Body been without a Sonl:
Fenc'd with just Laws, impregnable it stands,
And will for ever last in Honest Hands;

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For Truth and Justice are th' Immortal Springs. Give Life to Constitutions and to Kings: In either case, if one of these decay, These can no more command than those obey. Right is the only Fountain of Command, The Rock on which Authority must stand. And if Executive Power Steps awry On either hand, it splits on Tyranny. Oppression is a Plague on Mankind sent, To infect the Vitals of a Government. Convulsions follow, and such Vapours rife, The Constitution suffocates and dies. Law is the Grand Specific to restore, And unobstructed, never fails to cure : All other Remedies compar'd to that, Are Tampering and Quacking with the State. The Constitution's like a vast Machine, That's full of curious Workmanship within: Where tho the Parts unwieldy may appear, It may be put in Motion with a Hair. The Wheels are Officers and Magistrates, By which the whole Contrivance operates: Laws are the Weights and Springs which make it move, Wound up by Kings as Managers above; And if they'r screw'd too high, or down too low, The Movement goes too fast or else too flow. The Legislators are the Engineers, Who when 'tis out of Order make Repairs: The People are the Owners, 'twas for them The first Inventor drew the Antient Scheme. 'Tis for their Benefit it works, and they The Charges of maintaining it defray: And if their Governours unfaithful prove, They, Engineers or Managers remove. Unkind Contention fometimes there appears Between the Managers and Engineers: Such strife is always to the Owners wrong, And once it made the Work stand still too long; Till Till William came, and loos'd the Fatal Chain, And fet the Engineers to work again: And having made the wondrous Thing compleat, To Anne's unerring Hand he left the Helm of State. Anne, like Elisha, when Just William went,

Receiv'd the Mantle of his Government: And by Divine Concession does inherit A Double Portion of his Ruling Spirit. The Dying Hero, loaded with Renown, Gave her the Nation's Bleffing with the Crown, From God, the People, and the Laws her own: Told her that he had Orders from on High, To lay aside the Government and Dye:

What he had Fought for, gave her up in Peace, And chear'd her Royal Heart with Prospect of Success. While he, who Death in all its Shapes had feen,

With full Composure, quiet and serene, Passive and undisorder'd at his Fate, Quitted the English Throne without Regret.

No Conscious Guilt disturb'd his Royal Breast,

Calm as the Region of Eternal Rest:

Before his Life went out, his Heaven came in, For all was bright without and clear within. The bleft Rewards did to his fight appear, The Passage easie, and the Prospect near :

His parting Eye the gladfom Regions spy'd, Just so, before his Dear Maria Dy'd.

His High concern for England he exprest, England, the Darling of his Royal Breast: The Transports of his parting Soul he spent,

Her dif-united Parties to lament;

His Wishes then supplied his want of Power, And Pray'd for them, for whom he Fought before.

Speak Envy, if you can, inform us what Cou'd this unthankful Nation murmur at? But Discontent was always our Disease, For English-men what Government can please?

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We always had our Sons of Belial here, Who knew no God nor Government to fear: No wonder these dislik'd his Gentle Sway, Unwilling Homage to his Scepter pay, And only did for want of Power, obey.

Some foft excuse for them we might contrive,
Had he not been the Gentlest Prince Alive;
Had he not born with an exalted Mind
All that was disobliging and unkind.
Peaceful and Tender Thoughts his Mind possess,
And High Superior Love conceal'd the rest:
Our Discontents wou'd oft his Pity move,
But all his Anger was supprest by Love.
That Heaven-born Passion had subdu'd his Soul,
Possest the greatest part, and Rul'd the whole:
This made him strive his People to posses,
Which he had done, had he oblig'd 'em less.
He knew that Titles are but empty things,
And Hearts of Subjects are the Strength of Kings:
Justice and Kindness were his constant care,

Their Universal Love he strove to gain,
'Twas hard that we should make him strive in vain:
That he should here our English Humours find,
And we, whom he had sav'd, shou'd be unkind.
By all endearing stratagems he strove,
Todraw us by the secret springs of Love:
And when he could not cure our Discontent,
It always was below him to Resent.
Nature was never seen in such excess,
All Fury when Abroad, at Home all Peace:
In War all Fire and Blood, in Peace enclin'd
To all that's Sweet and Gentle, Soft and Kind.
Ingratitude for this must needs commence
In want of Honesty, or want of Sense.

When Kings to Luxury and Ease resign'd, Their Native Countries just Desence declin'd;

This High pretending Nation us'd to plead,
What they'd perform had they a King to lead;
What Wondrous Actions had by them been done,
When they had Martial Monarchs to lead on;
And if their Prince would but with France make War,
What Troops of English Heroes wou'd appear.
William the bottom of their Courage found

William the bottom of their Courage found,
False like themselves, meer emptiness and sound:
For call'd by Fate to fight for Christendom,
They sent their King abroad, and stay'd themselves
(at home;

Wisely declin'd the Hazards of the War. To nourish Faction and Disorders here. Wrapt in Luxurious plenty, they Debauch. And load their Active Monarch with Reproach; Backward in Deeds, but of their Cenfures free, And flight the Actions which they dare not fee. At home they bravely teach him to Command. And judg of what they are afraid to mend : Against the Hand that saves them they exclaim. And curse the Strangers, tho they fight for them. Tho some who wou'd excuse the matter say, They did not grudg their Service, but their Pay. Where are the Royal Bands that now advance, To spread his dreadful Banners into France? Britannia's Noble Sons her Interest fly, And Foreign Heroes must their place supply; Much for the Fame of our Nobility. Posterity will be asham'd to hear, Great Britain's Monarch did in Arms appear, And scarce an English Nobleman was there. Our Ancestors had never conquer'd France, ( For King doms seldom are subdu'd by Chance ) Had Talbot, Vere, and Montacute withheld The Glory, for the Danger of the Field. Had English Honesty been kept alive, The Antient English Glory would survive;

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there Pride and all Confederate Vices join.
ad we kept up the Fame of former Years,
anden had been as Famous as Poiltiers.
Immond and Effex had not fought alone,
the only English Lords our Verse can own:
the Only Peers of whom the World can say,
that they for Honour fought, and not for Pay.
A Regimented Few we had indeed,

Who ferv'd for neither Pride nor Fame, but Bread:
ome Bully L—s, Protestion P—s, and some
Went out because they dare not stay at Home.
oaded with Noxious Vices they appear,
scandal to the Nation and the War;
Heroes in Midnight scusses with the Watch,
and Lewd enough an Army to Debauch.
Selh'd with cold Murders, and from Justice sted,
oursu'd by Blood in Drunken Quarrels shed:
In vain they strive with Bravery to appear,
on where there's Guilt, there always will be Fear.
These are the Pillars of the English Fame,
such Peers as History must blush to name.

When future Records to the World relate

Marfaglia's Field, and Gallant Schomberg's Fate:

W — was Caprive made, it was fevere,

Fate took the Hunest Man, and left the Peer.

The World owes Fame for Ages long before,

To the Great Stile of W — which he bore:

But when we come the Branches to compare,

'Tis a Hero Ancestor, a Bully Heir:

The Vertues the Posterity for sake,

And all their Gallant Blood is dwindl'd to a Rake.

More might be said, but Saryr stay thy Rhimes.

And mix not his Misfortune with his Crimes;

We need not rake the Ashes of the Dead,

There's living Characters enough to read.

How cou'd this Nation ever think of Peace? Or how look up to Heaven for Success?

While

While lawless Vice in Fleets and Camps appeard, And Oaths were louder than their Cannon heard: No wonder English Israel has been said Refore the French Philistines Fleet t' ha' fled; While T—— Embrac'd with Whores appear'd, And Vice it self the Royal Navy Steer'd.

William oppos'd their Crimes with steddy hand, By his Example first, and then Command; Prompted the Laws their Vices to suppress, For which no doubt the Guilty lov'd him less.

Ye Sons of Envy, Railers at the Times, Be bold like English-Men and own your Crimes: For shame put on no Black, but let us see Your Habits always, and your Tongues agree. Envy ne'er blushes; Let it not be said, You Hate him Living, and you Mourn him Dead; No Sorrow show where you no Love profess, There are no Hypocrites in Wickedness. Great Bonfires make, and tell the World y'are glad Y' have lost the greatest Blessing e'er you had. So Mad-men fing in Nakedness and Chains, For when the Sense is gone, the Song remains. So Thankless Israel, when they were set free, Reproach'd the Author of their Liberty, And wish'd themselves in Egypt back again: What pity 'twas they wish'd, or wish'd in vain?

Stop Satyr, let Britannia now relate
Her William's Character, and her own Fate;
Let her to him a grateful Trophy raise,
She best can sigh his Loss that best could sing his Praise

### BRITANNIA.

Of all my Sons by Tyranny bereft, A Widow desolate and Childless left, By Violence and Injury opprest, To Heaven I cast my Eyes, and sigh'd the rest. ol.

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need but figh, for I was always heard, and William on my welcome Shores appear'd. With Wings of speed to rescue me he came, and all my Sorrows vanish'd into Flame. lew Joys sprung up, new Triumphs now abound. and all my Virgin Daughters hear the found : ternal Dances move upon my Plains. and Youthful Blood springs in my antient Veins. With open Arms I yielded my Embrace, and William faw the Beauties of my Face. he had before the knowledg of my Charms, for he had my Maria in his Arms. While he remain'd, I gave eternal Spring, lade him my Son, my Darling, and my King; While all the wondring World my Choice approve, Congratulate his Fate, and justify my Love. Of British Blood in Belgian Plains he liv'd, My only Foreign Off-foring that furviv'd. Buavian Climates nourish'd him a while, Too great a Genius for so damp a Soil : and freely then furrendred him to me, for wife Men freely will the Fates obey. let in my William they had equal Share, and he defended them with equal Care. They were the early Trophies of his Sword, His Infant Hand their Liberty restor'd. His Nurse, that Belgick Lion, roar'd for Aid, And planted early Lawrels on his Head. His easy Victories amaz'd Mankind; We wonder'd what the dreadful Youth defign'd. fearless he fought his Country to set Free, And with his Sword cut out their Liberty. The Journals of his Actions always seem'd wonderful, as if the World had dream'd:

He was a Conqueror before a Man.
The Bourbon Sword, tho it was brighter far,
Yetdrawn for Conquest, and oppressive War,

so swift, so full of Terror he went on,

Had all the Triumphs of the World engrost, But quickly all those Triumphs to him lost. Justice to William early Trophies brought; William for Truth and Justice always fought.

He was the very Mystery of War,
He gain'd by't when he was not Conqueror.
And if his Enemies a Battel won,
He might be beaten, they wou'd be undone.
Antam like from every Fall he rose,
Strengthen'd with double Vigor to oppose;
Those Actions Mankind judg'd Unfortunate,
Serv'd but as secret Steps to make him Great.
Then let them boast their Glory at Landen,
In vain th' Embattl'd Squadrons crowded in,
Theirs was the Victory, the Conquest mine.

Of all the Heroes Ages past adore,
Back to the first Great Man, and long before;
Tho Virtue has sometimes with Valour join'd,
The Barren World no Parallel can find.

If back to Ifrael's Tents I shou'd retire,
And of the Hebrew Heroes there enquire,
I find no Hand did Judah's Scepter wear,
Comes up to William's Modern Character.
Namure's Gygantick Towers he o'erthrow;
David did less when he Goliah slew.
Here's no Uriah's for Adult'ry slain,
Nor Oaths forgot to faithful Jonathan.
And if to Jesse's Grandson we've recourse,
William his Wisdom had without his Whores.

Joshua might still ha' staid on Jordan's Shore, Must he, as William did the Boyne, pass o'er. Almighty Power was forc'd to interpose, And frighted both the Water and his Foes: But had my William been to pass that Stream, God needed not to part the Waves for him. Not Forty Thousand Canaanites cou'd stand, In spight of Waves or Canaanites he'd land:

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ach Streams ne'er stemm'd his Tide of Victory; 10, not the Stream; no, nor the Enemy.

His Bombs and Cannon wou'd ha' made the Wall, Without the Help of Jewish Rams-Horns, fall. when his dear Ifrael from their Foes had fled.

ecause of stoln Spoils by Achan hid;

R'd ne'er, like Joshua, on the Ground ha' laid,

R'd certainly ha' fought as well as pray'd. The Sun would rather ha' been thought to flay, Amaz'd to fee how foon he'ad won the Day,

Than to give time the Canaanites to flay.

The greatest Captains of the Ages past,

Debauch'd their Fame with Cruelty at last:

William did only Tyrants subdue;

Thefe conquer'd Kings, and then the People too: The Subjects reap'd no Profit for their Pains,

and only chang'd their Masters, not their Chains; Their Victories did for themselves appear,

and made their Peace as dreadful as the War :

But William fought Oppression to destroy, That Mankind might in Peace the World enjoy.

The Pompeys, Calars, Scipio's, Alexanders, Who croud the World with Fame, were great Com-

These too brought Blood and Ruin with their Arms, But William always fought on other Terms. Terror indeed might in his Front appear, But Peace and Plenty follow'd in his Rear: And it Oppression forc'd him to contend. Colmness was all his Temper, Peace his End He was the only Man we e'er faw fit To regulate the VVorld or conquer it. Who can his Skill in Government gainfay, He that can England's brittle Seepter fway, Where Parties too much rule, and Kings obey? He always reign'd by Gentleness and Love,

An Emblem of the Government above.

Vote me not Childless then in Christendom. I yet have Sons in my fuspended Womb: And till just Fate such due Provision makes, A Daughter my Protection undertakes. Crowns know no Sexes, and my Government To either Kind admits a just Descent. Queens have to me been always fortunate, E'er since my English Phanix rul'd the State; Who made my People rich, my Country great. Satyr be just, and when we lash their Crimes, Mingle some Tears for William with our Rhimes. Tho Baseness and Ingratitude appear, Thank Heaven that we ha' weeping Millions here: Then speak our hearty Sorrows if you can, Superior Grief in feeling Words explain: Accents that wound, and all the Senfes numb, And while they speak may strike the Hearer dumb; Such Grief as never was for King before, And fuch as never, never shall be more.

See how Authority comes weeping on,
And view the Queen lamenting on his Throne.
With just Regret she takes the Sword of State,
Not by her Choice directed, but his Fate;
Accepts the sad Necessity with Tears,
And mournfully for Government prepares.
The Peoples Acclamations she receives
With sadn'd Joy, and a Content that grieves.

View next the fad Assemblies that appear,
To tell their Grief for Him, and Joy for Her.
The first confounds the last with such Excess,
They hardly can their noble Thoughts express.
The Illustrious Troop address her to condole,
And speak such Grief as wounds her to the Soul:
They lodg their Sorrows in the Royal Breast,
The Harbour where the Nation looks for Rest.

Next these, the Representatives arise, With all the Nations Sorrow in their Eyes. TI

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Vol. II. State-Affairs.
The Epithets they righteously apply

305

To the Restorer of their Liberty,
Are Tokens of their Sense and Honesty.
For as a Body we were always true,
But it is our Parties that our Peace undo.
Who can like them the Peoples Grief express?
They shew her all the Tokens of Excess:
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, and supprest with Care,
They place the Nation's Resuge now in her:
Nothing but her Succession cou'd abate
The Nation's Sorrow for their Monarch's Fate:
And nothing but his Fate cou'd their true Joy
For her Succession lessen or destroy.

The Civil Sword to her, as Heaven faw fit, With general Satisfaction they commit: How can it in a Hand like hers miscarry?
But who shall for us weild the Military?
Who shall the jarring Generals unite;
First teach them to agree, and then to fight?
Who shall renew'd Alliances contrive,
And keep the vast Confederacies alive?
Who shall the growing Gallick Force subdue?

Twas more than all the World, but him, cou'd do.
Sighs for departed Friends are fenfless things,
But'tis not so when Nations mourn for Kings:
When wounded Kingdoms such a Loss complain,
As Nature never can repair again;

The Tyrant Grief, like Love, obeys no Laws, But blindly views th' Effect, and not the Caufe.

And often clash with our contracted Sense:

But if we might with Heaven's Decrees debate,

And of our Maker's Works expostulate;

Why shou'd he form a Mind Topremely great,

And to his Charge commit the Reins of Fate,

And at one hasty Blow the Work defeat?

A Blow so sudden, so severe and swift,

We had no time for Supplication left:

As A who were specific to the Tags

As if Almighty Power had been afraid,
Such Pray'rs wou'd by fuch Multitudes be made;
Such Moses's wou'd to his Altars go,
To whom he never did, or wou'd say no;
He hardly cou'd know how to strike the Blow.
For Prayer so much the Sovereign Power com-

Ev'n God himself sometimes as conquer'd stands, And calls for Quarter at the Wrestler's Hands.

How Strenuous then had been the Sacred Strife, While all the kneeling World had begg'd his Life, With all that Earnestness of Zeal, and more Than ever Nation begg'd for King before? See how the neighbouring Lands his Fame improve, And by their Sorrows testify their Love; Sprinkle his Memory with grateful Tears, And hand his Glory to succeeding Years.

With what Contempt will English Men appear, When future Ages read his Character?
They'll never bear to hear in time to come, How he was lov'd abroad, and scorn'd at home. The V Vorld will scarce believe it cou'd be true, And Vengeance must such Insolence pursue. Our Nation will by all Men be abhor'd, And William's juster Fame be so restor'd.

Posterity, when Histories relate
His Glorious Deeds, will ask, What Giant's that?
For common Vertues may Mens Fame advance,
But an immoderate Glory turns Romance.
Its real Merit does it self undo,
Men talk it up so high, it can't be true:
So William's Life, encreas'd by doubling Fame,
Will drown his Actions to preserve his Name.
The Annals of his Conduct they'll revise,
As Legends of Impossibilities.
'Twill all a Life of Miracles appear,
Too great for Him to do, or Them to hear.
And if some faithful VV riter shou'd set down
With what uneasiness he were the Crown;

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What thankless Devil had the Land posses;
This will be more prodigious than the rest.
With Indignation 'twill their Minds inspire,
And raise the Glory of his Actions higher.
The Records of their Fathers they'll Deface,
And blush to think they sprung from such a Race.
They'll be asham'd their Ancestors to own,
And strive their Fathers Follies to atone.
New Monuments of Gratitude they'll raise,
And Crown his Memory with Thanks and Praise.

Thou, Satyr, shalt the grateful Few rehearse, And solve the Nation's Credit in thy Verse; Embalm his Name with Characters of Praise, His Fame's beyond the Power of Time to rafe.

From him let future Monarchs learn to Rule, And make his lasting Character their School. For he who wou'd in time to come be Great, Has nothing now to do but Imitate.

Let dying Parents when they come to bless, Wish to their Children only his Success. Here their Instructions very well may end, William's Example only recommend, And leave the Youth his History t'attend.

But we have here an Ignominious Croud,
That boast their Native Birth and English Blood,
Whose Breasts with Envy and Contention burn,
And now rejoice when all the Nations mourn:
Their aukward Triumphs openly they sing;
Insult the Ashes of their injur'd King;
Rejoice at the Disasters of his Crown,
And Drink the Horse's Health that threw him down.

Blush, Satyr, when such Crimes we must reveal, And draw a silent Curtain to conceal.

Actions so vile shall ne'er debauch our Song;

Les Heaven alone: the Justice suffers long,

Her Leaden Wings, and Iron Hands, may show

That she is certain, the she may be slow.

His

His Foreign Birth was made the Fam'd Pretence, Which gave our Home-Born Englishmen Offence. But Discontent's the antient English Fashion, The Universal Blemish of the Nation.

And 'tis a Question, whether God cou'd make That King whom every Englishman wou'd like? Nor is it any Paradox to say, William had more of English Blood than they; The Royal Life slow'd in his sprightly Veins, The same that in the Noble Stock remains; The same which now his Glorious Scepter weilds, To whom Three Nations just Obedience yields.

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ANNE, the remaining Glory of our life, Well she becomes the Royal English Stile : In William's Steps sedately she proceeds, William's a Pattern to Immortal Deeds. Preserves his Memory with generous Care; Forgetting him is Disobliging her; Where shall the murmuring Party then appear! Where wou'd the Nation, but for her, ha' found So fafe a Cure for fuch a fudden Wound? And cou'd she but as well the Camp supply, The World the sooner wou'd their Grieflay by : But there the Fatal Breach is made fo wide, That Loss can never, never be supply'd. Ye Men of Arms, and English Sons of War, Now learn from him how you may Fight for her; Your Grief for him express upon her Foes, For William lov'd such Funeral Tears as thefe. 'Tis William's Glorious Scepter which the bears, Like William she for Liberty appears. She mounts to Honour by the Steps of Truth, And his Example imitates in Both. Tis you must make her blooming Fame increase, 'Tis you must bring her Honour, Wealth and Peace: And let it once more to the World be feen, Nothing can make us Greater than a Queen.

The Whim, Dedicated to two Kings, that of Madrid and that of St. Germains.

MIDST pretty Tricks, and quaint Device Of tiny Child when void of Vice; (When Soul, that Particle Divine, Does but like Farthing-Candle shine : While Maid does hold the filly Taper, Enwrap'd in Lanthorn made of Paper. Which too but just Discernment brings, Nor shews the Difference of things. So glimmers the young dawning Soul Of Nature's pretty little Fool: Therefore, as Cassocks say, 'tis thought Whate'er it does can be no fault) I fay, 'midst Pleasantries of Child, Little Machines, and Actions wild; Of Cards I've feen the Bauble take A Superannuated Pack; The Diamond's fully'd, and the Spade By often use now dirty made; And only fit to entertain Pretty Conceit of Infant Brain, Which yet is fcarce come into Skull, Not half fo much as Sawcer full. When Card by Card the Oaf does take, Father, look bere what I can make! And then to work he strait does fall, To frame some small Escurial, Some Minor Pauls, or tiny Coloss, (But O the dismal Fate that follows)

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First

First then he for Foundation lays A Row of Kings, a Royal Race. By them the Sex that's fair and tender, Their Spouses of the Feminine Gender. (The Queen of Hearts the brightest shone) And now the Edifice goes on : The Mob with Clubs and Spades are laid, Those dy'd the others into Red: But highest of all a Pack of Knaves, The Babe too naturally heaves. Just as in Fortune's Scale we see, Rogues mounted to Supremacy. There many Pams win all, each takes The Coin, and fweeps away the Stakes. Well now the Structure rifes, and In gay sublimity does stand, Emblem of Artificial Hand. But Fates! When just at the Roof, Behind comes a malicious Puff, And down the Gugaw Pile does fall, As future Paul's e'er Dooms-day shall. E'en fo (with small Things great compare) Lewis the Proud is nought but Air: With those that form'd his Grand Design, So close, so exquisitely fine, Richlieu the Leader, Mazarine, Louvois and Croiffy, and Fourbin. None with the nicest Subtlety. Could ought that was mislaid decry, Yet all their mighty Projects die. Twas, tho a fine, yet airy Web, The Torrent now begins to ebb. And now the Louvre, and Verfailes, Th' Escurial too, that Spanish Paul's, Shake at great Eugene's Name and Sword, Who's fending 'em another Lord:

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Vol. II.

State-Affairs.

311

Who's like to puff that Babel down;
The little Boy that wears the Crown,
With his Grand Pa-Pa are pushing on.
But see the Spanish Phaeton,
That dwells i'th Regions of the Sun,
Has got his Leave of Gallic Sire,
To go and set the World on fire.
Well, drive on Coachman, and take care,
To set down, not bring back your Fare:
The Don Monsieur, the Spanish Beau,
When he comes near the fatal Po,
May curse old Dady's Allez vous.

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In Germanos ab alto ad Veronam, & ex imo in Cremonam Prodeuntes.

Fulmine Cæsareo fretus Jovis Ales ab alto Intonuit, sparsis nubibus ima petens; Suetus bumo Gallus miratur ab Æthere lapsum, Cum, frustra invitis Alpibus, Hostis adest. En quoque Cadmeam stupefacta Cremona Catervam! Armatos tellus dum parit ipsa viros. Crede mibi Italicis languescent Lilia Campis Gallica, quando Hostes Terra Polusque ferunt.

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On the Descent of the Germans from the Alps to Verona, and their Ascent from the Aqueduct into Cremona.

ROM parting Clouds, the German Eagle brings
Vindictive Thunder on Imperial Wings.
The Gallick Warrior from beneath descries
With wonder, while o'er Alps and Rocks he flies,
And levels at him from the neighb'ring Skies.
But see arm'd Numbers, rising from below!
Cremona trembles while the Germans flow,
From opening Cavern on th' astonish'd Foe.
Believe me, France, your Lilly faintly grows;
Nature ne'er fram'd it for th' Italian Snows;
'Twill never thrive, since Heaven and Earth oppose.

A Prologue design'd for Tamerlane, but never spoke. Written by Dr. G--th.

Your curdling Blood, and bid you, Britains, arm.
To Valour much he owes, to Vertue more;
He fights to fave, and conquers to restore.
He strains no Texts, nor makes Dragoons persuade;
He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade.
Born for Mankind, they by his Labours live;
Their Property is his Prerogative.
His Sword destroys less than his Mercy saves,
And none, except his Passions, are his Slaves.

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Such, Britains, is the Prince that you posses, In Council greatest, and in Camps no less: Brave, but not Cruel; Wife without Deceit; Born for an Age curs'd with a Bajazet. But you, disdaining to be too secure, Ask his Protection, and yet grudg his Power. With you a Monarch's Right is in dispute; Who give Supplies, are only Absolute. Britain, for shame your factious Feuds decline. Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon Line: Affert lost Rights, an Austrian Prince alone Is born to nod upon a Spanish Throne. A Cause no less cou'd on Great Eugene call, Steep Alpine Rocks require an Hannibal: Thro encir C He shows you your lost Honour to retrieve; Our Troops will fight, when once the Senate give. Ouit your Cabals and Factions, and in spite Of Whig and Tory in this Cause unite. One Vote will then fend Anjou back to France, There let the Meteor end his airy Dance: Elfe to the Mantuan Soil he may repair, (E'en Abdicated Gods were Latium's Care) At worst, he'll find some Cornish Borough bere.

To the French King.

And From the Menning for their Monarch

SEE, thou Disturber of the World's Repose,
Your rotting Brother warns you of your Close.
Your British Friend too moulders in his Tomb,
And wasted Armies call you to your Doom.
What Shoals of Gallic Ghosts from Eugene's Sword,
[Eugene, by whom our dying Hope's restor'd)
Fled thro th' Italian Air, and curs'd their Lord?
But

But you must go, the Leveller of Kings Draws nigh Versailes, and the late Summons brings: While Worms, unkinder than your Maintenon, Wait for that Head swell'd with a double Crown: Impatiently expect the destin'd Skull Of Schemes and Thrones, and injur'd Treaties full. Methinks I fee'em revel in his Brain. Where midnight Projects of dire Conclaves reign; Mazes of Mischiefs to involve the Earth In Blood and Woe, which thence derive their Birth, Methinks I fee 'em skirmish for Le Grand, Each Royal Vein's by eager Reptiles drain'd, Confus'dly roving, like his Soldiers Flight Thro their Cremona in the German Night. But O! This Scene creates a Sacred Awe, Makes the Muse tremble, while she strives to draw Our Nature levell'd to that dreaded Law. But if that Grand Destroyer would make haste, And spight of Fagon, make him breath his last, The World from thence would find a time to breath, That's only hop'd for from that Stroke of Death. Nations would thank him for that grateful Blow, And rescu'd Armies with their Standards bow : The British, Belgic, Neapolitan, The German, Spaniard, and the Mantuan. Cou'd we but see him safe within his Tomb, And France in Mourning for their Monarch's Doom, The Sight would please beyond the Pomp of Rome: While Groves of Cypress, and the Baneful Yew Europe would fend, its Sentiments to shew, And heap'em on him for a Grand Adien.

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# On King WILLIAM.

OW long must the Restorer of our State, That Royal Engine of deligning Fate, oil, the Concerns of Heaven to compleat? whose close Breast their Councils brood secure, and Europe's Welfare waits the mighty Hour; Where Lewis Ruin yet in Embryo lies, and whence kind Peace intends her facred Rife. Th' alluring Dictates of fost Ease he slights, With Jove in Flame and Thunder he delights. The Dooms of Nations He and Fate dispose, The One decrees but what the Other does. his Arms the Briny Empire late maintain'd, And British Waves with French Dishonour stain'd. Tistrue, yet Conquest holds the question'd Ball, As loth to let the mighty Laurel fall; let certain to adorn the English Brow, Proceeds in Blood before the does bestow, Like Heaven and Fate in great Donations flow. This won, then NASSAU, re-adorn your Crown, Can you forgo MARIA for Renown? Sokeen for Fame? Awhile the World delay, After a Pause in Albion's Arms, convey Your Sword as far as the Retreat of Day. With British Shields affright the Eastern Moon, And rob the Indians of their God the Sun. Methinks I fee already on the Loom Revolving Years of the Third Edward come. lee the Martial'd Britains in a Line, In English Helmets quaff the conquer'd Seine, While William's Health goes round in tributary (Wine.

I fee his Pow'r thro the won Realm diffuse, Now Gallia yields, and Boileau damns his Muse. He now on Lewis pleads an Irony, To you, NASSAU, the transfer'd Praises fly. No trivial Statue shall thy Fame suffice, We'll raise Colossi to th' endanger'd Skies, And shew the Gods how Nassau's Vertues rise: Beyond where'er the Roman Eagles flew, A Pitch the lingring Cafars never new. Bless'd be the Day when the long forming Years Disclos'd the Hero to the wond'ring Spheres; When first the Ocean knew its Infant Lord, The Albion Genius shook, the Belgic Lions roar'd. Europe took notice of the mighty Throw, And Rev'rend Nature did with Homage bow. So fares the World when a N ASS AU appears, NASSAU! the noblest Favour of the Stars. Nor a less Triumph signaliz'd the Time When first MARIA grac'd the English Clime. Fair at her Birth the Royal Beauty shone; As when the President of Light, the Sun, With Infant Luftre, and with new-born Ray, Had shook off Chaos, and began the Day. The Conscious Planets join'd the mighty Pair, Decreed by Fate the parted Globe to share. Wisely the Gods, for Virtues like their own, Preventing Censure did provide a Throne; The Justice equal, and the Plea's the same, As they their Altars, these their Scepters claim. Yet what a Loss of Power had each sustain'd, Had distant MART from her WILLIAM reign'd? Less had their Grandeur, less their Empire grown, He'd wanted th' English, she the Gallie Crown. So two fair Planets that adorn the Sphere, With a less Splendor, if apart, appear: But when their dazling Glories kindly join, With fiercer Vigour, greater State they hine.

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for can their native Bounds their Rays contain, but o'er the subject World with mingl'd Beams they reign.

# The Ghost of K. C--- II. Written about the Year 1692.

A S in a Dream our thinking Monarch lay,
E'er Night gave place to the approaching Day,
A Ghaftly Phantom at his Pillow reer'd,
and with wide Mouth, broad Eyes, thin Cheeks ap(pear'd;

Which in a Flash of Lightning crown'd with Smoke,

Thus his Bat \_\_\_ an Successor bespoke.

Hail my bleft Nephew, whom the Fates ordain
To fill the Measure of the Sements Reign;
That all the ills by our whole Race design'd,
In thee their full Accomplishment might find:
Tis thou that art decreed this Point to clear,
Vhich we have labour'd for these fourscore Year:
Lest then thou fail'st in this high Enterprize,
I'm come to steel thee with my best Advice.

First castall idle Thoughts of Heaven away,
Those pious Glogs to Arbitrary Sway,
Which serve to fink a Subject to a Slave,
But must not check the Actions of the Brave.
Kings are free Agents, and their Wills are Laws,
Vhich they may break or keep as they see cause,
And claim a Share in the Almighty Power and
Which Heaven assumes, to nourish or devour.
And when thy Fear of God abates its Force,
Thy Gratitude to Man will fail of course and the state of the st

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And these must be subdu'd e'er thou obtain
The pleasing Fruits of Arbitrary Reign.
Yet still the Church must be thy chiefest Care,
For Kings (you know) their nursing Fathers are;
That Set of Blockheads, and the Monarch's Tools,
To keep the Knaves in awe, and banter Fools.
Keep them but under, Spaniel-like, and tame,
They'l be of use to point thee out thy Game;
Make 'em believe thou'rt theirs, but trust them not,
More than to serve thy Lust, or hunt a Plot.
If thy dull Father had these Measures ta'en,
Thy Attempt to th' English Throne had been in vain

Next, let thy Ministers consist of those Who either are thy own or England's Foes: Take them of Men impeach'd of former Crimes, Or else obnoxious to the present Times. Such as thy Father rais'd, and him betray'd, Must be the Objects of thy Favour made; Or that oppos'd thy coming to the Throne, Take these into thy Bosom, they're thy own: While fuch as have thy Int'rest truly serv'd, May thank their own Estates they are not starv'd. Avoid the Wife and Honest all you can, For Monarchy will bear no virtuous Man-In all Employs, be careful to select Those that will give from those that do expect: Mankind's alike, Distinction's hard to make; The Mony then must guide you whom to take.

Another piece of Kingly Craft occurs,
Which is to manage right Intestine Stirs.
Of this I will but one short Instance give,
To shew you how this Nail of State to drive.
A Race of Men, unknown in former Story,
Had split this Kingdom into Whig and Tory;
Both Factions grew in Country and in Court,
And both to me did mutually resort;
To whom I gave a subalternate Power
T'enable them each other to devour.

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This Artifice of State, had I liv'd on,
would in short time have fix'd the Imperial Throne:
but when I fell, that Abdicated Goose,
Thy Father, left the Game at fast and loose;
And vent'ring to pluck off the Mask too soon,
United them, and was himself undone.
This Game revive again, pursue it close,
And thou the Fate of England may'st dispose.

Lastly, to crown the Work, keep fair and even With the Enchanted Chappel of St. Stephen; That Politick Ware-house, whence a King may draw it Tools to overturn both Right and Law. fail not to bait the Trap, these Gulls to please With Hopes of Pensions, Gifts, and Offices:

Keep there the Poison strong, supply the Spring With fresh Corruptions, and be ever King.

More might be faid, but I am call'd away

By a shrill Voice which ushers in the Day;

Speak quickly, if thou'ast any thing to say.

The Pensive Prince, not given to Replies, Upon his Bed a while revolving lies; Then starting up, to's Cabinet he went, And shew'd the Ghost his Scheme of Government: Which when he'ad seen, away the Goblin spun, Frighted to see himself so much out done.

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The Mourners; Found in the Streets,

IN Sable Weeds your Beaux and Bells appear, And cloud the coming Beauties of the Year. Mourn on, you foolish fashionable things, Mourn for your own Misfortunes, not the King's; Mourn for the mighty Mass of Coin mis-spent, That prodigally given, and idly spent; Mourn your Tapestry and Statutes too. And Windfor gutted, to adorn your Loo; Mourn for the Miter long from Scotland gone, And much more mourn your Union coming on a Mourn for a ten Years War, and dismal Weather, And Taxes, strung like Necklaces together, On Salt, Malt, Paper, Syder, Lights and Leather. Much for the Civil Lift need not be faid, They truly mourn who're fifteen Months unpaid. Well then, my Friends, fince things you fee are fo, ? Let's e'en mourn on, 'twould lessen much our Wo, Had Sorrel stumbled thirteen Years ago.

### The Counterpart.

YE English Nations, put your Mourning on;
Mourn not the King's Misfortune, but your own.
For Realms of Light and of Eternal Day
He lately chang'd his temporary Sway,
And left you blundering in the tractless Way.

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He was the Star by which all Europe steer'd,
The Compass shew'd us how its Councils veer'd.
When e'er you are on raging Billows tost,
Think of the skilful Pilot you have lost;
Think on the Dangers he did for you prove,
The Storms and Thunder of Almighty fove:

How midst fork'd Lightning, Show'rs of Shot and Divinely bold our Mighty William stood, Not for his own, but for our Country's Good. Our Native Land was not his only Care, Nations far distant did his Bounty share; The Rhine, the Tiber, Ganges, with their Streams, Do mourn in Consort with our groaning Thames.

## On Sir John Fenwick.

HERE lie the Relicks of a martyr'd Knight,
Whose Loyalty unspotted as the Light,
Seal'd with his Blood his injur'd So—gn's Right.

The State his Head did from his Body sever, Because when living twas his chief Endeavour To set the Nation and its Head together.

He boldly fell, girt round with weeping Soldiers, Imploring Heaven for the good o' the Beholders, So to cut H—d's Head from England's Shoulders.

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An Allusion to the 7th Epode of Horace, 1690. Quo, quo Scelesti ruitis, &c.

Whither, ye implous Britons, do ye run,
As if already not enough undone?
Your Sea has oft run Purple to the Shore,
And Flanders is manur'd with English Gore;
Yet still you arm, and still prepare to fight
Against your K—, his Country, and his Right.

If you must arm, unite the British Powers, Destroy your Rival Holland's losty Towers, And be her Ruin as she has been yours. Holland deserv'd to be this Nation's Curse, Bad as a Foe, but as a Friend much worse: See the Batavians with a grinning Pride Your present Ills and suture Hopes deride.

And well they may, for they can only boalt, Because your Credit, Wealth, and Trasfick's lost; Theirs is the Gain, and they may triumph most. Pleas'd with a fellish, dull, malicious Joy, To see your selves none but your selves destroy; 'Tis obvious, but infatuated you Still court your Ruin, and contrive it too.

Tell me, Is't Madness this, or Hopes of Gain, Or do the Sons the Fathers Crimes sustain? Why are you pale and speechless? Why appears This Trembling? and why flow these guilty Tears?

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since there's a Cause, a monstrous Cause indeed, you sain wou'd hide, too horrid to be hid.

yes, Britons, yes, you groan beneath the Weight of Charles the Martyr's undeferved Fate; Too well you know his unrepented Fall Entails this Curfe, and will confound you all.

### On S----1.

rebrail on to be with the bold of We for were

I Llustrious Steed, who should the Zodiack grace,
To thee the Lion and the Bull give place:
Blest be the Dam that sed thee, blest the Earth,
Which first receiv'd thee, and first gave thee Birth.
Did wrong'd Hibernia to revenge her Slain
Produce thee, or murdered Fenwick strain,
Or barbarously massacred Glencoes Claim,
Whence e'er thou art, be thou for ever blest,
And spend the Remnant of thy Days in rest;
No service Use thy Noble Limbs profane,
No Weight thy Back, no Curb thy Mouth restrain;
No more be thou, no more Mankind a Slave,
But both enjoy that Liberty you gave.

; bollurs of orea (Christopolishe). Wige Criph tropher to believe is supply Toetheless is resistance.

But hoom to be no no vilgus are took that to be.
Legisles a complex of a recular monders.
Legisles are considered to reign Shore

For a language that reverse and

# A Song, 1696.

AST Year in the Spring, the Life of the King Was intended by Assassination;
But now they'll pull down the Life of the Kingdom By a cursed Capitation.

France and En—d combin'd, and were plainly join'
Thus fingly his Death to procure;
But En—d alone does to all the World own,

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That none but her felf shall undo her.

New Projects they advance, to ferve as in France;

But can France have more equal, Sir?

If Affairs must be done, I think 'tis all one Into what Lion's Paws we fall, Sir.

And thou thy felf fit to be trusted;
What a blessed Occasion is this Capitation
For Matters to be adjusted?

But since thou are he whom we took thee to be, Neither Age nor Experience has mended; Let us look but once more to some foreign Shore For a Prince that never offended. g

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# The House of NASSAU. A Pindarick Ode.

ī.

Oddess of Numbers, and of Thoughts sublime!

I Celestial Muse! whose charming Song
Can fix Heroick Acts, that glide along
Down the vast Sea of perishing Time,
And all the gilded Images can stay,

Till Time's vast Sea it self be roll'd away:

O now assist with consecrated Strains!

Let Art and Nature join to raise
A living Monument of Praise
O'er William's Great Remains.

While Thames majestically sad, and slow, Seems by that Reverend Dome to flow, Which new inter'd his Sacred Urn contains

Which new-inter'd his Sacred Urn contains.
If thou, O Muse, wou'dst e'er Immortal be,

This Song bequeaths thee Immortality;
For William's Praise can ne'er expire,
Tho Nature's Self at last must die,

And all this fair erected Sky

of fink, with Earth and Sea, and melt away in Fire

Begin—the Spring of Vertue trace,
That, from afar descending, flow'd
Thro the rich Veins of all the Godlike Race,
and fair Renown on all the Godlike Race bestow'd

This Antient Source of Noble Blood
Thro thee, Germania, wandring wide,
Like thy own Rhine's enriching Tide,

haum'rous Branches long diffus'd its Flood.

Rbi .

Rhine, scarce more antient, never grac'd thee more,
Tho mantling Vines his comely Head surround,
And all along his Sunny Shore
Eternal Plenty's found.

III.

And

From Heaven it self th' Illustrious Line began; Ten Ages in Descent it ran,

In each Descent encreas'd with Honours new.

Never did Heaven's Supreme inspire
In mortal Breasts a nobler Fire,
Nor his own Image livelier drew.

Of pure Ætherial Flame their Souls he made;
And as beneath his forming Hands they grew,
He blefs'd the Master-work, and said,
Go forth, my honour'd Champions, go
To vindicate my Cause below!
Awful in Pow'r, defend for Me

Religion, Justice, Liberty, And at Aspiring Tyranny My Delegated Thunder throw!

For this the Great Nassavian Name I raise, And still this Character Divine Distinguish'd thro the Race shall shine,

Zeal for their Country's Good, and Thirst of Virtuon
IV. (Praise

Now look, Britannia, look and see Thro the clear Glass of History, From whom thy mighty Sov'reign came,

And take a large Review of far-extended Fame. See, Crouds of Heroes rife to Sight!

ADOLPHUS\*, with Imperial Splendor gay
Brave PHILIBERT, unmatch'd in Fight

Who led the German Eagle to his Prey;
Thro Lombardy he mark'd his conquer'd Way,
And made proud Rome and Naples own his unrelified
(Might

\* Adolphus the Emperor, of the House of Nassau.

His gallant \* Nephew next appears, And on his Brows the Wreaths of Conquest wears; The streaming Wounds the martial Figure Stain, For thee, Great + Charles, in Battel flain, Slain in all a Soldier's Pride, He fell triumphant by thy fide, And falling fought, and fighting dy'd, And lay, a manly Corps, extended on the Plain.

See next, Majestically Great, and and The Founder of the Belgick State! The Sun of Glory, which so bright Beam'd on all the Darling Line, Did from its golden Urn of Light On WILLIAM's Head redoubled shine. His youthful Looks diffus'd an Awe; Charles, who had try'd the Race before, And knew great Merits to explore, When he this rifing Vertue faw, He put in Friendship's Noble Claim; To his Imperial Court the Hero brought, And there by early Honours fought Alliance with his future Fame. O generous Sympathy, that binds In Chains unfeen the Bravest Minds!

O Love to worthy Deeds, in all great Souls the fame!

But Time at last brought forth th' amazing Day, When Charles, resolv'd to difingage From Empire's Toils his weary Age, Gave with each Hand a Crown away. Philip, his haughty Son, afraid Of William's Vertues, basely chose His Father's Favorite to depose;

His Tyrant Reign requir'd far other Aid, (rofe; And Aboa's fiery Duke, his Scourge of Vengeance,

<sup>\*</sup>Rene of Nassau. † Charles 5th.

With Flames of Inquisition rose from Hell,
Of Slaughter proud, and insolent in Blood.
What Hand can paint the Scenes of tragic Woes What Tongue, sad Belgia, can thy Story tell,
When with her listed Ax proud Murder stood,
And thy Brave Sons in Crouds unnumber'd fell
The Sun, with Horror of the Sight,
Withdraws his sickly Beams, and shrouds
His mussel'd Face in sullen Clouds, (Light
And on the Scassolds faintly sheds a pale malignan

E

Thus Belgia's Liberty expiring lay, And almost gasp'd her gen'rous Life away, Till OR ANG E hears her moving Cries; He hears, and marching \* from afar, Brings to her Aid the sprightly War. At his Approach, reviv'd with fresh Supplies Of gather'd Strength, the on her Murd'rers flies. But Heaven, at first, resolv'd to try By Proofs adverse his Constancy. Four Armies lost, † two Gallant Brothers stain, Will he the desperate War maintain? Tho rolling Tempests darken all the Sky, And Thunder breaks around his Head, Will he again the faithless Sea explore, And oft driv'n back, still quit the Shore? He will - his Soul, averfe to Dread, Unweary'd still the Spight of Fortune braves, Superior, and | Serene amidst the Stormy Waves. VIII.

Such was the Man, so vast his Mind!
The steddy Instrument of Fate
To fix the Basis of a rising State.
My Muse with Horror views the Scene behind,
And sain would draw a Shade, and sain
Wou'd hide his destin'd End, nor tell

<sup>\*</sup> He was then in Germany. † The Counts Lodowick and Henry. | Savis tranquillus in undis, The Prince his Motto.

How he --- the dreaded Foe of Spain, More fear'd than Thousands on the Plain, By the vile Hand of a bold Ruffian fell. No more - th' ungrateful Prospect let us leave! And in his room, behold arife, Bright as th' Immortal Twins that grace the Skies, A Noble \* Pair his Absence to retrieve! In thefe the Hero's Soul furvives, And William doubly in his Offspring lives.

MAURICE, for Martial Greatness, far His Father's Glorious Fame exceeds; HENRY alone can match his Brother's Deeds: Both were, like Scipio's Sons, the Thunderbolts of War. None e'er than Maurice better knew Camps, Sieges, Battels to ordain; None e'er than Henry fiercer did pursue The flying Foe, or earlier Conquests gain. For scarce Sixteen revolving Years he told. When eager for the Fight, and Bold, Enflam'd by Glory's sprightly Charms, His Brother brought him to the Field; Taught his young Hand the Truncheon well to And practis'd him betimes to Arms. (wield,

Let Flandrian Newport tell of Wonders wrought Before her Walls, that memorable Day, When the Victorious Youths in Concert fought, And matchless Valour did display! How, e'er the Battel join'd, they strove With emulous Honour, and with mutual Love; How Maurice, touch'd with tender Care Of Henry's Safety, beg'd him to remove; Henry refus'd his blooming Youth to spare, But with his much-lov'd Maurice vow'd to prove Th' Extremes of War, and equal Dangers share.

OW

<sup>\*</sup> Maurice and Henry.

Ogenerous Strife! and worthy fuch a Pair ! How dear did Albers this Contention pay ! Witness the Floods of streaming Gore,

Witness the trampl'd Heaps that choak'd the Plain, And stop'd the Victors in their way.

Witness the neighb'ring Sea, and fandy Shore, Drunk with the Purple Life of twice three Thousand (flain.

#### XI.

Fortune, that on her Wheel capricious stands, And waves her painted Wings, Inconfrant, Prond. Hook-wink'd, and shaking from her Hands Promiscuous Gifts among the Croud; Restless of Place, and still prepar'd to Flight, Was constant here, and feem'd restor'd to Sight. Won by their Merit, and refolv'd to blefs The happy Brothers with a long Success-

Maurice, the first refign'd to Fate. The Youngest had a longer Date, And liv'd the Space appointed to compleat The great Republick, rais'd fo high before; Finish'd by him, the stately Fabrick bore Its lofty Top aspiring to the Sky: In vain the Winds and Rains around it beat, In vain below, the Waves tempestuous roar, They dash themselves, and break, and backwardsy,

Dispers'd and murm'ring at its Feet. Infulting Spain the fruitless Strife gives o'er, And claims Dominion there no more.

Then Henry, ripe for Immortality. His Flight to Heaven eternal springs,

And o'er his quiet Grave Peace spreads her downy (Wings.

His Son, a fecond WILLIAM, fills his Place, And climbs to Manhood with fo fwift a Pace, As if he knew he had not long to ftay: Such young Marcelles was, the hopeful Grace Of antient Rome, but quickly fnatch'd away.

Breds

But

Breda beheld th' advent'rous Boy,
His tender Limbs in shining Armour dress'd,
Where with his Father the hot Siege he press'd.

His Father saw with pleasing Joy (press'd. His own resected Worth, and youthful Charms ex-

But when his Country breath'd from War's A-His martial Virtues lay obscure; (larms.

Nor cou'd a V Varriour, form'd for Arms,

Th' inglorious Rest endure;

But sicken'd soon, and sudden dy'd, And left in Tears his pregnant Bride.

His Bride, the Daughter of Britannia's King; Nor saw th' auspicious Pledg of Nuptial Love,

VVhich from that happy Marriage was to foring; (above.

But with his Great Forefathers gain'd a blisful Seat XIII.

Here pause, my Muse! and wind up higher The Strings of thy Pindarick Lyre!

Then with bold Strains the lofty Song purfue;

And bid Britannia once again review

The numerous Worthies of the Line, See, like Immortals, how they shine!

Each Life a History alone!

And last, to crown the great Design.

Look forward, and behold them all in One!

Look, but spare thy fruitless I ears----

Tis thy own William next appears.

Advance Calestial Form! Let Britain see

Th' accomplish'd Glory of thy Race in Thee!

So when some splendid Triumph was to come In long Procession thro the Streets of Rome,

The Crowd beheld with vast Surprize
The glittering Train in awful Order move
To the bright Temple of Feretrian Jove,

And Trophies born along imploy'd their dazl'd (Eyes.

But

But when the laurel'd Emperor, mounted high
Above the rest, appear'd to sight,
In his proud Car of Victory
Shining with Rays excessive bright,
He put the long preceding Pomp to Flight.
Their Wonder cou'd no higher rise,
With Joy they throng his Chariot Wheels, and rend
(with Shouts the Skies.

XV.

To thee, Great Prince! to thy extensive Mind, Not by thy Country's narrow Bounds confin'd, The Fates an ample Scene afford;

And injur'd Nations claim the Succour of thy Sword.

No Respite to thy Toils is giv'n, Till thou ascend thy native Heav'n:

One Hydra-Head cut off, still more abound, And Twins sprout up to fill the Wound. So endless is the Task that Heroes find

To tame the Monster Vice, and to reform Mankind.

For this Alcides heretofore, And mighty Theseus travel'd o'er

Vast Tracts of Sea and Land, and slew Wild Beasts, and Serpents gorg'd with Human

Wild Beafts, and Serpents gorg'd with Human (Prey;

From stony Dens herce lurking Robbers drew, And bid the cheerful Traveller pass on his peaceful (Way.

Yet the toilsom Work they long pursue,
To rid the World's wild pathless Field;
Still pois'nous Weeds, and Thorns in Clusters
(grew,

And large unwholesom Corps did yield,
To exercise their Hands with Labours ever new.
XVI.

Thou, like Alcides, early didst begin,
And, ev'n a Child, didst Laurels win.
Two snaky Plagues around his Cradle twin'd,

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Ye

Sent by the jealous Wife of Jove, In speckl'd Wreaths of Death they strove The mighty Babe to bind.

And twisted Faction in thy Infancy
Darted her forky Tongue at Thee.

But as Jove's Offspring flew his histing Foes;

So thou, descended from a Line Of Patriots no less Divine,

Didst quench the brutal Rage of those Who durst thy dawning Worth oppose.

The Viper Spight, crush'd by thy Vertue, shed Its vellow Inice, and at thy Feet lay dead.

Its yellow Juice, and at thy Feet lay dead.

Thus, like the Sun, did thy great Genius rise,

With Clouds around his sacred Head.

Yet foon dispell'd the dropping Mists, and gilded all (the Skies.

#### XVII.

Great Julius, who with generous Anger view'd The Statue of Brave Philip's braver Son,

And wept to think what such a Youth subdu'd,
While more in Age himself had yet so little done

While more in Age himself had yet so little done, Had wept much more, if he had liv'd to see

The mighty Deeds atchiev'd by Thee;

To fee Thee at a beardless Age,

Stand arm'd against th' Invader's Rage, And bravely fighting for thy Country's Liberty;

While he inglorious Laurels fought, And not to fave his Country fought.

While He O Stain upon the Greatest Name

That e'er before was known to Fame!—— When Rome, his awful Mother, did demand

The Sword from his unruly Hand, The Sword she gave before,

Enrag'd, he spurn'd at her Command, Hurl'd at her Breast the impious Steel, and bath'd it

(in her Gore.

#### XVIII.

Far other Battels thou hast won,
Thy Standard still the Publick Good:
Lavish of thine to save thy People's Blood:
And when the hardy Task of War was done,
With what a vast well-temper'd Mind
(A Mind unknown to Rome's ambitious Son)
Thy pow'rful Armies were resign'd?
This Vict'ry o'er thy self was more
Than all thy Conquests gain'd before.
'Twas more than Philip's Son could do,
When for new Worlds the Madman cry'd;
Nor in his own wild Breast had spy'd
Tow'rs of Ambition, Hills of boundless Pride,
Too great for Armies to subdue.
XIX.

O savage Lust of Arbitrary Sway!
Insatiate Fury which in Man we find,
In barbarous Man, to prey upon his Kind,
And make the World, enslav'd, his vicious Will
(obey!

How has this Fiend, Ambition, long defac'd Heav'ns Works, and laid the vast Creation waste! Ask Silver Rhine, with springing Rushes crown'd,

As to the Sea his Waters flow, Where are the numerous Cities now.

That once he faw his honour'd Banks around?

Scarce are their filent R pies found;

Scarce are their filent Ruins found;
But in th' enfuing Age
Trampl'd into common Ground.

Will hide the horrid Monuments of Gaul's destroying (Rage

All Europe too had shar'd this wretched Fate,
And mourn'd her heavy Woes too late,
Had not Britannia's Chief withstood
The threaten'd Deluge, and repell'd
To its forsaken Banks th' unwilling Flood, (held.
And in his Hand the Scales of balanc'd Kingdoms
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Well was this mighty Trust repos'd in Thee, Whose faithful Soul from private Int'rests (free,

(Int'rests, which vulgar Princes know)
O'er all its Passions sate exalted high,
As Ten'riss's Top enjoys a purer Sky,
And sees the moving Clouds at distance sly below.

XX.

Whoe'er thy warlike Annals reads, Beholds reviv'd our valiant Edward's Deeds.

\* Great Edward and his Glorious Son
VVill own themselves in Thee outdone,
Tho Creey's desperate Fight eternal Honours won-

Tho the Fifth Henry too does claim A shining Place among Britannia's Kings, And Agencourt has rais'd his Losty Name;

Yet the loud Voice of Ever-living Fame
Of Thee more numerous Triumphs sings.

But the no Chief contends with Thee

In all the long Records of Hiltory,

Thy own Great Deeds together strive VVhich shall the fairest Light derive

On thy Immortal Memory.

VVhether Seneffe's amazing Field To celebrated Mons shall yield?

Or both give place to more amazing Boyn?

Or if Namure's prodigious Siege must all the rest out
(shine?

XXI.

VVhile in Hibernia's Fields the labouring Swain
Shall pass the Plough o'er Skulls of VVarriors slain,
And turn up Bones, and broken Spears,
Amaz'd he'll shew his Fellows of the Plain
The Reliques of victorious Years,

And tell how swift thy Arms that Kingdom did regain.

115

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<sup>\*</sup> Edward III. and the Black Prince.

Flandria, a longer VVitness to thy Glory,
VVith VVonder too repeats thy Story;
How oft the Foes thy lifted Sword have seen
In the hot Battel, when it bled
At all its oven Veins, and oft have fled

At all its open Veins, and oft have fled As if their evil Genius thou hadft been.

How when the blooming Spring began t'appear, And with new Life restor'd the Year, Confederate Princes us'd to cry,

Call Britain's King—the sprightly Trumpet sound, And spread the joyful Summons round!

Call Britain's King, and Victory!

So when the Flow'r of Greece to Battel Ied
In Beauty's Cause, just Vengeance swore
Upon the foul Adult'rer's Head,

That from her Royal Lord the ravish'd Helen bore, The Grecian Chiefs of mighty Fame

Impatient for the Son of Theris wait:

At last the Son of Theris came;

Troy shook her nodding Tow'rs, and mourn'd th' (impending Fate

XXII.

O sacred Peace! Goddess serene!
Adorn'd with Robes of spotless V Vhite,
Fairer than Silver Floods of Light!
How short has thy mild Empire been!

VV hen pregnant Time brought forth this new-born At first we saw thee gently smile (Age,

On the young Birth, and thy sweet Voice awhile
Sung a soft Charm to martial Rage.
But soon the Lion wak'd again.

(Mane.

And ftretch'd his opening Claws, and shook his grilly

Soon was the Year of Triumphs past, And Janus, ushering in a New,

With backward Look did pompous Scenes review; But his Fore-Face with Frowns was overcast;

And bid his Priests aloud his Iron Gates unbar.

XXIII.

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#### XXIII

But Heav'n its Hero can no longer spare, To mix in our tumultuous Broils below;

Yet fuffer'd his fore-feeing Care

Those Bolts of Vengeance to prepare, Which other Hands shall throw;

That Glory to a mighty Queen remains, To triumph o'er th' extinguish'd Foe.

\* She shall supply the Thunderer's Place; As Pallas from th' Ætherial Plains

Warr'd on the Giants impious Race.

And laid their huge demolish'd Works in smoaky (Ruins low.

Then Anne's shall rival Great Eliza's Reign, And William's Genius with a grateful Smile Look down, and bless this happy Isle,

And Peace restor'd shall wear her Olive Crown (again.

Reforma-

<sup>\*</sup> Vicem gerie illa Tonantis, The Motto on ber Majefty's Coronain Medals.

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# Reformation of Manners,

# A SATTR.

# The PREFACE.

Do Man is qualified to reprove other Mens Faults, but be that has none of his own, say some People, who are loth to be told of their Errors; and tis on this Account only, that the World has the Trouble of a Presace.

If that be true, the Ambor freely acknowledges he is the

most unqualified Man in the World to reprove.

That no Man is qualified to reprove other Mens Crimes, who allows himself in the Practice of the same, is very readily granted, and is the very Substance and Foundation of the following Satyr: And on that score, the Author has as good a Title to Animadversion as another, since no Man can charge him with any of the Vices he has reproved.

But instead of Self defence, he is rather willing to look back on the best Actions of his Life, with the Temper of Penitent, and he wishes all Men would do the like; 'tis the

only way to make the Satyr Impertinent.

For Penitence would all his Verse disarm, The Satyr's answer'd if the Men reform.

But the Fast is not true neither: 'Tis a pretty way for Men to get rid of the Impertinence of Admonition. If not but faultless Men must reprove others, the Lord ha' Mero

upon all our Magistrates; and all our Clergy are undignified

and suspended at a Blow.

Nor does the Satys affault private Infirmity, or pursue Personal Vices; but is bent at those, who pretending to suppress Vice, or being vested with Authority for that purpose, yn make themselves the Shame of their Country, encouraging Wickedness by that very Authority they have to suppress it.

He professes himself sorry, either that Freedom of Speech is so dangerous in this Age, or that he is too much a Coward; otherwise, some had beard of their Crimes, who think

themselves above the Power of Punishment.

'Tu bard that Vice should have so much shelter from Civil Power, that Reproof shou'd lead the Party to suppress the Post rather than the Crime.

And yet his Friends give him over for lost, for an Account of what he has ventur'd to say, to whose Importunity be thinks himself oblig'd to answer with Juvenal,

Difficile est Satyram non scribere. Nam quis Inique Tam Patiens Urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?

If any Man is injur'd by the Characters, be is content ibey should carry their Resentment to what Extremity they please; but if Truth may be on his side, the only way to make him do them Justice is to reform: And he promises to sive Testimony to their Repentance, as an Amand Honourable, in a manner as publick as possible.

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Reforma-

# Reformation of Monners,

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I OW long may Heaven be banter'd by a Nation, With broken Vows, and Shams of Reformation, And yet forbear to show its Indignation?

Tell me ye Sages, who the Conscience guide, And Ecclefiastick Oracles divide,

Where do the Bounds of Sovereign Patience end, How long may People undestroy'd offend?

What Limits has Almighty Power prepar'd, When Mercy shall be deaf and Justice heard?

Who does Rewards and Punishments dispense, Who does Rewards and Punishments dispense, Why is he Passive when his Power's defy'd, And his Eternal Government's deny'd?

Tell us why he that fits above the Sky, Unreins no Vengeance, lets no Thunders sy, When Villains prosper, and successful Vice,

Shall human Power controul, and Heavenly Power de If 'tis because the Sins of such a Nation (spise

Are yet too small to conquer his Compassion,
Then tell us to what height Mankind may sin,
Before Celestial Fury must begin?
How their extended Crimes may reach so high,
Vengeance must follow and of course destroy;
And by the common Chain of Providence,
Destruction come like Cause and Consequence.

Then search the dark Areana of the Skies, And if ye can, unfold these Mysteries:

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His clashing Providences reconcile
The partial Frown, and the unequal Smile.
Tell us why some have been destroy'd betimes,
While Albion's glittering Shores grow black with

(Crimes?

Why some for early Errors are undone, some longer still, and longer still sin on? England with all her blackening Guilt is spar'd, And Sodom's lesser Crimes received a swift Reward: And yet all this be reconciled to both,

Impartial Justice, and unerring Truth.

Why Obis stands, and no revenging Hand Has yet dismist her from the burden'd Land:
No Plague, no sulphurous Shower her exis makes, And turns her Silver Thames to Stygian Lakes, Who so uninhabitable Banks might flow With Streams as black as her that made 'em so: And as a Monument to suture Times, Should send forth Vapours nauseous as her Crimes.

Tell us why Carthage fell a Prey to Rome, And mourn the Fate of bright Byzantium; Why ancient Troy's embrac'd by Destiny, And Rome, Immortal Rome, to Fate gives way, Yet Ofia stands, more impious far than they?

Where are the Golden Gates of Palefline,
Where High Superior Glory us'd to thine?
The mighty City Millions dwelt within,
Where Heaven's Epitome was to be feen.
God's Habitation, facred to his Name,
Magnificent beyond the Yoice of Fame;
Those lofty Pinnacles which once were feen,
Bright like the Majesty that dwelt within.
In which Seraphick Glory cou'd reside,
Too great for human Vision to abide;
Whose glittering Fabrick, God the Architect,
The Sun's less Glorious Light, did once reject.

These all ha' felt the Iron hands of Fate, And Heaven's dear Darling City's desolate.

No

No more the facred Place commands our Awe, But all become a Curfe, a Golgotha. The Reverend Pile can fcarce its Ruins show, Forfook by him whose Glory made it so.

Yet Offia stands, her impious Towers defy The threatning Comets of the blazing Sky, Foreboding Signs of Ruin she despises, And all her teaching Saviour's Sacrifices; The Jews are Fools, Jerusalem's out-done,

We crucify the Father, they the Son.

Within her Reprobate Gates there are allow'd Worse Jews than those who crucified their God: They kill'd a Man, for they suppos'd him so; These boldly sacrifice the God they know His Incarnation, Miracles deny, And vilely Banter his Divinity; Their old Impostor, Socious, prefer,

And the long Voyage of Heaven without a Pifot steer. Yet Ostia boasts of her Regeneration, 1981

And tells us wondrous Tales of Reformation:
How against Vice she has been so severe,
That none but Men of Quality may swear:
How publick Lewdness is expelled the Nation,
That Private Whoring may be more in fashion:
How Parish Magistrates, like pious Elves,
Let none be Drunk a Sundays, but themselves:

And Hackney Coach-mendarft not ply the Street

In Sermon-time, till they had paid the State.

These, Ostia, are the Shams of Reformation,
With which thou mock it thy Maker, and the Nation;
While in thy Streets unpunished there remain
Crimes which have yet insulted Heaven in vain,
Crimes which our Satyr blushes to review,
And Sins thy Sister Sodom never knew:
Superiour Lewdness crowns thy Magistrates,
And Vice grown grey usurps the Reverend Seats;
Eternal Blasphemies, and Oaths abound,
And Bribes among thy Senators are found.

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Old Venerable Jeph, with trembling Air,
Antient in Sin, and Father of the Chair,
Forfook by Vices he had lov'd fo long,
Can now be vicious only with his Tongue;
Yet talks of antient Lewdness with delight,
And loves to be the Justice of the Night:
On Baudy Tales with pleasure he reflects,
And leudly smiles at Vices he corrects.
The seeble tottering Magistrate appears
Willing to Wickedness, in spite of Years;
Struggles his Age and Weakness to resist,
And tain wou'd sin, but Nature won't assist.

L \_!, the Pandor of thy Judgment-Seat, Has neither Manners, Honesty, nor Wit; Instead of which, he's plenteously supply'd With Nonsense, Noise, Impertinence, and Pride; Polite his Language, and his flowing Stile Scorns to Suppose Good Manners worth his while; With Principles from Education ftor'd, The Drudgery of Decency abhor'd; The City-Mouth, with Eloquence endu'd. To mountebank the liftning Multitude, Sometimes he tunes his Tongue to foft Harangues, To banter Common Halls, and flatter Kings: And all with but an odd indifferent Grace, With Jingle on his Tongue, and Coxcomb in his Face Definitive in Law, without Appeal, But always ferves the Hand who pays him well: He trades in Justice, and the Souls of Men, And prostitutes them equally to Gain: He has his publick Book of Rates to show, Where every Rogue the Price of Life may know: And this one Maxim always goes before, it are the He never hangs the Rich, nor faves the Poor. God-like he nods upon the Bench of State, 25010 31 His Smiles are Life, and if he Frowns 'cis Fate: Boldly invading Heaven's Prerogative; and good back For with his Breath he kills, or faves alive.

Fraternities of Villains he maintains, de moil Protects their Robberies, and Mares the Gains, Who thieve with Toleration as a Trade. And then restore according as their paid : With awkward fcornful Phyz, and vile Grimace. The genuine Talents of an ugly Face; With haughty Tone infults the Wretch that dies.

And sports with his approaching Miseries. I and and F--- c, for so sometimes unrighteous Fate

Erects a Mad-man for a Magistrate was a por all and? Equipt with Leudness, Oaths, and Impudence, Supplies with Vices his defect of Sense; Abandon'd to ill Manners, he retainsult and pool and His want of Grace as well as want of Brains. Before the Boy wore off, the Rake began,

The Bully then commenc'd, and then the Man. Yet Nature feems in this to do him wrong. To give no Courage with a faucy Tongue; From whence this conftant Disadvantage flows. He always gives the Words, and takes the Blows;

Tho often can'd, he's uninftructed by't;
But still he shews the Scoundrel with the Knight But still he shews the Scoundrel with the Knight, Still fourrilous, and still afraid to fight.

His Dialect's a Modern Billinfrace, MDM

Which fuits the Hoffer, not the Magistrate; The same he from behind the Counter brought, And yet he practis'd worse than he was taught; Early debauch'd, in Satan's Steps he mov'd, haling

And all Mechanick Vices he improved the seda you At first he did his Sovereign's Rights invade.

And rais'd his Fortune by clander ine Trade ( 1 and 21) Stealing the Customs, did his Profissbring, and and And 'twas his Calling to defraud his King : 10 18 1

This is the Man that helps to Rule the State, 19, 180 The City's News eforming Magistrate 3d at an and

To execute the Juffice of the haw, M aid son and pad

And keep lefs Villains than himfelfin awe; कारी का राज्य होता हो छात्र की अपन क्षेत्र का कार्य की प्रकार

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Take Mony of the Rich, and hang the Poor And laft the Strumpet he debauched before So for small Crimes poor Thieves Destruction find.

And leave the Rognes of Quality behind.

Search all the Christian Climes from Pole to Pole, . And match for Sheriffs S-ple and C-le; Equal in Character and Dignity, and Character and Dignity, This fam'd for Justice, that for Modesty:

By Merit chosen for the Chair of State, This fit for Bridewell, that for Billingate

That richly clad to grace the Gaudy Day, was igio

For which his Father's Creditors must pay a conte

This from the fluxing Bagnio just dismit, Rides out to make himfelf the City left.

From Some lascivious Dist. Clout to the Chair.

To punish Lewdness and Disorders there;

The Brute he rides on wou'd his Crimes detest,

For that's the Animal, and this the Beaft; And yet some Reformation he began;

For Magistrates ne'er bear the Sword in vain.

Expensive sinning always he declin'd,

To frugal Whoring totally relign d:

His Avarice his Appetite opprest,

Bale like the Man, and brutish-like the Lust : Concife in Sinning, Nature's Call supply'd,

And in one Act two Vices gratified.

Never was Oyster, Beggar, Cinder Whore,

So much carefs'd by Magistrate before is the state of the

They that are nice and squeamish in their Last, Ts a fign the Vice is low, and wants a Gult;

But he that's perfect in the Extreme of Vice,

Scorns to excite his Appetite by Price, for Annual and

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Twas in his Reign we to Reform began, 18 18 18 18 18

And fet the Devil up to mend the Man, ask and T More might be faid, but Saryr fray thy Rimes, 10 14

And mix not his Misfortunes with his Crimes. C-n, superbly Wise and Grave of Life ...

Cou'd every one reform, except his Wife:

Pallive

Passive in Vice, he pimps to his own Fate. To shew himself a Loyal Magistrate. 'Tis doubtful who debauch'd the City more, The Maker of the Masque, or of the Whore. Nor his Religion less a Masquerade; He always drove a strange mysterious Trade: With decent Zeal, to Church he'll gravely come, To praise that God which he denies at home. Socinian T \_\_\_\_ d's his dear Ghostly Priest, And taught him all Religion to digett Took prudent Care he shou'd not much profes, And he was ne'er addicted to Excession And yet he Covers without Rule or End, and Will fell his Wife, his Mafter, or his Friend; To boundless Avarice a constant Slave, Unfatisfy'd as Death, and greedy as the Grave.

Now, Satyr, let us view the numerous Fry,
That must succeeding Magistrates supply,
And search if suture Years are like to be
Much better taught, or better rul'd than we.
The Senators of Hospital Descent,
The upper House of Ofic's Parliament,
Who from Destruction should their City save,
But are as wicked as they shou'd begrave:
With Citizens in Petto, who at need,
As these do those, so those must these succeed.

Has often try'd in vain to mount the Stage:
Profuse in Gifts and Bribes to God and Man,
To ride the City-Horse, and wear the Chain.
His Vices, Ostia, thou hast made thy own;
In chusing him, thou writ'st thy own Lampoon:
Fancy the haughty Wretch in Chair of State,
At once the City's Shame and Magistrate;
At Table set, at his right Hand a Whore,
Ugly as those which he had kept before.
He to do Justice, and reform our Lives,
And She receive the Homage of our Wives.

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Now, Satyr, give another Wretch his Due,
Who's chosen to reform the City too;
Hate him, ye Friends to Honesty and Sense,
Hate him in injur'd Beauty's Just Defence:
A Knighted Booby insolent and base,
"Whom Man no Manners gave, nor God no Grace.
The Scorn of Women, and the Shame of Men,
Matcht at Threeseore to innocent Fifteen;
Hag-rid with jealous Whimsies let us know,
He thinks he's Cuckold, 'cause be should be so:
His vertuous Wife exposes to the Town,
And sears her Crimes because he knows his own.

Here, Satyr, let them just Reproach abide,
Who sell their Daughters to oblige their Pride.
The Ch—er—n begins the dolesul Jest,
As a Memento Mori to the rest;
Who fond to raise his Generation by't,
And see his Daughter buckl'd to a Knight,
The Innocent unwarily betray'd,
And to the Rascal join'd the hapless Maid;
The Purchase is too much below the Cost,

What shall we say to common Vices now,
When Magistrates the worst of Crimes allow?
Ostia, if e'er thou wilt reform thy Gates,
'I must be another Set of Magistrates:
In Practice just, and in Profession sound;
But God knows where the Men are to be sound.
In all thy numerous Streets 'tis hard to tell,
Where the sew Men of Faith and Honour dwell:
Poor and despis'd, so seldom they appear,

No City in the spacious Universe,

Boasts of Religion more, or minds it less;

Of Reformation talks, and Government,

Backt with an Hundred Acts of Parliament:

Those useless Scare-Crows of neglected Laws,

That miss the Effect because they miss the Cause:

The Cynick's Lanthorn would be ufeful here.

Thy

Thy Magistrates, who should reform the Town, Punish the poor Mens Faults, but hide their own, Suppress the Players Booths in Smithfield-Fair, But leave the Cloysters, for their Wives are there, Where all the Scenes of Lewdness do appear.

Satyr, the Arts and Mysteries forbear. Too black for thee to write, or us to hear; No Man, but he that is as vile as they. Can all the Tricks and Cheats of Trade survey. Some in clandestine Companies combine. Erect new Stocks to trade beyond the Line: With Air and empty Names beguile the Town, And raise new Credits first, then cry 'em down : Divide the empty Nothing into Shares, To fet the Town together by the Ears. The Sham Projectors and the Brokers join, And both the Cully Merchant undermine; First he must be drawn in, and then betray'd, And they demolift the Machine they made: So conjuring Chymists, who with a Charm and Spell, Some wondrous Liquid wondrously exhale; But when the gaping Mob their Mony pay. The Charm's dissolv'd, the Vapour flies away: The wondring Bubbles stand amaz'd to fee Their Mony mountebank'd to Mercury.

Some fit out Ships, and double Fraights enfure, And burn the Ships to make the Voyage secure: Promiscuous Plunders thro the World commit, And with the Mony buy their safe Retreat.

Others feek out to Africk's Torrid Zone,
And fearch the burning Shores of Serralone;
There in insufferable Heats they fry,
And run vast Risques to see the Gold, and die:
The harmless Natives basely they trepan,
And barter Baubles for the Souls of Men:
The Wretches they to Christian Climes bring o'er,
To serve worse Heathens than they did before.

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The Cruelties they fuffer there are fuch, Amboyna's nothing, they've outdone the Dutch. Cortez, Pizarro, Guzman, Penaloe, Who drank the Blood and Gold of Mexico. Who thirteen Millions of Souls destroy'd. And left one Third of God's Creation void; By Birth for Nature's Butchery delign'd, Compar'd to thefe are merciful and kind : Death cou'd their cruellest Deligns fulfil, Blood quench'd their Thirft, and it fuffic'd to kill But these the tender Coup de Grace deny, And make Men beg in vain for leave to die; To more than Spanish Cruelty inclin'd, Torment the Body and debauch the Mind: The lingring Life of Slavery preferve. And vilely teach them both to fin and ferve. In vain they talk to them of Shades below. They fear no Hell, but where such Christians go; Of Jefu Christ they very often hear, Often as his blaspheming Servants swear; They hear and wonder what strange Gods they be, Can bear with Patience such Indignity. They look for Famines, Plagues, Disease, and Dear Blafts from above, and Earthquakes from beneath: But when they fee regardless Heaven looks on, They curse our Gods, or think that we have none. Thus Thousands to Religion are brought o'er. And made worse Devils than they were before. Satyr, the Men of Drugs and Simples spare. 'Tis hard to fearch the latent Vices there; Their Theologicks too they may defend, They can't deceive, who never do pretend. As to Religion, generally they show As much as their Profession will allow: But count them all Confederates of Hell, Till B they with one Confent expel. B-, our Sater startles at his Name, The College Scandel, and the City's Shame:

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Not fatisfy'd his Maker to deny, Provokes him with Lampoon and Blasphemy; And with unprecedented Insolence, Banters a God, and scoffs at Providence.

No Nation in the World, but ours, would bear To hear a Wretch blaspheme the Gods they fear: His Flesh long since their Altars had adorn'd, And with his Blood appeas'd the Powers he scorn'd. But see the Badg of our Reforming Town, Some cry Religion up, some cry it down: Some worship God, and some a God defy, With equal Boldness, equal Liberty. The filent Laws decline the just Debate, Made dumb by the more filent Magistrate; And both together small Distinction put (not: 'Twixt him that owns a God, and him that owns him The Modern Crime 'tis thought no being had, They knew no Atheist when our Laws were made. Tis bard the Laws more Freedom should allow With God above, than Magistrates below.

B—— unpunish'd, may Heaven and Earth defy,
Dethrone Almighty Power, Almighty Truth deny;
Burlesque the Sacred, High, Unuter'd Name,
And impious War with Jove himself proclaim.
While Justice unconcern'd looks calmly on,
And B—— boasts the Conquest he has won;
Insults the Christian Name, and laughs to see

Religion bully'd by Philosophy.

B——— with far less hazard may blaspheme,
Than thou may'st, Sayr, trace thy Noble Theme:
The Search of Vice more hazard represents
From Laws, from Councils, and from P———
Thou may'st be wicked, and less Danger know,
Than by informing others they are so:
Thou canst no P——r, no Counsellor expose,
Or dress a vicious M——r in his proper Clothes;
But all the Bombs and Canon of the Law,
Are soon drawn out to keep thy Pen in awe:

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y Laws post Facto thou may'st foon be slain, and Innuendo's shall thy Guilt explain.

Thou may'ft lampoon, and no Man will refent, ampoon but Heaven, and not the P———:
Our Trustys and our Welbelov'ds forbear;
Thou'rt free to banter Heaven, and all that's there;
The boldest Flights thou'rt welcome to bestow
O'th' Gods above, but not the Gods below.

B—— may banter Heaven, and A——! Death, And T—— d poison Souls with his infected Breath: No Civil Government resents the Wrong, But all are touch'd and angry at thy Song.

Thy Friends without the help of Prophesy, Read Goals and Gibbets in thy Destiny; But Courage springs from Truth, let it appear, Nothing but Guilt can be the Cause of Fear. Satyr go on, thy keenest Shafts let sly, Truth can be no Offence to Honesty:
The Guilty only are concern'd, and they Lampoon themselves, when e'er they censure thee.

## PART II.

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THE City's view'd, now Satyr turn thine Eye,
The Country's Vices, and the Court's furvey:
And from Impartial Scrutiny fet down,
How much they're both more vicious than the Town.
How does our Ten Years War with Vice advance?
About as much as it bath done with France.

Ride with the Judg, and view the wrangling Bar, And see how leud our Justice-Merchants are: How Clito comes from instigating Whore, Pleads for the Man be cucked'd just before;

See how he cants, and acts the Ghostly Father, And brings the Gospel and the Law together: To make his pious Frauds be well receiv'd, He quotes that Scripture which he ne'er believ'd. Fluent in Language, indigent in Sense, Supplies his Want of Law with Impudence. See how he rides the Circuit with the Judg. To Law and Leudness a devoted Drudg. A Brace of Female Clients meet him there, To help debauch the Sizes and the Fair : By Day he plies the Bar with all his might, And Revels in St. Ed -- 's Streets at Night: The Scandal of the Law, his own Lampoon, Is Lawyer, Marchant, Bully, and Buffoon; In drunken Quarrels eager to engage, Till Brother Justice lodg'd him in the Cage: A thing the Learned thought could never be, Had not the Justice been as drunk as he. He pleads of late at Hymen's Nuptial Bar, And bright Aurelia is Defendant there. He courts the Nymph to wed, and make a Wife, And Iwears by G --- he will reform his Life. The folemn Part he might ha' well forbore s For the alas! has been, has been a Whore: The pious Dame the fober Saint puts on, And Clito's in the way to be undone.

Casco's debauch'd, 'tis his Paternal Vice;
For Wickedness descends to Families:
The tainted Blood the Seeds of Vice convey,
And plants new Crimes before the old decay.
Thro all Degrees of Vice the Father run,
But sees himself out-sin'd by either Son;
Whoring and Incest he has understood,
And they subjoin Adultery and Blood.

This does the Orphan's Cause devoutly plead, Secures her Mony and her Maidenhead: And then persuades her to defend the Crime, Evade the Guilt, and banter off the Shame.

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Taught by the fubtile Counsellour, the thows all and it More nice Distinctions than Ignatius knows: In Matrimony finds a learned flaw, how and the same A Wife in Honour, and a Wife in Law. " Choice is the Substance of the Contract made. " And mutual Love the only Knot that's ty'd: " To thefe the Laws of Nations must submit " And where they fail; the Contract's incomplete, 10 0.8 " So that if Love and Choice were not before and tol 1 " The last may be the Wife, the first the Whore. Thus the fecurely fins with eager Gult, And and And fatisfies her Conscience and her Lust: Nor does her Zeal and Piety omit, and a norsh on t But to the Whore the joins the Jesuit; With constant Zeal frequents the House of Prayer, To heal her prostituted Conscience there; Without remorfe, adjourns with full Contents and all from his lascivious Arms to th' Sacrament. It am and a firm The Brother less afraid of Sinthan Shame, diagina Doubles his Guilt, to fave his tottering Fame and Vind Twas too much risque for any Man to run, emolo 11 11A To fave that Credit which before was gone! The Innocent lies unreveng'd in Death, The land of the land He stop'd the growing Scandal in her Breath thinks bo A Till Time thall lay the horrid Murder bare i denoth all No Bribes can crush the Writs of Error there. and to but Nor is the Bench less tainted than the Bar 3 avis 11 How hard's that Plague to cure that's spread fo fan! Twill all prescrib'd Authorities reject. While they're most guilty who should first correct. b. A Contagious Vice infects the Judgment-Seats, and Versue from Authority retreats and about the Anna How should she such Society rendure? where she's contemn'd she cannot be secure. Milo's a Justice, they that made him to hould answer for th' oppressive Wrongs he'll do; lis Lands almost to Offin's Walls extend;

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If Magistrates, as in the Text'tis clear, Ought to be fuch as Avarice abhor, This may be known of the Almighty's Mind, That Milo's not the Man the Text defign'd.

Satyr, be bold, and fear not to expose The vilest Magistrate the Nation knows: Let Furim read his naked Character, Blush not to write what he should blush to hear : But let them bluft, who in a Christian State Made fuch a Devil be a Magistrate.

In Britain's Eastern Provinces he reigns, And ferves the Devil with excellive Pains : The Nation's Shame, and honest Mens Surprize, With Drunkard in his Face, and Madman in his Eyes. The Sacred Bench of Justice he profanes, With a polluted Tongue and bloody Hands : His Intellects are always in a Storm, He frights the People whom he should reform. Antipathys may fome Difeafes cure, But Vertue can no Contraries endure. All Reformation stops when Vice commands, Corrupted Heads can ne'er have upright Hands. Shameless its Class of Justices he'll swear, And plants the Vices he should punish there. His Mouth's a Sink of Oaths and Blasphemies, And Curfings are his kind Civilities; His fervent Prayers to Heaven he hourly fends, But 'ris to damn himfelf and all his Friends; He raves in Vice, and storms that he's confin'd, And studies to be worse than all Mankind. Extremes of Wickedness are his Delight, And's pleas'd to hear that he's diftinguish'd by't Exotick ways of Sinning he improves, We curse and hate, he curses where he loves; So strangely retrograde to all Mankind, If croft he damns himfelf, if pleas'd his Friend. This is the Man that helps to bless the Narion,

And bully Mankind into Reformation;

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The true Coercive Power of the Law,
Which drives the People which it cannot draw:
The Nation's Scandal, England's true Lampoon,
A Drunken, Whoring, Justicing Bussion.

With what stupendious Impudence can he Punish a poor Man's Immorality? How should a Vicious Magistrate assent To mend our Manners or our Government? How shall new Laws for Reformation pass, If Vice the Legislation should posses? To see Old S-y Blasphemy decry, And S -- e vote to punish Bribery; Lying exploded by a Perjur'd Knight. And Whoring punish'd by a Sodomite: That he the Peoples Freedom should defend. Who had the King and People too trepan'd. Soldiers feek Peace, Drunkards prohibit Wine. And Fors and Beaux our Politicks refine: These are Absurdities too gross to hide, Which wife Men wonder at, and Fools deride.

Then shall the wish'd for Reformation rise, And Vice to Vertue fall a Sacrifice.

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Let no Man think his new Behaviour strange, No Metamorphosis can Nature change; Effects are chain deo Causes, generally The Rascal born will like a Rascal die.

To-d, if fuch a Wretch is worth our Scorn, Shall Vice's blackest Catalogue adorn; His hated Character, let this supply, Too vile even for our University.

Now, Satyr, to one Character be just, M-n's the only Pattern and the first: A Title which has more of Honour in't, Than all his antient Glories of Descent. Most Men their Neighbours Vices will disown, But he's the Man that first reforms his own. Let those alone reproach his want of Sense, Who with his Crimes have had his Penitence. 'Tis want of Sense makes Men when they do wrong, Adjourn their Promis'd Penitence too long: Nor let them call him Coward, because he fears To pull both God and Man about his Ears. Amongst the worst of Cowards let him be nam'd, Who having fin'd's afraid to be asham'd: And to mistaken Courage he's betray'd, Who having fin'd's asham'd to be afraid. Thy Valour, M-, does our Praise prevent, For thou hast had the Courage to repent : Nor

Nor shall his first Mistakes our Centure find, What Heaven forgets let no Man call to mind. Satyr, make fearch thro all this fober Age. To bring one feafon'd Drunkard on the Stage; Sir Srephen, nor Sir Thomas won't fuffice, Nor fix and Twenty Kentif Justices in a line Your E-x Priefthood hardly can supply, was and Tho they're enough to drink the Nation dry; The Parlon B dhas been steept in Wine, Daniel And funk the Royal Tankard on the Rhine. He's not the Man that's fir to raife a Breed, on and old Should P \_\_\_\_k, P \_\_ l, or R \_\_\_ n succeed ; Or match the Size of matchles Rochester, And make one long Debauch of Thirteen Year; It must be something can Mankind out do, uo ner rold Some high Excess that's wonderful and new. Nor will Mechanick Sots our Satyr fute, 'Tis Quality must grace the Attribute and an and and These like the lofty Cedars to the Shrub, and man Drink Maudlin-College down, and Royfton-Club. Such petty Drinking's a Mechanick Evil, or may zit But he's a Drunkard that out-drinks the Devil: If fuch cannot in Court or Church appear, bas and Let's view the Camp, you'll quickly find 'em there. Brave T - n, who revell'd Day and Night, And always kept himfelf too drunk to fight; And O - d in a Sea of Sulphur strove To let the Spaniards fee the Vice we love. Yet these are puny Sinners, if you'll look

Yet these are puny Sinners, if you'll look
The dreadful Roll in Fate's Authentick Book.
The Monument of Bacchae still remains,
Where English Bones lie heap'd in Irish Plains:
Triumphant Death upon our Army trod,
And revell'd at Dindalk in English Blood.

Let no Man wonder at the dreadful Blow, for Heaven has feldom been infulted for Invain Brave Schomberg mourn'd the Troops that fell, While he made Vows to Heaven and they to Hell.

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Our Satur trembles to review those Times, And hardly finds out Words to name their Crimes; In every Tent the horrid Juncto's fate, To brave their Maker and despise their Fate; The Work was done, Drunkennels was gone before Life was suspended, Death could do no more. Five Regimented Heroes there appear. Captains of Thousands, mighty Men of War, Glutted with Wine, and drunk with Hellish Rage, For want of other Foes they Heaven engage. Sulphur and ill-extracted Fumes agree, To make each Drop push on their Destiny. Th' Infernal Draughts in Blafphemies rebound, And openly the Devil's Health went round: Nor can our Verse their latent Crime conceals How they shook hands so meet next day in Hell; Death pledg'd them. Fate the dreadful Compact read, Concurring Justice spoke, and four or five lay dead. When Men their Maker's Vengeance once defy,

'Ts acertain Sign that their Destruction's nigh.
'Tis vain to single out Examples here.
Drunkenness will soon be th' Nation's Character
The grand Contagion's spreading over all,
'Tis Epidemick now, and National.
Since then the Sages all Reproofs despise,
Let's quit the People and lampoon the Vice.
Drunkenness is so the Error of the Time,
The Youth begin to ask if 'tis a Crime:
Wonder to see the grave Patricians come,
From City Courts of Conscience reeling home;
And think 'tis hard they should no Licence make,

To give the Freedom which their Fathers take.

The Seat of Judgment's so debauch'd with Wine,

Justice seems nather to be drunk than blind:

Lets fall the Sword, and her unequal Scale

Makes Right go down, and Injury prevail.

A Vice, 'tisthought, the Devil at first design'd Not to allure, but to affront Mankind; A Pleasure Nature hardly can explain; Sures none of God Almighty's Brutes but Man.

An Act to naufeous, that had Heaven enjoyn'd The Practice, as a Duty on Mankind, They'd shun the Bliss which came to foul a way,

And forfeit Heaven, rather than once obey.

A double Crime, by which one Act w' undo
At once the Gentleman and Christian too:
For which no better Antidote is known,
Then t' have one Drunkard to another shown.

The Mother Conduit of expatiate Sin,
Where all the Seeds of Wickedness begin;
The Introduction to Eternal Strife,
And Prologue to the Tragedy of Life;
A foolish vice, does needless Crimes reveal,

And only tells the Truth it flould conceal.

Tis strange how Men of Sense should be subdu'd
By Vices so unnatural and rude;
Which gorge the Stomach to divert the Head,
And to make Mankind merry, make them mad:
Destroys the Vitals, and distracts the Brain,
And rudely moves the Tongue to talk in vain;
Dismisses Reason, stupises the Sense,
And wondring Nature's left in strange suspence.
The Soul's benumb'd, and ceases to inform,
And all the Sea of Nature's in a Storm;
The dead unactive Organ feels the Shock,
And willing Death attends the satal Stroke.

And is this all for which Mankind endure
Distempers past the Power of Art to cure?
For which our Youth old Age anticipate,
And with survious Drafts suppress their Vital Heat?
Tell us ye learned Doctors of the Vice.
Wherein the high mysterious Pleasure lies?
The great sublime Enjoyment's laid so deep,
Tis known in Dream, and understood in Sleep.
The Graduates of the Science sirst commence,
And gain Persection when they lose their Sense:

A2 4

Titles

Titles they give, which call their Vice to mind and But Sot's the commen Name for all the Kind: Nature's Fanaticks, who their Sense employ, The Principles of Nature to destroy. A Drunkard is a Creature God ne'er made, The Species Man, the Nature retrograde, wo be From all the Sons of Paradife they feem stood A To differ in the most acute Extreme 10 11 200 1A Those cover Knowledg, labour to be wife, and who Thefe Stupify the Sense and put out Reason's Eyes. T For Health and Youth those all their Arts employ, These strive their Youth and Vigour to destroy; Those damn themselves to heap an ill-got Store, The fe liquidate their Wealth, and cover to be poor, Satyr, examine now with heedful Care, allook What the rich Trophies of the Bottle are, vino bak The mighty Conquests which her Champions boast, The Prizes which they gain, and Price they coft. The Enfigns of her Order foon displace Nature's most early Beauties from the Face. Paleness at first succeeds, and languid Air, And bloated Yellows superfede the Fair; who had The flaming Eyes betray the nitrous Flood, Which quench the Spirits, and inflame the Blood, Disperse the Rosy Beauties of the Face, a line and T And fiery Blotches triumph in the places of the boa The tottering Head and trembling Hand appears, T And all the Marks of Age, without the Trans : 10 bal. Distorted Limbs gross and unweildy move, And hardly can purfue the Vice they love monthid A B acchanalian Scarlet dyes the Skin, was 1911 A fign what fulphurous Streams arise within. The Flesh embossid with Ulcers, and the Brain Oppress'd with Formes and Vapour, thews in vain 11? What once before the Fire it did contain. Strange Power of Wine, whose Vehicle the same

At once can both extinguish and inflame: be a self

and gain Perfection who whey lofe their San.

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Keen as the Lightning does the Sword confume, And leaves the untouch'd Scabbard in its room. Nature burnt up with fiery Vapour dies, And Wine a little while Mock-Life Supplies: Gouts and old Aches, Life's thort Hours divide. At once the Drunkard's Punishment and Pride: Who having all his youthful Powers Subdu'd. Enjoys old Aze and Pain before he should. Till Nature quite exhausted quits the Wretch. And leaves more Will than Power to debauch. With Hellish Pleasure past Excess he views, And fain would drink, but Nature must refuse : Thus drenched in artificial Flame he lies. Drunk in Defire, forgets himself and dies. In the next Regions he expects the fame; And Hell's no Change, for here he liv'd in Flame.

Satyr, to Church; wifit the House of Prayer,
And see the wretched Reformation there;
Unveil the Mask, and search the Sacred Sham;
For Rogues of all Religions are the Same Sham;
The several Tribes their numerous Titles view,
And sear no Censure where the Fact is true.
They all shall have thee for their constant Friend,
Who more than common Sanctity pretend;
Provided they'll take care the World may see
Their Practices and their Pretence agree.
But count them with the worst of Hypocrites,
Whom Zeal divides, and Wickedness unites,
Who in Profession only are precise,
Dissent in Doctrine, and conform in Vice.

They who from the Establish'd Church divide,
Must do it out of Piety or Pride;
And their Sincerity is quickly try'd.
For always they that stand before the first,
Will be the best of Christians, or the worst.
But shun their secret Counsels, O my Soul!
Whose Interest can their Consciences controul;

Those

Those Ambo-Dexters in Religion, who
Can any thing dispute, yet anything can do:
Those Christian-Mountebanks, that in disguise
Can reconcile Impossibilities:
Alternately conform, and yet disent,

And fin with both Hands, but with one repent.

The Man of Confcience all Mankind will love,

The Knaves themselves his Honesty approve to

He only to Religion can pretend.

The rest do for the Name alone contend.

The Verity of true Religion's known

By no Description better than its own:

Of Truth and Wildom Itinforms the Mind,

And nobly Arives to civilize Mankind;

With potent Vice maintains Eternal Strife,

Corrects the Manners, and reforms the Life.

Tell us, ze Learned Magi of the Schools,
Who pose Mankind with Ecclesiastick Rules,
What strange amphibious Things are they, that can
Religion without Honesty maintain,
Who own a God, pretended Homage pay,
But neither his, nor Human Laws obey?
Bluin England, hide thy Hypocritick Face,
Who has no Homesty, can have no Grace.

In vain we argue from Absurdities,
Religion's bury'd just when Vertue dies:
Vertue's the Light by which Religion's known,
If this be wanting, Heaven will that disown.
We grant it merits no Divine Regard,
And Heaven is all from Bounty, not Reward:
But God must his own Nature contradict,
Reverse the World, its Government neglect,
Cease to be just, Eternal Law repeal,
Be weak in Power, and mutable in Will,
If Vice and Vertue equal Fate should know,
And that unbless'd, or this ampunish'd go.

In vain westrive Religion to disguise, and smother it with Ambiguities:

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Interest and Priest — may perhaps invent
Strange Mysteries, by way of Supplement:
School-men may deep perplexing Doubts disclose,
And subtile Notions on the World impose;
Till by their Ignorance they are betray'd,
And lost in Desarts which themselves ha' made.

Zealots may cant, and Dreamers may divine,
And formal Fops to Pageantry incline,
And all with specious Gravity pretend
Their spurious Metaphysicks to defend.

Religion's no divided Mustick Name,

For true Religion always is the same;

Naked and plain her Sacred Truths appear,

From pious Frauds and dark Ænigma's clear:

The meanest Sense may all the Parts discern,

What Nature teaches all Mankind may learn:

E'en what's reveal'd is no untrodden Path,

Tis known by Rule, and understood by Faith;

The Negatives and Positives agree,

Illustrated by Truth and Honesty.

And yet if all Religion was in vain,
Did no Rewards or Panishments contain,
Vertue's so suted to our Happiness,
That none but Fools could be in love with Vice.

Vice the Degeneracy of Human Kind:
Vice the Degeneracy of Human Kind:
Vertue is Wisdom Solid and Divine,
Vice is all Fool without, and Knave within:
Vertue is Honour circumscrib'd by Grace,
Vice is made up of everything that's base:
Vertue has secret Charms which all Men dove,
And those that do not choose her, yet approve:
Vice like ill Pictures which offend the Eye,
Make those that made them their own Works deny:
Vertue's the Health and Vigour of the Soul,
Vice is the foul Discase intects the whole:
Vertue's the Friend of Life, the Soul of Health,
The Poor Man's Comfort, and the Rich Man's Wealth:

Vice

Vice is a Thief, a Traytor in the Mind, Assassinates the Vitals of Mankind; ghool-men may The Poison of his high Prosperity, And only Mifery of Poverty. no another street bank

To States and Governments they both extend, Vertue's their Life and Being, Vice their End : Vertue establishes, and Vice destroys, And all the Ends of Government unties: Vertue's an English King and Parliament, Vice is a Czar-of-Musicow Government : Vertue fets Bounds to Kings, and limits Crowns; Vice knows no Law, and all Reftraint difowns !1 Vertue prescribes all Government by Rules; 38 bolles Vice makes Kings Tyrants, and their Subjects Fools Vertue feeks Peace, and Property maintains; Vice binds the captive World in hostile Chains: Vertue's a beauteous Building form'd on high, Vice is Confusion and Deformity.

In vain we strive these two to reconcile, 830 / 08 ? Vain and impossible, th' unequal Toil : I ed harmal And yet if all Antipathies in Nature may agree, Darkness and Light, Discord and Harmony; The distant Poles in spite of Space may kis, Water capitulate, and Fire make Peace ? and But Good and Evil never can agree, Eternal Discord's there, Eternal Contrariety.

In vain the Name of Vertue they put on, Who preach up Piery, and practile none. Satyr, resume the Search of fecret Vice, Conceal'd beneath Religion's fair Difguile.

Solid's a Parfon Orthodox and Grave, Learning and Language more than most Men have; A fluent Tongue, a well-digested Stile, His Angel Voice his Hearers Hours beguile; Charm'd them with Godliness, and while he spake, We lov'd the Doctrine for the Teacher's fake. Strictly to all Prescription he conforms, To Canons, Rubrick, Discipline, and Forms;

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reaches, disputes, with Diligence and Zeal, abours the Church's latent Wounds to heal. Twould be uncharitable to fuggeft, Where this is found we should not find the rest : Yet Solid's frail and falle, to fay no more, Dotes on a Bottle, and what's worse, a W-Two Bastard Sons he educates abroad, and breeds them to the Function of the Word. n this the zealous Church-man he puts on. And dedicates his Labour to the Gown.

P-, for so his Grace the Duke thought fit. Has in the Wild of Suffex made his Seat: His want of Manners we could here excuse, For in his Day 'twas out of Pulpit-use; Railing was then the Duty of the Day, Their Sabbath-Work was but to Scold and Pray. But when transplanted to a Country Town, Twas hop'd he'd lay his fiery Talent down : At least we thought he'd so much Caution use,

As not his Noble Patron to abuse. But 'tis in vain to cultivate Mankind, When Pride has once Pollession of his Mind. Not all his Grace's Favours could prevail
To calm that Tongue that was so us'd to rail.
Promiscuous Gall his Learned Mouth defil'd, And Hypocondriack Spleen his Preaching Spoil'd; His undistinguish'd Censure he bestows, Not by Defert, but as Ill-nature flows. The Learned fay the Caufes are from hence. An Ebb of Manners, and a Flux of Sense; Dilated Pride, the Frenzy of the Brain, Exhal'd the Spirits and disturb'd the Man; And so the kindest thing that can be faid, Is not to fay he's mutinous, but mad: W For less could ne'er his Antick Whims explain,

He thought his Belly pregnant as his Brain; Fancy'd himself with Child, and durst believe, That he by Inspiration could conceive;

And if the Hetrogeneous Birth goes on, He hopes to bring his Mother Church a Son: The some Folks think the Doctor ought to doubt, Not how t got in, but how it will get out.

Hark, Satyr, now bring Boanerges down, A Fighting Priest, a Bully of the Gown: In double Office he can serve the Lord, To fight his Battels and to preach his Word; And double Praise is to his Merit due, He thumps the Pulpit and the People too.

Then search my L—of L—Diocess,
And see what R—the Care of Souls posses;
Beseech his L—but to name the Priest,
Went sober from his Visitation Feast.
Tell him of sixteen Ecclesiastick Guides,
On whom no Spirit but that of Wine abides;
Who in contiguous Parishes remain,
And preach the Gospel once a Weekin vain:
But in their Practices unpreach it all,
And sacrifice to Bacchus and to Baal.

Tell him a Vicious Priesthood must imply A careless or defective Prelacy. But still be circumspect and spare the Gown, The Mitre's full as Sacred as the Crown The Churches Sea is always in a Storm. Leave them at Latter Lammas to reform. If in their Gulph of Vice thou should'st appear, Thou'lt certainly be lost and shipwrack'd there: Nor meddle with their Convocation Feuds, The Church's F --- , the Clergy's Interludes ; Their Church-Distinctions too let us lay by, As who are low Church R--- and who are high. Enquire not who their Passive Doctrine broke, Who fwore at random, or who ly'd by Book: But fince their Frailties come so very fast, 'Tis plain they should not be believ'd in hast.

Satyr, for Reasons we ha' told before, With gentle Strokes the Men of Posts pass o'er; for which for the

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or within Gan-fhot of St. Srephen's cottie, hels thou're well prepar'd for Martyrdom; outhat there's any want of Subject there. uthe more Crimes we have the lefs we'll hear. nd what haft thou to do with S---- ? a them fin on and tempt the Faral Hour. Is vain to preach up dull Morality, Where too much Crime and too much Power agree; he hardn'd Guilt undocible appears. they'll exercise their Hands, but not their Ears. at their own Crimes be Punishment enough, and let them want the Favour of Reproof. Let the Court Ladies be as lewd as fair, at Wealth and Wickedness be M Care; at D- drench his Wit with his Estate, nd 0 --- fin in spite of Age and Fate; In the wrong fide of Eighty let him whore, kalways was, and will be lewd and poor. et D---- be proud, and O---- gay, lavish of vast Estates, and scorn to pay : The antient D - has fin'd to's Heave's content. and, but he fcorns to ftoop, would now repent; Would Heaven abate but that one darling Sin, he'd be a Christian and a P- again. at poor Corrina mourn her Maidenhead, and her lost D - gone out to fight for Bread. Be he embark'd for P or 8 the prays he never may return again, for fear the always thould refift in vain. Satyr, forbear the blufbing Sex t'expose, for all their Vice from Imitation flows; And twoold be but a very dall Pretence. Tomis the Cause, and blame the Consequence: but let us make Mankind aftam'd to fin, Good Nature's make the Women all come in. This one Request thall thy Rebekes express, Only to dalk a little little left.

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Now view the Beaus at Will's, the Men of Wit; By Nature nice, and for Differning fit: 27'uch The finish'd Fops, the Men of Wig and Snuff, Knights of the Famous Oyfter-Barrel Muff. Here meets the Dyer of Imperial Wit, And of their weighty Matters wifely treat; Send Deputies to Tunbridge and the Bath, (Path. To guide young Country Beau's in Wit's unerring Prig fon from Nurse and Hanging-sleeves got free,

A little fmatch of Modern Blasphemy A powder'd Wig, a Sword, a Page, a Chair, Learns to take Snuff, drinks Chocolate, and swear. Nature feems thus far to ha' led him on, And no Man thinks he was a Fop too foon; But 'twas the Devil furely drew him in, Against the Light of Nature thus to sin: That he who was a Coxcomb fo compleat, Should now put in his wretched Claim for Wit-Such fober Steps Men to their Ruin take, A Fop, a Beau, a Wit, and then a Rake.

Fate has the Scoundrel Party halv'd in two, The Wits are shabby, and the Fops are Beau; The Reason's plain, the Money went before, And fo the Wits are Rakish 'cause they're poor. Indulgent Heaven for Decency thought fit That some shou'd have the Money, and some the Wit. Fools are a Rent-Charge left on Providence, And have Equivalents instead of Sence and and ave To whom he's bound a larger Lot to carve, Or else they'd feem to ha' been born to starve, Such with their double Dole shou'd be content, And not pretend to Gifts that Heaven ne'er lent? For 'twou'd reflect upon the Power Supream, If all his Mercies ran in one contracted Stream The Men of Wit would by their Wealth be known, Some wou'd have all the Good, and some ha' none The useless Fools wou'd in the World remain, As Instances that Heaven cou'd work in vain.

Dul

Dull Flettumaty has his Heart's Delight, Gets up i'th' Morning to lie down at Night; His Talk's a Mass of weighty Emptines, None more of Bufiness prates, or knows it less; A painted Lump of Idleness and Sloth. And in the Arms of Bacchus spends his Youth : The waiting Minutes tend on him in vain, Mispent the past, unvalued those remain. Time lies as useless, unregarded by, Needless to him that's only born to die; And yet this undifferning thing has Pride, And hugs the Fop that wifer Men deride.

Pride's a most useful Vertue in a Fool, The humble Coxcomb's always made a Tool; Conceit's a Blockhead's only Happines, He'd hang himself if he cou'd use his Eyes. If Fools cou'd their own Ignorance discern,

They'd be no longer Fools.

from whence some wise Philosophers ha' faid, fools may fometimes be fullen, but can't be mad. Tis too much thinking which distracts the Brain, Crouds it with Vapours which dissolve in vain; The fluttering Wind of undigested Thought . Keeps Mock Idea's in, and true ones out : These guide the undirected Wretch along, With giddy Head and inconfiftent Tongue, But Flotiumacy's fafe, he's none of them, Bedlam can never lay her Claim to him; Nature fecur'd his unincumbred Scull, For Fletsumacy never thinks at all: Supinely sleeps in Diadora's Arms, Doz'd with the Magick of her Craft and Charms i The fubril Dame brought up in Vice's School, Can love the Cully, tho she hates the Fool: Wisely her just Contempt of him conceals, And hides the Follies he himself reveals, Tis plain the Self-denying Jilt's i' th' Right, the wants his Money, and he wants her Wit.

Sat yra

Satyr, the Men of Rhyme and Jingle shun, Hast thou not Rhim'd thy self till thou're undone? On Rakish Poets let us not restect,

They only are what all Mankind expect.

Yet 'tis not Poets have debauch'd the Times,
'Tis we that have so damn'd their sober Rhimes:
The Tribe's good-natur'd, and defire to please,
And when you snarl at those, present you these.
The World has lost its ancient Tast of Wit,
And Vice comes in to raise the Appetite;
For Wit has lately got the start of Sence,
And serves it self as well with Impudence.

Let him whose Fate it is to write for Bread,
Keep this one Maxim always in his Head:
If in this Age he wou'd expect to please,
He must not cure, but nourish their Disease.
Dull Moral things will never pass for Wit,
Some Years ago they might, but now 'ts too late.
Vertue's the faint Green sickness of the Times,
'Tis luscious Vice gives Spirit to all our Rhymes.
In vain the sober thing inspir'd with Wit,
Writes Hymns and Histories from Sacred Writ;
But let him Blasphemy and Rawdy write,
The Pions and the Modest both will buy't.
The blushing Virgin's pleas'd, and loves to look,
And plants the Poem next her Prayer-Book.

Had Vice no Power the Fancy to bewitch,
Dryden had hang'd himself as well as Creech:
Durfey had starv'd, and half the Poets sted,
In foreign Parts, to pawn their Wit for Bread.
'Tis Wine or Lewdness all our Theams supplies,
Gives Poets Power to write, and Power to please:

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Let this describe the Nation's Character,
One Man reads Milton, forty Rockester.
This lost his Taste, they say, when h'lost his Sight;
Milton had Thought, but Rockester had Wit.
The Case is plain, the Temper of the Time,
One wrote the Lewd, and t'other the Sublime.

And shou'd Apollo now descend to write
In Vertue's Praise, 'twou'd never pass for Wit.
The Bookseller perhaps wou'd say, 'Twas well:
But 'Twou'd not bit the Times, 'Twou'd never Sell;
Unless a Spice of Lewdness cou'd appear,
The sprightly part wou'd still be wanting there.
The Fashionable World wou'd never read,
Nor the Unsashionable Poet get his Bread.
'Tis Love and Honour must enrich our Verse,
The Modern Terms, our Whoring to rehearse.
The sprightly part attends the God of Wine,
The Drunken Stile must blaze in every Line.
These are the Modern Qualities must do,
To make the Poem and the Poet too.

Dear Satyr, if thou wilt reform the Town, Thou'lt certainly be beggar'd and undone: 'Tis at thy Peril; if thou wilt proceed To cry down Vice, Mankind will never read.

## CONCLUSION.

W Hat strange Mechanick Thoughts of God and Must this unsteady Nation entertain, (Man To think Almighty Science can be blind, Wisdom it self be banter'd by Mankind; Eternal Providence be mock'd with Lies, With Out-sides and Improbabilities,

Bb 2 With

With Laws, those Rodomonta's of the State, Long Proclamations, and the Lord knows what; Societies ill Manners to Suppress, And new sham Wares with Immoralities: While they themselves to common Crimes betray'd, Can break the very Laws themselves ha' made. With Jehn's Zeal they furiously reform, And raise false Clouds which end without a Storm; But with a loofe to Vice, fecurely fee The Subject punish'd, and themselves go free. For shame your Reformation. Clubs give o'er, And jest with Men, and jest with Heaven no more: But if you wou'd avenging Powers appeale, Avert the Indignation of the Skies; Impending Ruin avoid, and calm the Fates; Ye Hypocrites, reform your Magistrates.

Your Quest of Vice at Church and Court begin, There lie the Seeds of high expatiate Sin; 'Tis they can check the Vices of the Town, When e'er they please but to suppress their own: Our Modes of Vice from their Examples came, And their Examples only must reclaim. In vain you strive ill Manners to suppress, By the Superlatives of Wickedness: Ask but how well the Drunken Plow-man looks, Set by the swearing Justice in the Stocks; And poor Street-Whores in Bridewel feel their Fate, While Harlot M——n rides in Coach of State. The Mercenary Scouts in every Street, Bring all that have no Money to your Feet; And if you lash a Strumpet of the Town, She only imarts for want of Half a Crown: Your Annual Lifts of Criminals appear, But no Sir Harry or Sir Charles is there. Your Proclamations Rank and File appear, To bug-bear Vice, and put Mankind in fear: These are the Squibs and Crackers of the Law,

Which his and make a Bounce, and then withdraw.

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Law like the Thunder of Immortal Fove, Rings Peals of Terror from the Powers above: But when the pointed Lightnings disappear, The Cloud dissolves, and all's serene and clear. Law only aids Men to conceal their Crimes, But 'tis Example must reform the Times: Force and Authorities are all in vain, Unless you can perswade, you'll ne'er constrain; And all perswassive Power expires of Course, 'Till back'd with good Examples to enforce. The Magistrates must Blasphemy forbear, Be faultless first themselves, and then severe; Impartial Justice equally dispense, And fear no Man, nor fear no Man's Offence; Then may our Justices, and not before, When they reprove the rich, correct the poor.

The Men of Honour must from Vice dislent, Before the Rakes and Bullies will repent; Vertue must be the Fashion of the Town, Before the Beaus and Ladies put it on ; Wit must no more be Bawdy and Profane, Or Wit to Vertue's reconcil'd in vain. The Clergy must be sober, grave and wife, Or else in vain they cant of Paradise: Our Reformation never can prevail, While Precepts govern and Examples fail. Were but the Ladies vertuous as they're fair, The Beaus would blush as often as they swear; Vice wou'd grow antiquated in the Town, Wou'd all our Men of Mode but cry it down: For Sin's a Slave to Custom, and will'd to die, Whenever Habits suffer a Decay; And therefore all our Reformation here, Must work upon our Shame and not our Fear. If once the Mode of Vertue wou'd begin, The Poor will quickly be asham'd to sin. Fashion is such a strange bewitching Charm, For fear of being laugh'd at they'll reform;

And yet Posterity will blush to hear,
Royal Examples ha' been useless here;
The only Just Exception to our Rule,
Vertue's not learnt in this Imperial School.
In vain Maria's Character we read,
So sew will in her Path of Vertue tread.

In vain her Royal Sister recommends Vertue to be the Test of all her Friends, Back'd with her own Example and Commands.

Our Church establish'd, and our Trade restor'd, Our Friends protected, and our Peace secur'd: France humbl'd, and our Fleets insulting Spain, These are the Triumphs of a Female Reign; At Home her milder Insluence she imparts, Queen of our Vows, and Monarch of our Hearts. If Change of Sexes thus will change our Scenes, Grant Heaven we always may be rul'd by Queens.

The Play-House: A Satyr. By T. G. Gent.

To pick up Cullies, to increase the Stock;

A Losty Fabrick does the Sight Invade,
And stretches round the Place a pompous Shade;
Where sudden Shouts the Neighbourhood surprize,
And Thund'ring Claps, and dreadful Hissings rise.
Here Thristy R—hires Monarchs by the Day,
And keeps his Mercenary Kings in Pay;
With deep-mouth'd Actors fills the Vacant Scenes,
And drains the Town for Goddesses and Queens:
Here the lewd Punk, with Crowns and Scepters grac'd,

Teaches her Eyes a more Majestick Cast;

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And hungry Monarchs with a numerous Train Of Suppliant Slaves, like Sancho, Starve and Reign.

But enter in, my Muse, the Stage survey,
And all its Pomp and Pageantry display;
Trap-Doors and Pit-falls, from th' unfaithful Ground,
And Magic Walls, encompass it around:
On either side maim'd Temples sill our Eyes,
And intermixt with Brothel-Houses rise;
Disjointed Palaces in order stand,
And Groves obedient to the mover's Hand,
O'ershade the Stage, and sourish at Command.
Astamp makes broken Towns and Trees entire:
So when Amphion struck the Vocal Lire,

He faw the Spacious Circuit all around, (crown'd. With crowding Woods, and Neighb'ring Cities

But next the Tyring-Room survey and see, False Titles, and promiscuous Quality, Confus dly swarm from Heroes, and from Queens, To those that swing in Clouds and fill Machines. Their various Characters they chose with Art, The Frowning Bully sits the Tyrant's part: Swoln Cheeks, and Swaggering Belly makes a Host, Pale meager Looks, and hollow Voice, a Ghost; From careful Brows, and heavy down cast Eyes, Dull Cits, and thick-scull'd Aldermen arise: The Comick Tone, inspir'd by F-r, draws At every Word loud Laughter and Applause: The Mincing Dame continues as before, Her Character's unchang'd, and acts a Whore.

Above the rest, the Prince with mighty Stalks, Magnificent in Purple Buskins walks:
The Royal Robe his Haughty Shoulders grace, Profuse of Spangles and of Copper-Lace.
Officious Rascals to his mighty Thigh,
Guiltless of Blood, the unpointed Weapon tye;
Then the Gay Clittering Diadem put on,
Pondrous with Brass, and Stard with Bristol stone.

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His Royal Confort next consults her Glass,
And out of twenty Boxes culls a Face.
The Whit'ning first her Ghastly Looks besmears,
All Pale and Wanth' unfinish'd Form appears;
Till on her Cheeks the Blushing Purple glows,
And a false Virgin Modesty bestows;
Her ruddy Lips the Deep Vermilion dyes;
Length to her Brows the Pencil's touch supplies,
And with black bending Arches shades her Eyes.
Well pleas'd at length the Picture she beholds,
And spots it o'er with Artificial Molds;
Her Countenance compleat, the Beaux she warms
With looks, not hers; and spight of Nature, charms.

Thus artfully their Persons they disguise,
Till the last Flourish bids the Curtain rise.
The Prince then enters on the Stage in State;
Behind, a Guard of Candle-Snuffers wait:
There swoln with Empire, terrible and sierce,
He shakes the Dome, and tears his Lungs with Verse:
His Subjects tremble, the Submissive Pit,
Wrapt up in Silence and Attention, sit;
Till freed at length, he lays aside the Weight
Of Publick Business, and Affairs of State;
Forgets his Pomp, dead to Ambitious Fires,
And to some peaceful Brandy Shop retires;
Where in full Gills his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quasts away the Care that waits on Crowns.

The Princess next her pointed Charms displays, Where every Look the Pencil's Art betrays. The Callow Squire at distance feeds his Eyes, And silently for Paint and Patches dies: But if the Youth behind the Scenes retreat, He fees the blended Colours melt with heat, And all the trickling Beauty run in Sweat. The borrow'd Visage he admires no more, And nauseates every Charm he lov'd before; So the same Spear, for double force renown'd, Apply'd the Remedy that gave the Wound.

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In tedious Lifts ?twere endless to engage. And draw at length the Rabble of the Stage, Where one for twenty Years has given Alarms, And call'd contending Monarchs to their Arms; Another fills a more important Post, And rifes every other Night a Ghoft. Thro the cleft Stage his meager Face he rears, Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears; Others with Swords and Shields, the Soldiers Pride, More than a thousand times have chang'd their Side; And in a thousand fatal Battels dy'd.

Thus feveral Persons, several Parts perform; Pale Lovers whine, and bluftring Heroes ftorm.

The stern exasperated Tyrants rage,

Till the kind Bowl of Poison clears the Stage. Then Honours vanish, and Distinctions cease; Then with Reluctance haughty Queens undress. Heroes no more their fading Laurels boaft, And mighty Kings in private Men are loft. He whom fuch Titles swell'd, such Power made proud. To whom whole Realms, and vanquish'd Nations

(bow'd. Throws off the gaudy Plume, the Purple Train, And is in Statu que himself again.

La Courte and Sanages lab enten fills

teans to be selling charles, we say But

Intedious Lifts awere endleds to engage, And draw at length the Rabble of the Stage,

The Dream, to Sir Charles Duncomb. of Stage his measur fact horears

contending Monarchs to them Arms a

semagnistib ban saindiments

N my hard Fate as late I pondring lay, Spent and bow'd down beneath the Toils of By weary Nature to repose constrain'd, (Day, I flept at last, and thus in Sleep complain'd. Ah Wretch! to this unhappy Clime confin'd, Loft to my Friends, and cut from Human kind; A Clime where gentle Zephyrs never blow, Where frozen Gods keep Court in Ice and Snow. The rigid Winters here come early on, With August brought, and scarce with April gone. In other places Nature looks but bare, Some marks of Spring continue all the Year; But every Winter Stript her naked herew The Miry Glebe imprisons Man and Beast, And there must come a Drowth to be releas'd. No Converse does the tedious Hours beguile, But Love and Friendship fly this barbarous Soil. None here for ought but Mammon will repair, And Life has no cellation from its Care. Even Honesty it self is banish'd hence, And Ignorance fets up for Innocence. The Natives are fuch Brutes, fo homely bred, They're of a piece with that on which they tread; Strangers to Virtue, to all Liberal Arts; Their Oxen and their Swine have all their Hearts, Creatures of equal Intellectual Parts. Among each other endless Fewds they sow, And Malice lays Manure to make'em grow. In Courts and Senates let them strive and jar, Wrangle in Cities, clamour at the Bar.

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But this is strange ev'n in this abject Life,
Where Matter fails, to find an equal Strife:
No mutual Trust between'em e'er presides;
And Knav'ry follows, when 'tis Interest guides.
Thus Slander, Strife, and Spight triumphant reign
Among these clumsy Blockheads of the Plain.

How vain are all the Tales the Antients told
Of a felf-teeming Glebe, and of an Age of Gold?
Of flowry Shades where Peace fupinely reigns?
Of faultless Nymphs, and of the faithful Swains?
Tis all Idea----but by Fancy wrought,
The idle Rovings of a wandring Thought.
E'en Cowley, who a Rural Life had long
Ador'd, and made it Deathless in his Song;

When to the Fields he for that Blessing came, Found all their boasted Innocence a Name; Aud Cherisea stands (to contradict his Rhimes)

Blam'd in his Profe to all succeeding times.

What Path can here derided Virtue take?
What Musick can the sighing Muses make?
Without Converse they lose their Force and Fire,
And Reason back does to its Spring retire.
The long remove from Mirth, from Wit and Arts,
Sets us beneath our very natural Parts.
If we're not rising, we go down the Hill,
For Knowledg knows no mean of standing still.
The brightn'd Armour glitters to the Sun,
But only using keeps the Polish on.

Thus doom'd to Dulnefs, here I bury'd lye; O low, obscure, inglorious Destiny!
My Youth has vainly, idly took its flight, Unknown to Profit, Learning, and Delight. Depriv'd of all that can improve or please, I live in Desarts, yet depriv'd of Ease: Whilst envious Fortune here my Head employs Inbarren Labour, and eternal Noise. Depriv'd of London, then too little priz'd, Before I knew the Blessing I despis'd.

For

For Towns, like Tallys, Man for Man does fit, And Wit does keenest whet it self on Wit. Oh Noble City! but too late I mourn My Fortune, banish'd never to return. I would not have it thought, my Wish intends Great Matters---No, free from ambitious Ends: Only a Human Fate my Hope invites, And Innocence, in which my Soul delights. None better cou'd than I contented live, With little, or from little, more would give. But here I live not, in this Brutal Den Banish'd from Town, from Manners, and from Men.

'Twas here methought a Glorious Form appear'd,
Yet Awful, as a Goddess long rever'd.
Her Monumental Tower the Skies out-brav'd,
And on her Front was fair Augusta grav'd.
And why, said she, dost thou thus sighing lye?
Why all despondence, yet relief so nigh?
He that does set so many Captives free,
He will, he must, he shall deliver Thee.

So bright a Form, Words of such pleasing sound, Oppress with Pleasure, and with Joy consound. The Glorious Shape perceiv'd my deep Amaze, I would have spoke, but I could only gaze.

Know'st thou not Me? what Country is there found, What Nation where my Name is not renown'd? Let Vulgar Names, said she, resign to Fate, I can already boast of more than Mortal Date: This Privilege the British Glory gives, I'm only then to dye, when nothing lives. Quite from the rising to the setting Sun, As vast a Round as his my Fame has run. Let it be either Trassick, Peace or War, What City sends her Naval Tow'rs so far? Who o'er the Ocean so triumphant rides? What Shores are water'd with such wealthy Tides? Beneath my Feet my Thames for ever slows, Aud for my Profit never takes repose.

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But thifting Tides to Sea, from Sea to Land, Do our own Stores, and all the World's command: While on her Billows to my Hand she brings The Noblest, Richest, and Remotest things. Tho round my Walls you scarce perceive a Vine, Yet half the Vintage of the Year is mine, And every Lombard Shop an Indian Mine. What other Town do's there so nobly stand For Soil, for Health, for Pleasure and Command? What City do's beside so Lordly rise? And fit fo near a Neighbour to the Skies? Who less fears War? and when a War do's cease, Who Richlier does adorn the Arts of Peace? What Sholes of People pour thro' every Street! In palling on, what Myriads must you meet! How gay, how richly clad, where'er you come! What gallant Youths, and Beauties in their Bloom! Not brighter shines by night the Milky Way, Than in my Streets the Charming Sex by Day. Who fooner can than I fuch Sums produce, For felf-Magnificence, or Publick Use? Who can her Hand, for Wealth, extend fo far, And with fuch ready Loans defray a War? Loans that to Lewis gave fuch loud Alarms, He lik'd the Sound, worse than the Clank of Arms. He faw in War the Nerves of War increase, He faw, advis'd, and straight consents to Peace. But herein most I pride; this Wealth, these Powers No Mercenary Troops defend, no Towers Rife up in my Defence, my Safety's found Within my felf; no Ditches here furround My Walls; my Thames flows freely in her Bed, To no forc'd Channels like a Captive led. Freedom in all, in every part appears, Choice gives the Sway in all fucceeding Years. Amongst our selves we raise the Good, the Wise, Virtue and Labour make the Chosen rise.

Kings of some Empires want our Wealth, our Power; A Duncomb lends a Million in an Hour.

Our Wealth the Spanish Indies does uphold,
And from our Iron Mines we fend them Gold.

Yet Kings receive but what the People give;
They make him Rich, and yet in plenty live.

They name the Sum, and we forestal the Day;
Others less quick to take, than We to pay.

Augusta this great Blessing gives, that she
Makes all her Sons not only Rich, but Free:

Thou know'st me now, believe what I impart, I've nam'd the Man shall raise thy drooping Heart. Stay then no longer thus lamenting here, But hope a milder Heav'n, and kinder Air, The rifing of thy better Stars are near. Once were thy Shades e'en with his Presence blest, When Thee, e'en Thee, he fingl'd from the rest; And kindly smiling on thy Rural Lays, Crown'd them at once both with Reward and Praise, 'Tis He I mean, who does our Captives free From more than an Egyptian Slavery: 'Tis He, that shall at last provide for Thee. 'Tis He that everlasting Honour gains By Nobly striking off my Debtors Chains. Husbands He to their Wives again does give ; He heard their Dying Cries, and bids 'em live. So Mighty Paul, and Silas, when they were Imprison'd, pray'd, and found the Angel there: The Shackles broke, the Doors all open flew; But Duncomb's Angel stoops not to so few.

And, like an Act of Grace, he manumits them all.

'Twas here she paus'd, smiling with such a Grace,
No Furrow seen, no Wrinkle in her Face.
The Awful Dread, which first my Senses strook,
Dissolv'd to Pleasure by her Charming Look.
Let Cheating Priests use little Arts to fright,
But why should Poets their false Fistions write?

At every Prison, at every Jayl does call,

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clad in a Stygian Vest, with featter'd Locks innoles all The raving Priestess Heav'nly Power invokes, MEG 25 W Black Fumes arife, and from the trembling Ground, sad Murmurs, breaking thro the Temple, found: And Flames from the unkindled Altars rife, As rais'd by Magick Songs, with horrid Cries. such the Contrivances by Priests of old, When Pious Stories to the Crowd they told. Thus Hell and Horror to the Gods they join. And make them Terrible, to be Divine. Poets no more let Verse and Truth dispute, Nor Human Crimes to Deities impute. Let Tyrants choose to govern Men by Fear, The Gods are gentle, but Mankind fevere. Not so Augusta : 15 1 For She, the Glorious Genius of our Isle, Softn'd her Godhead with a Human Smile.

Softn'd her Godhead with a Human Smile.
I found the Heav'nly Vision gave Consent;
So poor a Bard might give his Passion vent.

Encourag'd thus, I gently rais'd my Voice:
Say, Goddess, how our Sh'riff became the Choice
Of crowding Throngs, who echoing his Name,
Did him their Darling Magistrate proclaim.
Say, Goddess, how does he become your Theme,
That Name so lately injur'd in Extreme?
An Envious Race I know his Ruin sought,
Declare then how the mighty Change was wrought.
Th' Effect must spring from some Stupendous Cause,
Where Fair Augusta gives such vast Applause.

As Stormy Nights and dark Eclipses may
Set greater Value on succeeding Day:
So Malice raging without Rule or Form,
Exalted him, and rais'd him by the Storm.
Easie, and Rich, in Innocence secure,
He would not bend with little Arts, procure
Success to Projects hatch'd against the State,
Nor help th' Exchequer Cheat, but met his Fate,
Braving the Faction, and their utmost Hate.

Unseasonable Virtue out of time,
Was Duncomb's Fault, and that his only Crime.
He knowing well the narrow self-Design,
Shunning base Profit, did his Place resign.
But this the bold Projectors could not bear;
He must be guilty, that themselves may share,
With double Joy, the Vengeance and the Prize,
Two thirds their Avarice could scarce suffice.
Thro thick and thin the Furious Leaders drive,
Set raging out, and like a Storm arrive.
These ruin'd, sall, and others prostrate yield,
And wide Destruction covers all the Field.
Orphans lament, the desolate Widow weeps,
Thousands undone, and yet the Nation sleeps.

Here human Malice might it felf display, And many dark Defigns expose to Day. Here painted to the Life, the haughty Crew Might in true Colours be expos'd to view. But I forbear, nor shall their Rage inspire A Heav'nly Breast with like ill-natur'd Fire. Let this suffice, expect the happy Day, When all the Birds of Night and those of Prey Shall to the Deferts fly, to make the Virtuous way. It is enough I disappoint their Aim, Secure the Guiltless in their Wealth and Fame, And fix in Honour Duncomb's injur'd Name. Such is the Temper of an English Soul, It yields to Softness, but abhors Controul. The frighted World all arm'd in his Defence, Who either had good Nature or good Sense. Tir'd with their Spite, and all their Hopes o'erpast To ruin him, they left the Chase at last, But fullenly, just as the Bear withdraws, The Lamb redeem'd that fill'd his griping Paws. By the known Laws he did himself acquit, Rescu'd by Heav'n from Malice, and from Wit, From Bribes, and Power, from the devouring Jaw Of high Oppression, to take place as Law. The Vol The Agai Tou All

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The City sensible, what Men conspire
Against his Innocence, they soon took fire;
Touch'd with his Sufferings, knowing his Desert,
All with one Voice, unanimous in Heart,
My Sons advance him to the Shrieval Name, (Fame.
Where now he honours That, and gives the Nation

Our Royal Master by this time was come, As late with Laurel, crown'd with Olive, home, Never of all our Martial Kings, from Heav'n To Britain has there yet a Prince been given, Who fooner did in Camps arrive at Fame, Or past more Dangers to a deathless Name. Nor did the shining Chase of Glory cease, Till he had crown'd his Martial Toils with Peace. The Hero's Heat drives no cool Thought away, His People long for Peace, without delay He gloriously procures the wish'd for Day. Plenty and Safety, with their brooding Wings Extended wide, produce all useful things; In Peace the Plowman reaps, in Peace the Poet lings. To happy England had not Fate decreed, That from that Glorious Pair none should succeed, so much th' expecting World feem'd to require, From Mary's Virtue, and from Naffau's Fire. Nature, deficient to fo great a Task, Would nothing give, when we too much did ask. We were ungrateful for the present Store, Worthless of what we had, yet craving more. Those who from Tyranny redeem the Land, In Fame's large Temple shall for ever stand. Greater than they, whose Conquest Trophies rear, Such the Camilli, such the Decii were: Whose Names in Story are more facred far Than theirs, who happy in Invalive War, Brought Western Gold, and Eastern Spices home; These were admir'd, but those belov' d in Rome.

This Glorious King returning to our Isle, Receiv'd th' intended Martyr with a Smile;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd to bestow on injur'd Innocence Favours, which leave to Malice no pretence. Whom the King honours, and the People chuse, To fuch a one who can Applause refuse, Fit for the Praises of the chastest Muse? Let then his unjust Sufferings be repaid By Praises due, for fince my Walls were laid. Never a Subject more befriended Trade. Who in his Office ever rais'd so high AUGUST A's Name for Hospitality? What Table thro the Nation does afford So vast a Plenty as his Shrieval Board? Who for all forts fo fitly does prepare? The Great, the Poor are equally his Care; And Wit and Virtue still are welcome there. Mean while the sparkling Wines around him move, Th' Inspiring Nettar which the Muses love. Who e'er the City's Interest studied more, Or better Laws propos'd to feed the Poor? Nor does he, splitting on the common Shelf, Propose to others, what he shuns himself. To give by Driblets (which is chiefly done) Is but to keep the Needy starving on. He lays out his Relief at nobler Rates. His Dole's a Market, and his Gifts Estates.

I here had answer'd, but the Dame withdrew, And with her Sleep retir'd, and lest me too; But lest th' Impression deep upon my Mind Of Duncomb honour'd, and Augusta kind.

Forgive me, Sir, if thus opprest with Spleen, I treat you with this Visionary Scene:
Nor let the Muses lose me your Esteem, Since they petition only but in Dream:
In Dreams they live, and chiefly Dreams regard, But most they err, when dreaming of Reward.
But tho my Sleep dissents, I waking near Upon that Subject, shall offend your Ear.

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These Melancholy Vapours bred at sight
Of Winter, with the Spring will take their slight,
When op'ning Sweets, and universal Green,
Produce a Gay Inimitable Scene.
Tho now with Rains, and blighting Blasts we strive,
That Glorious Season will again revive.
The Tuneful Choir thro' every Field and Grove,
Will then renew their Musick, and their Love.
With them th' Exulting Muse her Voice shall raise;
And waking then, I'll sing my Patron's Praise.

The British Muse: Or Tyranny expos'd.

A Satyr, Occasion'd by all the Fulsom and Lying Poems and Elegies, that have been written on the Death of the Late King James.

Confin'd far distant from the Realms of Light:

No more thy Liberties he shall invade,

Subvert thy Laws, and undermine thy Trade.

Whilst impious Pens usurp illegal Fame, And Honours give to his detested Name, My British Muse in justest Notes shall sing A Bankrupt Monarch, and a Tyrant King.

Let Flaming London first appear in view,
And his good Actions and his Virtues shew,
Whose Houses he into a Bonsire turn'd,
And sacred Temples with like Zeal he burn'd:
Pleas'd with the Sight, as the great City fell,
He and his Priests carous'd and drank to Hell.
Thus Nero Rome by Fire in Ashes laid,

Laugh'd at the Flames, and as they burnt he play'd.

Proceed, my Muse, shew Martyrs round his Herse.

Who in loud Yells their Injuries express.

Murder'd, yet unreveng'd by British Hands, The dire Effect of his unjust Commands.

First strangi'd Godfrey slides from Scenes of Light A pale thin Ghost would even Fiends afright. Then College, first destroy'd by Popish Rage, The Lofs and Scandal of that Impious Age: His Ghost may well attend his Funeral, And on his Soul for heavy Vengeance call. His Name to Oxford a due Scandal bears, Thro a vast Series of succeeding Years. When Time shall truly the fad Story tell, How its lewd Priests combin'd with Rome and Hell, To murder him who for their Freedoms strove, And did for them a bloody Victim prove; Yet sporting with his Death, were glad to see A College added to their University : Hang'd, drawn and quarter'd by Tyrannick Sway, Which Passive Priests taught People to obey, Till they themselves, in Popish Blankets tost By their lov'd James, another College loft. Lord! how their Passive Cannons then did roar! And their Report reach'd to the Belgic Shoar: Then all grew Active, Passive were no more.

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Next murder'd Effex to his Herse does come, Sent by a bloody Razor to his Tomb. Then Noblest Ruffel does augment the Throng, And in a decent Terror flides along: Manly, yet meek; his even Temper was Crown'd both with moral Virtues, and with Grace: Yet by the A'x of Rome's curst Butcher fell A Sacrifice to bloody James and Hell. He shew'd his numerous Wounds, and groan'd the rest, And then withdrew to Regions of the Bleft. Next Glorious Sidney at his Herse appears, Murder'd by James in his declining Years; The Martyr's Fatedid crown his hoary Hairs. No better Man his Family did grace, Nor had more Virtues of a Nobler Race. No Man his Country's Freedom better knew, Or in its Cause a Sword more faithful drew. No Man with greater Courage ever fought, Or for our Freedoms with more Learning wrote, Learning and Parts are but a weak Defence, And Tyrants still wage War with Wit and Sense. Cornish the best good Man Augusta knew, With pleasant Terror does the Mourning view. And that the Scene a Female should not want, To grace the Rear comes up our murder'd Gaunt: All to their Graves by Popish Murder thrust. Was this, you lying Bards, your James the Just? As in the Waters we do Fishes find, Which do devour and prey upon their Kind; This Princely Shark on his own Species fed, When Cause requir'd, and Rome the Order made. Thus Coleman to his Jaws a Victim fell, Sent in a Jugler's Box to plot in Hell. Vain Wretch! who could fo fatally believe A Man enclin'd by Nature to deceive. With him what Wretches would the Scepter trust, And blasphemously call him James the Just?

Nay, his own Brother, Partner in his Blood, With poisonous Visage o'er his Cossin stood: For James (when many Murders he had done) Poison'd his Brother to ascend his Throne; Then from his People and his Country sied, The two good Acts this wicked Prince e'er did.

But now a Troop of grizly Ghosts appear, And grinning pale are all approaching near: Numerous they were, and all befmear'd with Blood, With difmal Horror round his Coffin stood; They slid along, and interchanging Ground, Roar'd out his Obsequies in hollow Sound. Who murder'd in the West at his Command, A noble Train of flaughter'd Patriots stand : Some beardless Youths slain by his Tyrant Rage, And some declining by decrepid Age. Such beauteous Youths might some Compassion move In bloody Tyrants, and might force their Love: Some Pity Age (for Age has also Charms) Might move in Tyrants, and secure from Harms. But James, of all the Tyrant Race accurst, Begot by Tygers, and by Vipers nurst, Nor Age nor Sex could his Compassion move, Nor yet the Judgments of Almighty Jove.

Oh had I now, by Heaven's impartial Laws,
A Power sufficient to revenge your Cause,
My dearest murder'd Friends! whole Troops should fall
By my just Hand to grace your Funeral;
Yet Heaven some weak Revenge does still afford,
Admits the Pen, when it denies the Sword.

Were but my Pen sharp-pointed as your Steel, When you on Sedgmore Parracides did kill, I'd raise a Monument to suture Times, And hang up Villains in exalted Rhymes.

When Publick Justice is grown deaf and blind, And Criminals no rightful Sentence find, Each honest Man should his Resentment show, And mark the Path where Justice ought to go.

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That Justice did not Jefferies destroy,
Does more our Wonder than our Sense imploy:
He who by Blood climb'd to the top of State,
And grew by Murders insolent and great:
To him blind Justice no due Halter gave,
But unreveng'd he found a common Grave.
Kirk did not by the Hand of Justice fall,
He liv'd a Villain, died a General.
Such the Catastrophe of our strange Times,
Preferment rises from enormous Crimes.

Can e'er our Land those bloody Scenes forget,
That Western Massacre not question'd yet?
In which the bravest English Blood was spilt,
Without a Sacrifice t' atone the Guilt:
Where better Men than future Times will see,
By Cowards murder'd, hung on every Tree.

Had I but then this Body laid aside,
And with my dear, my happy Partners dy'd,
I had with them my Share of Bliss possest,
And now been number'd with th' Immortal Blest;
Had upwards soar'd, and tow'ring left behind
My youthful Limbs expos'd to Heat and Wind;
Of Life's great Burden had been surely eas'd,
And not the Number of my Sins encreas'd;
Had ne'er been quell'd by Time's important Rage,
And known the Slights of an Ungrateful Age.
But Man contrives not his own Destiny,
And cannot, when he pleases, live or die.

Since Heav'n allows me Life against my Will,
Aud still I upwards climb the steepy Hill,
Good God! forbid my Sands in vain should pass,
And no good Actions grace my sinking Glass.
Tyrants I hated from my very Youth,
But always lov'd the Glorious Cause of Truth,
To English Laws I still Allegiance paid,
And never yet a Tyrant King obey'd,
But such who legally the Scepter sway'd.

3

Speak, Satyr! speak! and let thy Notes be heard By trembling Tyrants, of thy Lash afraid! Thy Task is Noble, and thy Theme's Divine; Let Satyr fpeak, and bite in every Line! And kill more furely than the Sword or Shot, 'Till the loath'd Name of TYRANT be forgot.

TYRANT! that thing accurft, ally'd to Hell. Where Tyrant Kings in flaming Sulphur dwell. The dreadful Tophet was ordain'd of old, Tyrannick Princes and their Slaves to hold. Tyrants and Slaves we both together join, And in one dark Aby is do both confine : For Slaves are Panders to a Tyrant's Luft, And ravish Liberty by Force unjust; Therefore o'er both the Heav'nly Powers prevail, To damn'em all in one Eternal Jail.

TYRANT! the very Name so heats my Blood, My Veins scarce stop the Torrent of its Flood: A Freeman's Rage can scarce my Sense command, My Pen does tremble underneath my Hand. Was every Atom of my Flesh a Man, As brave as ever to the Battel ran, I round the Orb would Tyrant Kings purfue, And even Godlike Brutus would out-do.

First into France I would my Army lead, And strike its proud and haughty Tyrant dead, The vilest Wretch did e'er a Scepter sway, Or e'er a wretched People did obey; By Blood and Poison manages Intrigues, And breaks, like Cobwebs, folemn Pacts and Leagues: Whose sacred Oaths are broken o'er and o'er, His Faith is found in every carted Whore. Him I'd depose, from his own Rack would send His guilty Soul to his Infernal Friend, His faithful Friend whose Counsel still he took, And ne'er with him the dark Alliance broke. I'd make his Slaves by my just Fury free, And treat them with the Sweets of Liberty: 5300

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I'd pull his Vassals from his Tyrant Paws, And reinstate 'em in their Rights and Laws. The little Bastard he of late proclaim'd As King of England, shou'd with him be damn'd; Tho England; fearless of the Gallick Hope, Defies the French, their Baftard, and the Pope: And if the Brat be James the Second's Son, Like his dear Dad he'll from the Battel run; His Nose will bleed engag'd in Wars Design, He'll scamper, like his Father from the Boyn. Suppose the Brat to be Legitimate, How can it mend or alter England's Fate? Mend it cannot, but may disturb our Fate; Lewis a devilish Cobler is of State. Nor can the English, who are bold and strong, Fear one who from a Race of Cowards sprung. Yet shou'd my Army the young Cub destroy, And with the grizly Tyrant kill the Boy: And Heaven does sometimes the same Measures take, Destroys the Horse for the lewd Rider's sake.

Next into Savoy I my Course would steer,
And play the Devil with the Traitor there.
That little Duke, yet mighty Tyrant, I
Would blow like Rockets mounting to the Sky;
I would revenge his Treason in the War,
And make him of a Tyrant's Fortune share:
The brave Vaudois their Country should enjoy,
And help their bloody Tyrant to destroy.

I hen to compleat my Brave and Just Design,
I would my Forces with Prince Engene join.
Monsieurs and Dons the self-same Fate should find,
As Clouds retiring from the potent Wind.
Spaniards enslav'd I would with Freedom bless,
Augment their Ease, and make their Thraldom less:
Their treacherous Nobles I'd severely drub,
Home to his Sire would send their Tyrant Cub.
To Austria's House I'd leave the Spanish Crown,
If they would grant the Natives what's their own;
But

But if they rob'd 'em of their Rights and Health, I'd turn old Spain into a Commonwealth.

And e'er I sheath'd my just revenging Steel,

Porto Carero should its Sharpness feel;

Crowding I'd send to Hell among the rest,

That damn'd Tyrannick Villain of a Priest.

Tyrant and Priest in the same Yoke do draw,

One damns the Gospel, t'other damns the Law.

Tis sit that he who built a Tyrant's Throne,

And has by Forgery a Land undone,

Who to his Country did such Ills create,

Should share of Tyrants the Impartial Fate.

Thus having in the South declar'd my Worth. I'd face about, and march my Army North: The Polish Tyrant should my Vengeance feel, And downwards fall beneath my fatal Steel. The rav'nous Lion Tyrant of the Wood Does claim Succession for his ferine Brood: But no Succession crown'd the Polish Bear ; For every Tyrant is elected there. Ye Polish Slaves, trapan'd into a Ghoice, How ill your Cause sutes with your Peoples Voice? Who could so madly for themselves elect A Tyrant, and their Liberties neglect. To get a Crown he did forfake his God, And justly proves to Fools a Scourge and Rod. Great Sweden's King, I'd then revenge thy Cause, And rescue Saxony from Poland's Claws.

This done, I'd march against the beastly Czar, A Shame to Princes, and a Fool in War: With numerous Hosts he other Landsinvades, But soon retires to Fastnesses and Shades; Vanquish'd by Sweden's Youth, he wildly slies, And not on Prowess, but on Flight relies. Thus Tyrants sight, and like a Tyrant he Should from my Hand receive his Destiny: More Wounds than Brutus Tyrant Cefar gave, From my revenging Steel this Beast should have,

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Lest the curst Hydra should cement again, And plague his People in a longer Reign.

My Labours finish'd, I would return home, And tell of Tyrants the impartial Doom. My Native Land's a Nation Free and Brave, That hates the odious Title of a Slave : As poisonous Toads are kill'd by Irish Air, So bloody Tyrants can't inhabit here, But thrive like Plants in hot Arabia's Sand. And foon a dry and wither'd Stalk they stand. Freeman and Slave are inconstant things. And one the other to Destruction brings. England's the Fortunate, the Happy Isle. With Freedom bleft, and with a fruitful Soil, Whose Laws and Freedoms just and righteous are. And every Man, the meanest, has his Share. Here shall my Muse to after Ages sing The Bravest People, and the Happiest King.

## On the Promoted Bishops. 1691.

FOR the Miracles done
This Year Ninety one
Let's go forth and proclaim a Thanksgiving;
Late Archbishop we sing
To the Tune of Late King,
While 3—and old S—fs are living.

Of this Protestant Land
The Fleet not half mann'd,
Is a Miracle scarce worth our Trouble:

We judg of the Weight
Of this Politick State,
Now the Church and the Throne carry double.

The Law now in force
Made a folemn Divorce
Between J—C— and his Church has;
'Twill a Miracle show,
As the blessed Times go,
If Religion proves worth a Year's Purchase,

The Gospel now thrives,
For our Lord hath two Wives,
And a Prelate his See of each Party:
That the Law doth respect
The new B—ps Elect
Or the new second Wife of Clancarty.

As to the Pastoral Staff,
We at T——n laugh,
And the Projects of dull Politicians;
Spite of all Satan's Power
Aaron's Rod shall devour
The Rod of those Heathen Magicians.

7

Our impotent Fleet
Our starv'd Army may greet,
And at each others Considence wonder;
With an Army unpaid,
And a Navy betray'd,
We fast to keep Great Lewis under.

# A Ballad on the Confederates; in Imitation of Ratcliff Ramble.

A Number of Pr — s, tho poor ones 'tis true,
In Confederacy join'd the French to undo,
But if they should fail, then wo to the Crew
of Banditti.

All fnotty and fnorting, like Horse that had Glanders, All tattered they form the Mob of Commanders, All poorer than Job were got into Flanders,

To conquer the *Erench* King is not their Design,
Tho that's their Pretence, but to drink up his Wine;
'Tis a Liquor, they say, will make them Divine,
to their Glory.

If a Peasant that's drunk is as great as a King,
Then what is a Prince, a very fine thing,
And a Number of Princes will make the World ring
with their Story.

In a Council of War these Tatterdemallions
Having drunk off their Wine not by Quarts but by
(Gallons;

Who tho not fit for Soldiers are very good Stallions, what d'ye think, Sir?

Considering their Number, to make all things sure, A desperate Disease wants a desperate Cure, We will instantly raise the Siege of Namure;

first let's drink, Sir.

They boast and they brag that we have a thing,

Some call him a P——, some call him a K——,

Nowever he's something, Hey Ding a Ding ding,

to the matter.

We'll

We'll beat them by Sea, and we'll beat them by Land; It is a Royal Descent, you must understand, To ruin the French, and unpeople the Land,

not to flatter.

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At the French as yet you've no reason to jeer us, For if you consider the Battel of Flerm, You have little mind any more to come near us:

fo Good-morrow.

Besides you well know too when Mons was a taking, Each Prince that looks big now did then fall a shaking, And sound its Relief was a mad Undertaking,

Nay further, your Courage did plainly appear, When politick Afop fell foul on the Rear, And cut off ten thousand; then Princes stand clear,

was the Word, Sir.

Your Cities are taken, your Armies are beat, Namure is our own, now found a Retreat, And brag of what Mischief you've done to our Fleet, not a T—, Sir.

#### CURSE, 1690.

Queen Ress a Maiden Life should reign Married she might have brought an Heir, Nor had we known a S—t here.
Curs'd be the Tribe who at Whitehall Slew one o' th' Name, and slew not all.
Curs'd be the Second, who took Gold From France, and Britain's Honour sold:
But curs'd of all be J—the last,
The worst of Kings, of Fools the best.

And

And doubly cursed be those Knaves, Who out of Loyalty would make us Slaves. Curs'd be the Clergy who desire The French to bring in James the Squire, And save your Church so as by Fire.

Curst be the Earl of T—ton, Who almost had three Lands undone; Who out of Fear, of Pride, or Gain, Betray'd our Land, and lost her Main.

Curs'd be the Ministers of State,
Who keep our Fleet till 'tis too late;
Who have six Weeks the Cause disputed,
When the whole in two might have recruited.

Answer to the Prophecy, As when the Knight, &c.

WHEN 5--- and his Army shall run from the

And England stand blest to the altering their Coin;
When Plots laid in Hell can never succeed,
But the Traytors found out and lopt like a Weed;
When thy Armies desert thee for want of their Pay,
And those that don't run thou forcest away;
When the Fleet plays Bopeep, and sculks up and down,
And dares not make head like a Fleet of Renown;

When old Age shall seize thee, and thy Senses decay, And thy Counsels of Priestcraft shall lead the wrong (way;

Then, Lewis, I tell thee thou'rt a curfed damn'd Tool, Thus to be expos'd for the sake of a Fool: (Land, When the Weight is too heavy in oppressing the That every Man is mark'd with want in his Hand.

#### On the Exchequer Bills.

PRAY Sir, did you hear of a late Proclamation,
To fend Paper for Payment quite thro the Nation?
Yes, Sir, I have, they're your M——e's Notes,
Tinctur'd and colour'd by our Parliament Votes:
But it is plain on the People to be but a Jest,
They go by the Carrier, and come by the Post.

#### A Ballad on the Poll-Act.

Poll and Land-Tax are now coming forth,
For our Deliverance they travel in Birth,
But 'tis to pay for a thing more than it's worth,
Which no body can deny.
To pay our just Taxes was once thought too much,
But now Extraordinary Charity is such,
We bankrupt our selves for maintaining the D—;
Which, &c.

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A Tax for the Land, and a Poll for the Head, In this both the Houses justly agreed, For our Estates and our Heads are all forfeited; VV hich, &c.

If we tax or poll on for a Year or two more,
The French I dare fay will ne'er touch on our Shore,
For fear of the Charge of maintaining the Poor;
VVhich, &c.

Seeing nothing is done, for a Quarterly Poll Is like taking physick which gives one no Stool, Make the Doctor a Knave, and the Patient a Fool; VVhich, &c.

Since it is for Religion we make such ado,
There's no way to prove our Pretensions true,
Like parting with our Gold and Consciences too;
VVhich no body can deny.

### A Panegyrick, 1695.

Hall happy w—, thou art strangely great, What is the Cause, thy Virtue or thy Fate? For thee the Child the Parents Hearts will sting, For thee the Favorite will desert his King; For thee the Patriot will subvert the Laws, For thee the Judg will still decide the Cause; For thee the Prelate will the Church betray, For thee the Soldier sights without his Pay; for thee the Freeman mortgages his Hold, For thee the Miser lavishes his Gold; For thee the Merchant loses all his Store, For thee the Tradesman is content and poor; For thee the Senate our best Laws suspend, And will make any new to serve thy End:

The chief Design of all their Loyal Votes,
Is to invent new Ways, new Means and Plots.
No Credit in the Land but thine will pass,
Nor ready Mony if it want thy Face.
Thy Loyal Slaves love thy Oppression more,
Than all their Wealth and Liberty before.
For thee and Tyranny they all declare,
And beg the Blessing of Eternal War.
And that this Wonder may more wondrous seem,
Thou never yet didst one kind thing for them.
Rebels like Witches having sign'd the Rolls,
Must serve their Masters, tho they damn their Souls.

On the Earl of Castlemain's Embassy to Rome in King James II. Reign. 1687.

Let Mighty Cesar not distain to view
These Emblems of his Power and Goodness too;
A short Eslay, but fraught with Cesar's Fame,
And shews how distant Courts esteem his Name.
Here may'st thou see thy wondrous Fortune trac'd;
With Sufferings first, and then with Empire grac'd:
Long toss'd with Storms on Faction's swelling Tide,
Thy Conduct and thy Constancy was try'd;
As Heaven design'd thy Vertue to proclaim,
And shew the Crown deserv'd before it came.
Troy's Hero thus, when Troy could stand no more,
Urg'd by the Fates to leave his native Shore,
With restless Toil, on Land and Seas was toss'd,
E'er he arriv'd the fair Lavinian Coast.

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Thus Maro did his mighty Hero feign. Augustus claim'd the Character in vain. Which Britain's Cafar only can fustain. Permit, dread Sir, my Muse, tho mean, to own A Truth to Albion and to Europe known : You are what Virgil feign'd his Prince to be, Your Valour fuch, and fuch your Piety. Now The fem Deeds we can receive for true, And Hercules was but a Type of you : He made the fierce Lernean Monster bleed, From Hydra Faction you have Albion freed. The paths of Glory trod, and Dangers paft, Just Heaven allows a peaceful Throne at last : At home to flew th' Indulgence of a God, And fend your peaceful Ministers abroad. While Palmer haftens to the Roman Court, (And fraught with VVorth that Honour to Support) His glorious Train and passing Pompto view, (A Pomp that ev'n to Rome it felf was new) Each Age, each Sex the Latian Turrets fill'd, Each Age and Sex in Tears of Joy distill'd: While Wonder them to Statues did convert; And those e'en seem'd, that were the works of Art, Emblems and Figures of fuch Life and Force, As wanting Speech, did to the Eye discourse, And shew, what was despair'd in Ages past, An universal Language found at last.

Hail Palmer, Hail Illustrious Minister!
To Casar, Britain, Fame, and Virtue dear;
Casar to represent, Great Casar's Voice
Nam'd Castlemain; the British Shores rejoice,
And Tyber's Banks applaud great Casar's Choice.
How therefore could the Muses silent be,
And none can want a Muse that writes of thee!
From thine, not Phebus Tree, my Song I'll raise,
And crown'd with Palm, I will contemn the Bays.

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# On the Lord Treby's Death.

Justitiæ Defensor eras, Defensor Honesti;
Desensor Patriæ, publicus Orbis amor.
Regcarus eras, Viduis & patribus Orbis;
Auxilium attuleras, repulerasque nesas.
Nulla tamen virtus, pietas, & premia Laudum,
Continuere tuas, Mors truculenta, Manus.
Tu Pallas inopumque Casus, & culmina Regum,
Omnis & imperio est subdita Terra tuo.
Sed Trebius post fata tamen, post sunera vivit;
Mortis & Imperium sub pede Fama premit.

On King William's Statue at Dublin in Memory of the Victory at the Boyne,
July 1st, 1690.

Monumentum Are perennius.

HOW Nobly did our grateful City join
To represent King William at the Boyne;
And yet their Statue (we must all confess)
Tho it speaks Dublin great, makes William less:
For where are Heaps of Slain, where Streams of Blood
Where does it shew how Guardian Angels stood,
Watching

Watching to turn aside the fatal Ball, And in one Royal Person sav'd us all? Where may we fee the dreadful Scombergh loft. And William routing all that trembling Hoft Which once did like the fam'd Armado boast? He could no less in just Revenge intend, Than fuch a General Fall for fuch a Friend. Where do we fee them all diforder'd fly, As if their Safety in their Heels did lie, And they would basely live, not bravely die? The Artist knew no Skill could fully shew That Conquest, all to his bold Conduct owe. No Hand can make his warlike Spirit known To long fucceeding Ages, but his own; And when all Brass consumes, all Marbles wast, Great Nassau's Glories, and the Boyne shall last.

On the Countess of Dor---- Mistress to King J ---- II. 1680. By the Earl of D----.

TELL me, Dermida, why so gay,
Why such Embroddery, Fringe, and Lace?
Can any Dresses find a way
To stop the Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the Box,
And ogle in the Ring?
Canst thou forget the Age and Pox?
Can all that shines on Shells and Rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

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3.

So have I feen in Larder dark
Of Veal a lucid Loin,
Repleat with many hellish Spark,
As wife Philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine.

A Pfalm sung the 3 oth of January, 1696.
At the C---s-H--d Club.

HERE was a K—of a S—b Race.

A Man of muckle Might,

He never was seen in a Battel great,

But greatly he would sh—.

This K—begat another K—,

Which made the Nation sad,

Was of the same Religion.

A Papist, with his Dad.

This Monarch wore a pecked Beard,
And fcorn'd a doughty Hero;
As Dioclesian infolent,
And merciful as Nero,
The Charges darling Implement,

But Scourge of all the People,
He swore he'd make each Mother's Son
Adore their Idols Steeple.

But they perceiving his Delign,
Grew plaguy fly and jealous,
And fairly cut his C — H—— off,
And fent him to his Fellows.

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Old R---y did fucceed his Dad, Such a King was never feen'; He'd f-with every common Drab, But feldom with his Queen.

Reftless and hot, about he roll'd The Town from Whore to Whore;

A Monarch merry he lived, But scandalous and poor.

His Dogs would fit at Council-Board Like Judges in their Furs;

We question much who had most Sense, The Master or the Curs.

At last he dy'd we know not how, But some fay by his Brother; His Soul to Royal Topher went

To fee his Dad and Mother:

Then furious f-usurp'd the Throne, To pull Religion down;

But by his Wifeland Priests undone, He quickly loft the Crown.

To France the wandring Bigot trudg'd In hopes Relief to find,

Which he is like to have from thence, E'en when the Devil is blind.

O how should we rejoice and pray, And never cease to sing,

If B-ps too were cast away,

And banish'd with their K-! Then Peace and Plenty would enfue,

Qur Bellies would be full; Then we would laugh and fmile,

As in the Days of Noll.

Dd 4

An Answer to a Jacobite Panegyrick upon Sorrel.

Nulting As! Who basely couldst revile The Guardian Angel of our wretched Isle; Who now retiring from the Scenes of Wars, Is known and number'd 'midft the shining Stars! Perform'd a Work, which when he was below, None but a Soul like his cou'd undergo. Britons enflav'd, he did with Freedom blefs, And broke the Chains their flack!'d Legs did prefs. Belgia he did protect, and fav'd its Land; And made in Awe the Gallic Tyrant stand : He mark'd the Way to make all Europe Free, And gave the Mortal Wound to Slavery. Too foon, alas! Too foon this Monarch fell! Yet after Ages shall his Honour tell; When Britain feels his Lofs, its Natives shall In vain to Heav'n for fuch a Monarch call. For ever be that stumbling Beast accurst; Got by a Tory, by a Devit nurft. And may for ever that unlucky Steed Only on Briars and on Thistes feed.

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As in the Days of Nall.

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On the Expedition to Cales under the D. of Ormond. 1702.

Whether by Sea our mighty Ormond flies,
Or else encamp'd on Foreign Lands he lies,
May still Propitious Fate his Arms attend,
Still may the Gods, and Fortune be his Friend!
Let England's Genius guide him in the War,
Let him the Darling of the Gods appear!
May Conquest still attend the British Sword,
And Barren Lands Triumphant Wreaths afford:
May English Valour, like the Sun, disperse
Its martial Rays thro the whole Universe.
Let England's Fame, like the last Trumpets, sound
From Sea to Sea, from Pole to Pole rebound:
May trembling Nations, when the sound they hear,
Submit, and supplicate the God of War.
England's the Land with greatest Freedom blest,
Which Blessing she would give to all the rest.

Thus Mighty William (who her Scepter sway'd, And whom all Men, but abject Slaves, obey'd)
When He his Albion had from Bondage freed,
And all good Men, and Heaven approv'd the Deed;
Europe Enslav'd he did with Pity view,
And griev'd for men, who Freedom never knew.
Shall I (said He) One Nation only Save?
Why should not others the same Freedom have?
What the the Wretches do themselves enthral?
Compassion is a Tribute due to All:
I'll break their Bonds, and set all Europe Free,
And every Slave shall tast of Liberty.

Belgia

Belgia with Albion strictly is Ally'd; In both their Powers I firmly can Confide: Before their Force what Tyrant Foe can stand? And who'l want Conquest, does such Men Command?

Bravely resolv'd, as bravely He pursu'd,
And had e'er this each Tyrant King subdu'd;
But Heav'n esteem'd what He'd already done,
Who justly merited a better Throne
And so from Toil remov'd Him to his Rest,
T'augment the Number of th' Immortal Blest.

Thus some Wise Architect Foundation lays
Of a great Work would aggrandize his Praise,
Which e'er accomplish'd he his Race has run,
And leaves Unfinish'd what he had Begun:
When some good Artist, building on his Fame,
With him obtains an Everlasting Name.

William! the Mighty William laid the Scene; He did the Work of Liberty begin; He first attack'd the Grizly Foe, and gave Aim to the People would their Freedoms save, Where He lest off, our Ormond does begin; He is to finish the Illustrious Scene.

May all the Heav'nly Powers with Him Combine, And Bless His Arms, as William's at the Boyne.

Sever

Several Copys of Verses on her Majesty's and the Prince's going to Oxford.

The First by Mr. Harcourt, Son to Sir Simon Harcourt, Sollicitor General to Her Majesty.

To the QUEEN at Her coming to Christ-Church.

Where e'er you come Joy shines in ev'ry Face;
Such winning Goodness, such an easy Grace,
Though all your Realms diffusive Kindness pours,
That ev'ry English Heart's entirely yours.
The Muses Sons with eager transport view
Their long desponding Hopes reviv'd in You,
The Muses Sons to Monarchy ever true.

These happy Walls by Royal Bounty plac'd, Often with Royal Presence have been grac'd. Here Kings to ease the Cares attend a Crown, Preserr'd the Muses Laurels to their Own. And here You once enjoy'd a safe Retreat, From Noise and Envy free: To this lov'd Seat,

To

To be a Guest, You then did condescend,
Which now, its happy Guardian, You defend.
Oxford, with joy, beholds the Royal Pair,
And finds her Muses are her Prince's Care:
May We presume to claim a nearer Tye;
They are your Subjects, We Your Family.
Accept the Duty then we doubly Owe,
We share Your Presence and Protection too.
So, when Great Jove within the Country Cell
Of humble pious Baucis meant to dwell,
The bounteous God grac'd her with Gifts Divine,
And where he found his Refuge, fix'd his Shrine.

To the PRINCE, at his coming to Christ-Church.

Spoke by Mr. Conslade.

A Nd You, Anspicious Prince, our other Care,
Accept the Duty which Your Isis pays,
Whether in Arts of Peace, or Deeds of War,
The Hero justly claims the Muses praise.
Aspiring Youth fir'd with a generous Flame,
The Tracts of Princely Vertues here persues;
At once both copy, and admire Your Fame,
And all their different Aims unite in You.
One, bloody Sieges, and feign'd Camp designs,
And fancied Schemes of future Actions draws,
And early in imaginary Times,
Defends his Countries, and his Prince's Cause.

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Others, the milder Arts of Phebus chuse,

Andto smooth Numbers form their tuneful Tongue,

From You begin, to You direct their Muse,

The Subject and the Patron of their Song.

Illustrious Guells, Joint-Partners in our Love,

Protect those Arts which by Your Influence live: Those Arts which We with Loyal Zeal improve,

To you return the Vigour they receive.

Whilst Ormand by undaunted Courage led Regions unknown, and distant Foes alarms.

We, Ormond's Care, to early Duty bred,

Learn here to aid Your Councils, and Your Arms.

### To the QUEEN at Supper.

Spoke by Mr. Finch, Son to the Honourable Heneage Finch Esq;

With Love, tho rude, we croud this hallow'd And clog that Triumph which we mean to

To view that QUEEN that frees Us from Alarms, Secures our Quiet, and directs our Arms.

England before its ruin'd Trade deplor'd,
A mourning Victor, and disputed Lord.

Now moulding Fleets in Gallick Harbours ly,
Whilst British Ships their double World defy.

Our Muses hear the Battles from asar,
And sing the Triumphs, and enjoy the War.

This now, but soon the quivering Spear they'l weild,
And lead the shouting Squadrons to the Field.

They'l serve that Princess whom before they sung,
Defend that Qlien beneath whose Eye they sprung.
So spreading Oaks from lovely Windser born,
Shall shelter Britain, which they now adorn:
With swelling Sails o'er distant Seas they'l go,
And guard that Goddess by whose Care they grow.

### To the QUEEN going to Bed.

Spoke by Mr. Puliney.

MADAM, once more, th' obsequious Muse,
With Zeal, and just Ambition sir'd,
Her grateful Homage here renews,
In Numbers by Your Self inspir'd:
And late her willing Duty shews,
To guard You to Your safe Repose.
Within this silent humble Cell,
Secure the Gifts of Sleep receive;
No Factions here, or Discords dwell,
To break that Rest the Muses give.

Here daily Cares help to encrease, Not interrupt, our mighty Ease.

These Walls more happy now, possest Of the most fair and shining Court, Not in the Muses, but their Guest,

Theirs, and the Muses, chief Support. So Delphos was the bless'd Abode
Of Phabus Priests, and of the God.

May Heaven its sacred Charge defend: May every Grace, and every Muse, Round You with watchful Care attend, Such Kind

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And Balths of gentle Sleep infuse, Such as the Vertuous only know; Kind, as the Bleslings You bestow.

On the Duke of Ormond's Success at Vigo, 1702.

(roar. Hro Storms of Wind, and swelling Seas which Our mighty Ormand has possest our Shore. Fame ran before him like the Morning-Star, And told his Deeds and wondrous Feats in War; How he with English Force at once subdu'd The Gallick Ships, and Spanish Multitude : Those on the Sea in Flames, with Light outvy'd The Rifing Sun, and fcorch'd the flowing Tide. Th' afrighted Fishes to the Ocean swim, And fay, Great Ormond, we're afraid of him. See on the shore the yielding Spaniards fly, And fee on board their Ships the Frenchmen die. In vain they Bombs and Fortrelles prepare Gainst English Valor, and the Fate of War. What weak Dependance has the Watry Fry? On what Sea-God or Power can we rely? See Neptune youder the vast Ocean's God, At fight of Ormand hides his Head in Mud. The Tritons, flouncing thro the Oase, repair To Rocky Caverns from the Fate of War, And all Sea-Monsters bellow from afar. From Vigo's Port to th' Ocean all make way, For here, alas! they dare no longer stay:

By burning Ships the Water's made so hot, Its Surface bubbles like a boiling Pot. Half-roasted Frenchmen, some o'er Gratings broil'd, Do mix with Spaniards in the Sea parboil'd. For Anjon's Dinner here's a pretty Dish; I yow h'has made a Kettle sine of Fish.

Welcome Great Ormond to the English Land,
With Laurels loaden from a Foreign Strand:
Welcome to England, as to Sailors Day,
When Storms and Darkness had obscur'd their Way.
Welcome to us, as Mighty William was,
When he restor'd us to our Rights and Laws.
With like Respect as th' Senate thought your due,
An honest English Heart returns his Thanks to you.

On the Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 12. 1702. for the Success of her Majesty and her Allies by Sea and Land.

W Hilst Lewis the Tyrant To Deum does sing, And the People rejoice at the Lies of their King, For the Wealth and the Strength of th' Invincible

And the Confederates Loss at the Fort of La Rota;
While they Temples profane with a Sanctify'd
(Cheat,

And backwards praise God who has let 'em be beat; We join in our Praises for Victories known, For ev'ry one knows what our Forces have done. Our Queen to her People her Actions ne'er sham'd, And who will not rejoice, let'em cry and be damn'd.

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Depa That Creat You y The Jacks and High-Fliers this Day keep a Fast, Which as long as they live, I pray God it may last. But now ye true Britons, who honour your Queen, Consider of late how successful she's been; How Lewis lies groveling beneath her just Arms, Whilst our Land is secur'd both from Fears and

Let your Bonfires this Night enlighten the Sky,
And even Great Ormond's at Vigo outvy:
Let Rockets in th' Air each resemble a Torch,
And Squibs, like High-Flyers, mount over the Church:
Whilst Jacks, like the Bats, into Darkness do sty,
And in Holes, just as Thrushes, in Winter do die;
Let each Briton this Evening his Bumber drink off,
To Anna the Great, but let him know when h' has

(enough.

On the Recovery of his Royal Highness the Prince, Lord High Admiral of England. Novem. 1702.

May both your Loves has ease by bonn One:

A Nnals and Statues have the Hero grac'd,
Design'd to make their Names and Actions last:
And since 'tis so, 'tis England's Justice too,
To rear their Monuments of Praise to You.
Departing Heroes, like retiring Light,
That veils the Day, and introduces Night,
Create Regret, as you Great Prince have done,
You whom we all esteem'd a Setting Sun.

Ee

Shades

Shades have attempted e'en our Royal Queen;
Shades have attempted, tho they could not skreen,
For thro those Shades still Majesty was seen.
While Denmark's Darling, and our Britain's Love,
With Fate, that brought Superior Orders, strove;
Orders that wou'd have rob'd our mourning lsle,
And laid our Hopes upon the Funeral Pile.
But now, instead of Ashes, Roses come;
Our Hopes are now reviv'd, as in the Bloom,
Our Prince is rescu'd from the craving Tomb.
Let grateful Anthems eccho to the Skys,
In Strains that imitate their Harmonys.
The Zeal, the Gratitude, the Praise we own,
To that Above, for Blessings on our Throne.
Hail Happy Pair L May Foreign Shores resound?

Hail Happy Pair! May Foreign Shores resound,

And wast the Wish the Universe around;

Whilst all but France and Spain the Words re(bound.)

Great Anna, as You both adorn the Crown, May both your Loves increase by being One: Like You, may we your Subjects all unite; In Harmony, as well as You, delight, And England against England never fight.

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On the French Protestants extolling their Prince, notwithstanding his forcing them to abandon their Native Country.

Happy the People where no Priest gives Rules, Whose slavish Doctrines fetter Free-born Souls: Where unconstrain'd Obedience is paid Only to Laws that we our selves have Made: Such England is, and such She shall remain, Beneath the Blessings of Great William's Reign. Where Prince and People Gratefully do strive; He guards our Rights, We His Prerogative.

Then curs'd be those who would our Rights betray To the vain Lusts of Arbitrary Sway; Who proud of Misery, and fond of Chains, Extol the Beauty of Despotick Reigns. But let that Priest be curs'd for ever more, Who has fo foon forgot the Chains he wore: Condemn'd again to Gallick Wooden Shoos, Who durst his New-born Freedom thus abuse. Let him go home and preach that Doctrine, where The Subjects Birth-Right is Eternal Fear, Those little French Devices won't take here. Must fuch a paltry Vagabond as he Presume to censure English Liberty? Why prithee Fool, what are our Rights to thee, Thou who wert born and bred in Slavery? In vain 'tis then, that we our Gifts bestow On those that wou'd our Happiness o'erthrow;

Who

Who nurs'd with Charity and bleft with Peace. Grow Wanton under unaccustom'd Ease: Shall impudently dare to recommend Those Slaveries from which we them defend. In vain Abroad for Freedom do we fight, If these warm'd Snakes at home abuse our Native

> On her Majesty's Birth-day, Feb. 6. 1702.

R Ife, lofty Numbers! Rife from Scenes of Light And let the Dullest Briton see

All Shades that be. Yield to dispelling Harmony,

And try the Charming Eloquence of Verse.

Ye Mutes, who round the Sable Herse Of mighty William late did fit,

All your Dumb figns of Grief forget:

Ye living Emblems of Eternal Night,

Each Artificial Spright, . Who would the Muses and their Sons affright;

Rise! Rise! I say, your Throats prepare,

Lament no more the God of War, Nor heed his Trumpets from afar:

Your Throats prepare, and in Melodious Noise To Anna's Fame extend your high exalted Voice.

William the Brave, the Just, the Good is gone, Arma the V ertuous does possess his Throne: Aneas (tho no juster Prince

Did the Almighty Gods revere,

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Or greater General try'd the dubious Fate of War)
Yields to our Mighty William now remov'd from
(hence.

Eliza (who our Chronicles relate,
Guarded so well the Seas, and Britain's State,)
Her Fame to Anna's must give Place,
Anna does Fly, not Run, in Glory's Race;
Eliza at long Run with Hands embrew'd
In Blood, the Spanish daring Force subdu'd:

Anna no fooner mounted on the Throne,

But with one stroke she kick'd the Spaniards down.

Ah happy Britons with two Reigns thus bleft. Long shall your Flocks and Lowing Herds have rest; Your Mighty Pan, alas! has left the Plain, But great Aftrea in his stead does reign : She too your Flocks from ravenous Wolves will keep, She'll guard the Jolly Sheperd and his Sheep: Beneath your Vines you may in fafety fit, And all the Ills of Tory Reigns forget; When by the Ax and Rope your Patriots fell, A Bloody Sacrifice to Rome and Hell. May no curst Tory to her Councils creep. Nor have Command by Land or on the Deep: May they Dominion never more regain. To shorten soon the Scenes of Her Blest Reign. Britons rejoice, and thank the Heavenly Powers, They are her Enemies as well as yours.

The

## The Golden Age Restor'd.

A Poem in imitation of the fourth Pastoral of Virgil; supposed to have been taken from a Sibylline Prophecy.

- Paulo Majora canamus.

Sicilian Muse, begin a lostier Flight, Not all in Trees and lowly Shrubs delight: Or if your Rural Shades you still pursue, Make your Shades sit for able Statesmens view.

The time is come, by antient Bards foretold, Restoring the Saturnian Age of Gold:
The Vile, Degenerate, Whiggish Offspring ends, A High-Church Progeny from Heaven descends.

O Learned Oxford, spare no Sacred Pains
To nurse the Glorious Breed, now thy own B—ley

And thou Great S—I, Darling of this Land,
Do'ft foremost in that fam'd Commission stand;
Whose deep Remarks the listening World admires,
By whose auspicious Care old Ra—gb expires.
Your mighty Genius no strict Rules can bind; (find.
You punish Men for Crimes, which you want time to

Senates shall now like Holy Synods be, And Holy Synods Senate-like agree.

M-— th and M—— n here instruct the Youth,
There B--ks and Kim—ly maintain the Sacred Truth.
P—is and H--lin here with equal Claim,
Thro wide West-Saxon Realms extend their Fame;

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There B--ch and H--per Right Divine convey, Nor treat their Bishops in a human way.

Now all our Factions, all our Fears shall cease,

And Tories rule the promis'd Land in Peace.

Malice shall die, and noxious Poisons fail, (rail:

H-y shall cease to trick, and S-ur cease to

The Lambs shall with the Lions walk unhurt,

And H—x with H— meet civilly at Court.

Viceroys, like Providence, with distant Care, Shall govern Kingdoms where they ne'er appear:

Pacifick Admirals, to fave the Fleet,

Shall fly from Conquest, and shall Conquest meet:

Commanders shall be prais'd at William's Cost,

And Honour be retriev'd before 'tis lost.

Br-ton and Bur-by the Court shall grace,

And H - shall not disdain to share a Place.

Forgotten Molineux and Mason now

Revive and shine again in F--- and H---.

But as they stronger grow, and mend their Strain,

By choice Examples of King Charles's Reign;

Bold Bel - fis and Patriot Da-nant then,

One shall employ the Sword, and one the Pen :

Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,

The Tool of Faction shall to Peace invite, (unite.

And Foes to Union be imploy'd the Kingdoms to

Yet still some Whigs among the Peers are found,

Like Brambles flourishing in barren Ground.

Som--rs maliciously imploys his Care

To make the Lords the Legislature share.

Bu-t declares how French Dragooning rofe,

And Bishops Persecuting Bills oppose :

Till Ro - r's cool Temper shall be fir'd, (mir'd

And N-th's and Not -m's strong Reas'nings be ad-

But when due Time their Counsels shall mature,

And fresh Removes have made the Game secure is When Som—er and Dev—ire give place

To Windham's B \_\_ d, and to R \_\_ d's Grace,

Both Converts great; when Justice is refin'd,
And Corporations garbled to their Mind,
Then Passive Doctrines shall with Glory rise,
Before them hated Moderation slies,
And Antichristian Toleration dies.

Gr—ile shall seize the long expected Chair,
Go—in to some Country-Seat repair;
P—ke from all Employments be debar'd,
And Mar—gh for antient Crimes receive his just
(Reward,

France, that this happy Change so wisely has begun, Shall bless the great Design, and bid it smoothly run. Come on, Young f—'s Friends, this is the Time, (come on;

Receive just Honours, and furround the Throne. Boldly your Loyal Principles maintain, H-s now rules the State, and R- the Main. Gr -es is at hand the Members to reward, And Troops are trusted to your own Gr --- rd. The faithful Clubs assemble at the Vine, And French Intrigues are broach'd o'er English Wine. Freely the S—te the Design proclaims, Affronting W - m, and applauding f - es. Good antient Members with a folemn Face, Propose that Safety give to Order place; And what they dare not openly diffuade, Is by Expedients ineffectual made. E'en F---ch and Mu -ve, whom the Court carels, Exalt its Praises, but its Power depress; And that Impartial Justice may be seen, Confirm to Friends what they refus'd the Queen. Bishops who most advanc'd Good J-'s Cause In Church and State, now reap deferv'd Applause: While those who rather made the Tow'r their Choice, Are stil'd Unchristian by the Nation's Voice. Avow'dly now St. David's Cause they own, And J \_\_es's Votes for Simony atone.

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Archbishop K-n shall from Longleas be drawn,
While firm Nonjurors from behind stand crowding for
(the Lawn.

And thou, Great W-th, to reward thy Charge,

Shalt fail to Lambeth in his Grace's Barge.

See by base Rebels 3—es the Just betray'd, See his Three Realms by vile U—rs sway'd; Then see with Joy his lawful H—restor'd, And erring Nations own their injur'd L—.

O would kind Heaven so long my Life maintain, Inspiring Raptures worthy such a Reign!

Not Thracian St. 3-ns should with me contend,

Nor my sweet Lays harmonious Ha—nd mend:

Not the young Davenant St. 3—ns should protect,

Or the shrewd Doctor Ha—nd's Lines correct.

Nay should Tr \_\_\_ am in St. Maws compare his Songs to mine; (resign.

Tr—am, tho St. Mams were Judg, his Laurel should Prepare, Auspicious Youth, thy Friends to meet; Sir G—already has prepar'd the Fleet.

Should Rival Neptune (who with envious Mind In times of Danger still this Chief confin'd)

Now send the Gout, the Hero to disgrace, Honest G—Ch—may supply his Place.

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LITTORIUS VA IDIR SUNW

## The Fourth Pastoral of Virgil, Englished by Mr. Dryden.

S leilian Muse, begin a lostier Strain,
Tho lowly Shrubs and Trees that shade the Plain
Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal Woods deserve a Consul's Care.

The last great Age, foretold by Sacred Rhimes, Renews its finish'd Courfe, Saturman Times Roll round again, and mighty Years begun From their first Orb, in radiant Circles run. The base degenerate Iron Offspring ends; A golden Progeny from Heaven descends, O chast Lucina, speed the Mother's Pains, And haste the glorious Birth, thy own Apollo reigns, The lovely Boy, with his auspicious Face, Shall Pollio's Confulship and Triumph grace, (Race.) Majestick Months set out with him to their appointed The Father banish'd Virtue shall restore, And Crimes shall threat the guilty World no more: The Son shall lead the Life of Gods, and be By Gods and Heroes feen, and Gods and Heroes fee: The jarring Nations he in Peace shall bind, And with paternal Virtues rule Mankind. Unbidden Earth shall wreathing lvy bring, And fragrant Herbs (the Promises of Spring) As her first Off'rings to her Infant King. The Goats with strutting Dugs shall homeward speed, And lowing Herds secure from Lions feed. His Cradle shall with rising Flowers be crown'd, The Serpents Brood shall die, the sacred Ground Shall Vo Sha Eac Bu An Un An

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Shall Weeds and poisonous Plants refuse to bear, Each common Bush shall Syrian Roses wear. But when Heroick Verse his Youth shall raise, And form it to Hereditary Praise; Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn, And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on every Thorn: The knotted Oaks shall Show'rs of Honey weep, And thro the matted Grass the liquid Gold shall creep. Yet of old Fraud some Footsteps shall remain, The Merchant still shall plough the Deep for Gain; Great Cities shall with Walls be compass'd round, And sharpned Shares shall vex the fruitful Ground: Another Eyphis shall new Seas explore, Another Argos land the Chiefs upon th' Iberian Shore; Another Helen other Wars create, And Great Achilles urge the Trojan Fate. But when to ripen'd Manhood he shall grow, The greedy Sailor shall the Seas forego: No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware, For every Soil shall every Product bear: The labouring Hind his Oxen shall disjoin, No Plow shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the Nor Wool shall in dissembled Colours shine. But the luxurious Father of the Fold, With native Purple or unborrow'd Gold, Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat. And under Tyrian Robes the Lamb shall bleat. The Fates, when they this happy Web have spun, Shall bless the facred Clue, and bid it smoothly run: Mature in Years, to ready Honours move, O of Celestial Seed! O Foster Son of Fove! See! labouring Nature calls thee to fustain The nodding Frame of Heaven, and Earth and Main: See to their base restor'd Earth, Seas and Air, And joyful Ages from behind in crowding Ranks (appear. To fing thy Praise, would Heaven my Breath prolong, Infusing Spirits worthy such a Song,

Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my Lays, Nor Linus crown'd with never-fading Bays; Tho each his Heavenly Parent should inspire, The Muse instruct the Voice, and Phabus tune the (Lyre.

Should Pan contend in Verse, and thou my Theme,

Arcadian Judges should their God condemn.

Begin, Autpicious Boy, to cast about (out: Thy Infant Eyes, and with a Smile thy Mother fingle Thy Mother well deferves that short Delight, The naufeous Qualms of ten long Months and Travel (to requite.

Then smile, the frowning Infants Doom is read. No God shall crown the Board, nor Goddess bless

(the Bed.

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## Advice to a Painter, 1697.

HAT Hand, what Skill can frame the Artful Piece,

To paint our Ruins in a proper Dress? Inspire us, Denham's Genius, whilst we write, Urg'd by true Zeal to do our Country right; As when the daring Artist, taught by you, With Master-Strokes the first bold Landskip drew,

Here, Painter, here employ thy utmost Skill; With War and Slav'ry the large Canvas fill: And that the Lines be easier understood, Paint not with fading Colours, paint with Blood; Blood of our bravest Youth in Battel slain, At Steenkirk Spilt, or Landen's fatal Plain; Or that which flow'd, and does just Heaven invoke, When F-k yielded to the fatal Stroke. First First draw the (R) Hero seated on the Throne,
Spite of all Law, himself observing none;
Let English Rights all gasping round him lie,
And native Freedom thrown neglected by:
On either Hand the Priest and Lawyer set,
Two sit Supporters of the Monarch's Seat.
There in a greazy Rotchet cloth'd describe
The bulky Oracle of the Preaching Tribe;
That solid necessary Tool of State,
Profoundly Dull, Divinely Obstinate.
Here with polluted Robes just reeking draw
The Adulterous Moderator of the Law;
Whose wrinkled Cheeks and fallow Looks proclaim,
The ill Effect of his distemper'd Flame.

Next cringing B-n—g place, whose Earth-born The Coronet and Garter does disgrace; (Race Of undescended Parentage, made great By Chance, his Vertues not discover'd yet: Patron of the Noblest Order; O be just To thy Heroick Founder's injur'd Dust! From his ignoble Neck thy Collar tear, Let not his Breat thy Rays of Honour wear; To black Defigns and Lusts let him remain A fervile Favorite, and Grants obtain: While antient Honours facred to the Crown Are lavish'd to support the Minion. Pale Envy rages in his canker'd Breaft, And to the British Man a Foe profest. Artist retire, 'twere Insolence too great T' expose the Secrets of the Cabinet; Or tell how they their loofer Minutes fpend, That guilty Scene would all chaft Eyes offend. For should you pry into the close Alcove, And draw the Exercise of Royal Love, K-pp-land He are Ganymede and fove. Avert the Omen, Heavens, O may I ne'er Purchase a Title at a Rate so dear :

call to interviolat histor

In some mean Cottage let me die unknown, Rather than thus be Darling of a Throne.

Now Painter, now thy Art is at a stand,
For who can draw that Proteus S-d-d?
The deep Reserves of whose Apostate Mind,
No Skill can reach, no Principles can bind;
Whose working Brain does more Disguises bear
Than ever yet in Vision did appear.
A supple whispring Minister, ne'er just,
Consided still, still failing in his Trust,
And only constant to unnat'ral Lust.
For Witchery and prostituted Faith made great,
Yet this is he that must support the Weight,
And prop the Ruins of a falling State.

Artist proceed, next the brib'd Senate draw, That Arbitrary Body above Law; Place Noise and Faction and Disorder there. And formal Paul fet mumping in the Chair; Once the chief Bulwark of the Church and State, Their Darling once, but now their Fear and Hate: So a rich Cordial, when its Virtue's spent, Contributes to the Death it should prevent. Of publick Treasure lavishly profuse, Large Sums diverted to their private use; By Places and by Bounties largely paid, For Rights given up, and Liberties betray'd. Expose the Mercenary Herd to view, And in the Front Imperious M-gue: With venal Wit, and proftituted Sense, With matchless Pride and matchless Impudence; To whose successful Villany we owe All his own Ills, and all that others do. Slavish Excises are his darling Sin, And Chequer-Bills the Project of his Brain; No publick Prospect, but conducing most To raise his Fortune at the publick Cost. Order and Precedents are Terms of Course, Too weak to interrupt his rapid Force;

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Their Antient English Principles resume,
And give their base Corrupter his just Doom.
Thus have I seen a Whelp of Lion's Brood
Couch, fawn and lick his Keeper's Hand for Food,
Till in some satal Hour the generous Beast,
By an insulting Lash, or some gross Fraud opprest,
His just Resentment terribly declares,
Disdains the Marks of Slavery he wears,
And his weak Feeder into pieces tears.

Here Painter draw our Politician B - le. That fawning Arfe-worm with his cringing Smile; Relations, Country, Court do all despise him, He's grown fo low ev'n B-g--ry can't rife him. Let Gaffney's noble Hangman next advance. And tell his Fears of Popery and France; And for the bluft'ring Pedant leave a space. Who wears Corinthian Metal in his Face: See where the florid warlike C-tts appears, As brave and fenfeless as the Sword he wears. Here Sloan baits S - ur, L - ton Jack H -, And all the while old Bowman cries Bow Wow: To P .- ms and St -- land, and the Yorkshire Crew By Sm-th directed, the next Station's due. Sm-th whilf he feems good-natur'd, frank and kind, Betraysth' inveterate Temper of his Mind. To the Chit Sp - r Painter next be just, That weak four Offspring of a forced Lust, Which his unnatural Father grudg'd to spare From his Italian Joy, and spoil'd his Heir; From hence that aukward Politician came, To Commonwealth, which he admires, a Shame, A Slave to Kings tho he abhors the Name. He votes for Armies, talks for Liberty, In th' House for Millions, out for Property: Thus Father-like, with Flattery betrays That Government which he propos'd to raise.

Near him Lord William bawls, whose well-stock'd Brain Out-weighs Chit's Index-Learning half a Grain. With these as fellow Empricks in design, Let W -- ton, Rich, Y -- ng, Cl--k, and Hubbard join ; And let not H -- les pass unregarded by. 'Twere endless to recount the meaner Fry Of yelping Yeas and No's, who baul by rote. To multiply the Unites of a Vote; Opprest with Clamour, Truth and Justice flies, And thus pursu'd, down hunted Reason lies. Some few untainted Patriots yet remain, Who native Zeal and Probity retain; These sullen draw, disgrac'd and discontent, Mourning the Ruin which they can't prevent. But Painter hold --- Referve the vacant Room For Knaves in Embrio, and Rogues to come; Who undiscover'd yet with Ease betray, And fell their Country in a closer way.

Au Answer to the Earl of Rochester's Satyr against Man. Written by Dr. P----ck.

WEre I to choose what fort of Corps I'd wear,
I'd not be Dog, Lord Monkey, nor Earl Bear;
But I'd be Man, not as I am, the worst;
But Man refin'd, such as he was at first.
The Speechless State of Brutes I would refuse,
For the same Cause another does it chuse,
For then the Reputation I should lose

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Of Wit, Extravagance, and Mode, from whence Reason is made to truckle under Sense. Or if to Sense I did so much incline, I'd rather be a Satyr, Goat or Swine; To help to break the Court-Physicians, who Besides compounding Lusts have nought to do. Nature (exceeding Broths) would then excite Supplys to make a full-meal'd Appetite, Nor bugbear Conscience dulling the Delight. But what need fuch a Metamorphofis? Man being Man, can e'en do more than this; Granting the Principle, that Reason's vie Is not to curb, but make Sense more profuse. For tho Man's Life more vigorous is than Brutes. His Pander Reason can contrive Recruits For its Defects; what Sins the fenfual Man Can't do alone, the Reasonable can. With useful Wit for Sensuality, An half unfashion'd Sinner does descry; He's modifuly debauch'd who can't tell why: That stirs up slow-pac'd Lust by Argument, Who to hir'd Sense gives no Divertisement, But calls for more when all its Force is spent. And tho the bragging Wretch would be content, Disabled from more Vice, now to repent, Upbraided Reason scorns the puny Motion, Bids it cheer up, and gives it t'other Potion; Till after all, when Nature has giv'n o'er, And Art can buoy up aged Sense no more, Reason reserves this Remedy at last, To think those Pleasures which it cannot tast. In this a thinking Fool may become wife, And yet think on fo, that his Thinking lies In Notions of Venereal Mysteries. Hence sprung the reasoning Arts in former Days, Of Spinstrix, Oscis, and the Modern ways, By Baths, Lascivious Pictures, Jigs and Plays.

If this be Reason's use, no more we'll call Clodius Incontinent, but Rational, And boast the Reason of Sardanapal. Reason nicknam'd, like Quakers new-found Light, One while call'd Spirit, alias Appetite: A Stupid Reason, which none will defend, But he who has with Brutes one common end : Debasing Reason, coupling every Ass, E'en with my Lord in the same reasoning Class. I'll be no Student in this reasoning School; I'd rather be that Humane thinking Fool, A Cloyster'd Coxcomb, able to converse, Altho alone, with the whole Universe; And reasoning, into Heaven mount from thence, Post Gazets of Divine Intelligence, And facred Knowledg most remote from Sense. Might I be plac'd in this exploded Sphere, I'd not alone forgive that Witty Jeer, But boast the name of reasoning Engineer. But as for Man made perfect and upright, Why not the Image of the Infinite? Were this a Scandal to his Glory, must We for his Honour fake his Word distrust? Or is an Image fuch a very fame With what it represents, that it must claim Its full Perfections? fure, my Picture might Be painted like me, and yet void of Sight. Must the first Draught of Man be vilisi'd, (stray'd? Scorn'd and contemn'd, 'cause Man himself has Or did not Eve sufficiently transgress, And bastardize Posterity, unless Man, little as he is, be made much less? Tho he does not his higher End pursue So well as does that more Ignoble Crew Of Birds and Beafts, that little have to do; The difficulty of his lofty End Above the others, does his Cause defend,

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And in the Means a disproportion pleads; Choice sways the one Instinct, the other leads. 'Tis not 'cause Jowler cries, he kills the Hare. But'tis because Jowler cannot forbear. Tho in the Chair of State some lolling sit, That therefore none can fit upright in it. Is a false Consequence, and void of Wit. But you your felf have taught Man fuch a way Unto his Happiness, that he must stray : For if his Sense must usher in his Rest, And never be abridg'd of its request, He may be drunk and pockey, but ne'er bleft. As for Pride gendering Philosophy, A Captious word, 'tis what you'l have it be: Your nice Distinctions have an Art to show 'Tis good or bad, or neither, as please you. Some Sects love Wrangling, others Pedantry But in the Love of Wildom all agree; Wifdom, which all acknowledg to be good, But has the Fate to be misunderstood. But the Fools croud among Philosophers, The Fault is not the Sciences, but theirs; With all their Flaws our Bedlam School I'd choose Before the madder Taverns leuder Shews. Tho both are Slaves, I rather do respect The Stoick than the Epicurean Sect. If Sense or Reason once must be deny'd, Reason would tell me, Reason must abide, The less obnoxious and the furest Guide. But fince kind Nature has defign'd them both For Humane Complement, I shou'd be loth To give up Humane Sense to its own Will, Or grant a Tyrant Reason leave to kill Such useless Faculties; my Reason shall Govern my Subject Sense, but not enthral. Nor shall officious Sense presume to act, Till Justice Reason authorize the Fact.

That Humane Nature is corrupt I grant; (whence But was't the use of Reason or the want That put out the warm Breath of Love? From Sprung Murder first, but from malicious Sense? Which having once usurp'd Queen Reason's Throne, 'Twas not contented with one Sin alone, But falling headlong, plainly shows, alas, By too too fatal Proofs, that that which was The best, corrupted, to the worst doth pass. Hence the acutest Wits, when they're defil'd, Turn most Extravagant, Profane and Wild, Defend Debaucheries, and Sense advance To Reason, Reason out of Countenance, Making their Knowledg worfe than Ignorance. But must Humanity be quite eras'd, Because it is from what it was defac'd? Or must the little Reason Men yet hold For their Improvement, be for Dogs Flesh fold? Sometimes the Gamester, when ill Fortune crosses, With his last Stake recovers all his Losses. He's but a weak Physician who gives o'er His weaker Patient, whom he might restore. But may he suffer an Eternal Curse, That dares prescribe a Remedy that's worse Than the Disease it self: when Jowler's lame, No one expects that he should kill the Game; But that he may hereafter, I am sure Tis best not to cut off his Legs but cure. He that feels Qualms of Conscience in his Breast, Let him not barter Reason with a Beast, But purge the Guilt with which he is opprest. That Honesty's against all Common Sense, Is a good Argument for my defence. If Sense with that which has so good a Name Is inconsistent, Sense is much to blame;

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And Reason will, spite of your Rhyme and Tide Of Ink, Wit and Contempt, more firm abide, For having such a Vertue on its side. And Valour to take part with her for Senfe, As you contrive it, puts no difference Between the Valiant that are so for fear, And Cowards who would be fo, but don't dare. Reason could never frame so witty a thing, That Man should fight for fear of Quarreling. All men, you fay, for Fools or Knaves must go, And he's a Man himself who calls them so: And being Man, is at his own Choice free, Or in the Rank of Fools or Knaves to be; Let him be either, or else both for me. But let me, Sir, request, before you slip Into your Dog, or Bear, or Monkey's Shape, Whether you think their Brutish Form procures Any Advantages exceeding yours. Both Dog and Bear, as well as Man will fight, And (to no purpose too) each other bite. And as for Puggy, all his Virtues lie In aping Man, the only thing you fly. The wifest way the Evil to redress. Is to be what you are not more or less; That is not Man, Dog, Bear, nor Monkey neither, But a Rare something of 'em altogether.

The

## The Golden Age Reversed.

C Icilian Goddess, whose Prophetick Tongue Reveals Fate's dark Decrees in Sacred Song; The present vile degenerate Age disdain, And found the Glories of a Future Reign: When Whigs again shall rouse the drooping Land, Unnerv'd and weaken'd by a Female Hand. St \_\_\_\_ d for his great Wealth and Wisdom known,? Has in the Faction's Name ador'd the Rifing Sun, Secur'd the point, and made the Game their own. Then So---t, in whose capacious Mind Learning and folid Sense with Wit are join'd, Judiciously in Council shall preside; And ev'ry deep Defign, and ev'ry Project guide. Then H-x, by Nature form'd to please, Humble in Greatness, easy of Access, With unaffected Air the Court shall grace, And fafe from Angry Votes enjoy his Place. Tonson and he in frequent close Debate Shall pondring weigh the Business of the State; Then D-re, whose elevated Chin Proclaims the happy Vacancy within, Shall shuffle with his Creditors no more, But pay his Debts, for sake his Dice and Whore. Wh-n, for Valour and for Truth renown'd, Whose ev'ry Action is with Justice crown'd, Whose innocent and undefigning Life Was always free from Faction, free from Strife,

I

Shall be invested with his old Command, And wrest the Staff from haughty Seymour's hand. S-rs, tho weak in Body, strong in Mind, No Pox can taint a Substance so refin'd! With just Applauses shall resume the Mace; For now, neglecting Health, and private Ease, He heals Divisions, and promotes the Publick Peace. or - d shall lord it o'er the subject Main, Eager of Battel, negligent of Gain. M-n shall put on a Politician's Face, For Sense with Riches always does increase; By Railing now, he'll then deferve a Place. What if fometimes when Strumpet lewd appears, The Rake confessing, he the Sage cashiers? So Puss transform'd, the Mouse could not refrain, But re-assum'd her Shape, and mew'd again, For Nature will in spite of Art remain. Ha-ngs, tho now he struts with Comick Mien, And fneers and jokes with Countenance ferene, Shall gravely quit his Jests, and lisping praise The glorious Prospect of these happy Days. Young S-nd, of honest Parents born, Mature in Council, shall the Board adorn, Shall emulate his Father's spotless Fame, And with a Faith like his fecure a lasting Name. B—t, the Glory of the Lawn he wears, Firm to the Churches Interest appears, Afferts and vindicates her injur'd Cause, Whene'er invaded by Conforming Foes: This holy Man shall 7 -- n succeed, Tall T—n, the Churches awful Head, Whose venerable Fabrick fills the Eye With folemn Apostolick Majesty. Lamberb rejoice, when one great Prelate dies, Another, great as he, shall soon arise, Of equal Gravity, of equal Size. Then Ha \_\_\_\_ton, the Commons mighty Chief, Who with undaunted Zeal oppos'd the word Retrieve, Ff 4

Shall baffle Harcourt's Reasoning, Harley's Reach, Musgrave's Experience, Seymour's lofty Speech. Tekyl, who was by his own Merits rais'd, Shall justly be by all admir'd and prais'd. Jessop and he with Finch's Tongue shall vie, And ev'ry Period, ev'ry Trope supply: Bromley's clear Notions, Granvile's Vehemence Shall yield to Jervois Wit and Pawlet's Sense. Then B-le, like Sampfon, for his Hair renown'd, One was with Strength and one with Beauty crown'd, Shall make no scruple to wheel round again, For he, sweet Soul! complies with ev'ry Reign. Now Li -ton disdains to buy a Place, But then the long forbidden Chair shall grace; All his Debates shall be from Trifles free, Nor Tale be heard, nor idle Repartee. K-g in a mixt Capacity shall shine, The Lawyer's here, and there the Tub Divine. C-per shall leave his Whoring, and grow chast, For fuch excessive Lewdness ne'er can last. Sir -nd shall wifely talk, and cease to rant; And F-g forget his formal tedious Cant. Str-ger no longer shall a Bully feem; The Tories Terror, and the Whigs Esteem. St-pe, that Offspring of unlawful Luft, Begot with more than Matrimonial Guft, Who thinks no Pleafure like Italian Joy, And to a Venus Arms prefers a Pathick Boy, Shall thunder in a Senate and the Field, And reap what Fame, or Arms, or Arts can yield. Go-n, who this mighty Change foresees, Advances to their Cause by just degrees; And happy they who can fecure his Heart, Unvarnish'd with the false disguise of Art: His Thoughts are free, fincere and unconfin'd, His Words the dictates of an open Mind. But S—-h fure, who now furrounds the Throne With her Innumerable Pygmee-spawn,

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Can never hope a more Auspicious Reign, A kinder Mistress or a greater Queen. L-ds, Wey th, Ab don and No by, R-ke, No mand Ro er shall fly To some Recess, and there obscurely die. For their unequal Sense can ne'er support The vast Ambitious Aims of such a Court. Ma-ter, B-ton, Ha-am, C-fle, The Pride and Glory of our British Isle, Shall undertake and execute the noble Toil. O that my languid Numbers I could raife, High as their Merits, founding as their Praise! Not Man -ring, tho all his Club should join, And So-fet himself correct each Line, Could e'er produce Diviner Lays than mine. Nay, towring Ha ---- x, that Giant Wit, Tho he transcrib'd and own'd what Prior writ, Could not pretend to reach the matchless Strain, The Poet's Envy, and the Criticks Pain.

The Golden Age, from the Fourth Eclog of Virgil, &c.

Sicilian Muse, thy Voice and Subject raise, All are not pleas'd with Shrubs and Sylvan Lays; Or if we Shrubs and Sylvan Lays prepare, Let'em be such as sute a Consul's Year.

Now Merlin's Prophecys are made compleat, And Lilly's best Events with Credit meet; Now Banish'd Justice takes its rightful Place, And Saturn's Days return with St—rts's Race.

With

With its own Lustre now the Church appears,
As one Year makes amends for fourteen Years,
And Joys succeed our Sighs, and Hopes succeed our
(Fears.

O Goddess, Genius of this Favorite Isle,
On thy own Work, this Revolution, smile;
Salute the Pleasures that come rolling on,
And greet the Wonders Heav'n and Thou hast done;
Worthy the Glorious Change inspire our Strains,
Now thy own Anna rules, in Her own Kingdom
(Reigns.

And thou, O Dashwood, by peculiar Care, Reserv'd till now to fill Augusta's Chair, Behold the Mighty Months Progressive shine! See 'em begin their Golden Race in Thine! Under thy Consulship, Lo! Vice gives way, And Whigs for ever cease to come again in Play.

The Life of Gods the Monarch shall partake, Belov'd by Gods and Men for Virtues sake; As She from Heroes sprung, brave Acts prefers, And Heroes copy out their Fame from Hers; As Kingdoms Rights She with her own maintains, And where her injur'd F—r govern'd, reigns.

Old

Old R—— shall thy Accession sing, Hoping to serve Thee as he served the King; To keep his Grid-iron while he keeps his Life, And build fresh Mansion-Houses for his Wife.

Lyons with Lambs united shall agree,
And Lambs like Lyons, Lyons Lambs shall be,
And S— with S—— hail and bow the Knee.
K——— shall drop his Convocation Spleen,
And Att———y quarrels with the Dean,
To join in our Allegiance with the Queen.
The Churchmen and Dissenters shall combine
To pay the Tribute due to Stuart's Line,
As Presbyters with B——ps shall comply,

And B—ps shall sling out what Presbyters deny; Like L—'s Watermen, whose Tempers shew, That look one way while they another row.

Reducing Liege, shall France it felf invest.

'Midst Lords and Commons shall Disputes arise, And one disswade what t'other shall advise.

Proud Adriatick O-fhall be known To fink the Nation's Money for his own, And fix the Courtiers Thefes upon the Throne. Funds shall, as if no Funds there were, appear, Millions be giv'n the Kingdoms Debts to clear, Yet shall we owe the Millions that we gave, And pay for what we had not Wit to fave; Unless some Moths that fret the thredbare State. Prevent our Ruin by their timely Fate, Unless a P - more often A - ts keeps, And gives the Queen the Crop which now he reaps. But when confirm'd in Arts of Empiregrown, Thou feeft thy Reign mature, and fix'd thy Throne, Both Land and Seathy Sovereign Power shall own; Fearless of Loss, and confident of Gain, The Merchant shall in Safety plough the Main, The lab'ring Hind shall cleave the Country Soil, And Plenty rife, and court the Farmer's Toil. As every Subject fees his Wrongs redress'd, Views Faction quell'd, and Anarchy suppress'd, And Prince and People mutually bles'd.

> Such be thy Reign, the Fatal Sisters cry, And such Britannia's Future Destiny.

Arise Auspicious Queen! the Times are come,
When France shall from thy Mouth expect her Doom;
When Providence shall labour in thy Cause,
And trembling Spain acknowledg English Laws:
Arise thou Bright Inspirer of my Song,
And vindicate the Blood from whence thou'rt sprung.
See the consenting World adore thy Fame!
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea confess the Justice of thy Claim!
See us for Thee our Vows and Prayers employ,
And coming Ages smile in hopes of coming Joy.
Oh! that this Life of mine so long would last,

As I might fing thy future Deeds and past, As on thy rising Glories I might dwell, And I in Verse, as thou in Fame, excel!

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Not thy own Fate, tho with thy Laurelscrown'd, Should touch a sweeter Pipe, or give a sweeter Sound: Not Favorite R \_\_\_, tho I \_\_\_ y took his Part, Should boast more Judgment, or reveal more Art; Not C - ve stock'd with all his Patron's Praise. Produce a Zeal like mine, or equal Lays; Tho C-H-his Friend should be. C -ve, if H - were Judg, should yield to me. Begin, Great Queen, the St-t's Steps to tread, And let thy Living Worth exceed the Dead; Happiest of Princes in this Climate born, Entirely English, above thy Enemies Scorn. Thou ne'er wert dandled on an A-'s Knee. Not H--r stood Godfather for thee. But sprung directly from the British Strain, Where thou first drew'st thy Breath, dost there (commence thy Reign.

A Poem, in defence of the Church of England; In Opposition to the Hind and Panther, written by Mr. John Dryden.

IF we into our selves, or round us look,
We find a God, exprest in Natures Book.
The Sacred Truth is writ in every Breast;
By every Clime and every Tongue confest:
Th' inconstant World kneel'd early to the Sun;
His fruitful Light Idolatry begun.
Saturn, Mercurius, Jupiter, and Mars,
Were but the Names of several wandring Stars.

Men worship'd with Idolatry; like theirs Who flight our Kings, and court their Ministers. Hero's that did great Actions here on Earth, Were faid at last to be of Heavenly Birth : And when no man wou'd own the doubtful Child Then fove or Mars the easy Nymph beguil'd. But different Climes invented feveral Rites; For Nature in variety delights: Some facrific'd a Child, others a Ram; Unlike the Offrings, but the Zeal the same Some cut their Flesh, and whipt themselves with Rods, As if their Blood and Torture pleas'd their Gods. Bacchus with Feasts and Revels some ador'd; Devoutly drank, and pioully they whor'd. Unnatural Sins defil'd their fenfual Nights, Till Heathen Virtue rose against such Rites, And drove that lewd Religion out of Rome, Damning by Law all Bacchanals to come. Apis the Ox in Egypt was ador'd, Their Gardens with Green Deities were ftor'd; Succeeding Times their Princes Deify'd, And Priests and Temples for the Dead decreed; In Venus Fame \* others their Daughters plac'd, To be deflowr'd by Strangers as they past, Who in her wanton Service entertain'd, Still gave the Priest and Goddess what they gain'd. Thus human Fancy toil'd in vain to find A Service grateful to the Heavenly Mind. And untaught Nature gave us a dim fight Of Divine Beings, but no further Light. Our God a Covenant with Mankind made, The Womans Seed should bruise the Serpent's Head; Then Abram's Race he for his People chose, And holy Prophets from his Loins arose.

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<sup>\*</sup> Selden de Dis Syris Cap. 7.

Moses more fully did his Will declare,
And mighty Wonders his Credentials were:
Among the rest, Error and Idols reign'd,
Peculiar Gods each Legislator seign'd.
At last he sent his Son to guide Mankind
In Sacred Paths, of their great Duty blind;
He taught us Worldly Greatness to despise,
To bear Reproach, and pardon Enemies.
Meckness a Virtue, till his time unknown,
(Which Christians properly may call their own)
He planted sirst, then his Apostles taught
The Truths he preach'd, and Wonders that he

And in their Sacred Pages ?tis alone Man finds his Duty to the Heavenly Throne.

Who ever read, in Earnest or in Jest, Of any white unchang'd Immortal Beast; Or of an harmless Hind that knew no Fear, Yet fled when Hunters and the Hounds drew near? Sure never any Brute before complain'd The Common Hunt her Company disdain'd. Tell me what Young ones are unlike their Dams; Thy Tales of Hero Make, are Heathen Shams. Friend Bayes, I fear this Fable, and these Rhymes, Were thy dull Penance for some former Crimes, When thy free Muse her own brisk Language spoke, And unbaptiz'd disdain'd the Christian Yoke. Thy Spanish Fryer not thought himself reveng'd. Until thy Stile, as well as Faith, were chang'd. Our Church refus'd thee Orders, whence I find Her call'd the Panther, that of Rome the Hind. O wondrous Hind, whose White no Blood can stain Of People massacred, or Monarchs slain. Their Wealth, their Friends, and native Soil men Because they can't, as they are bid, believe. (leave Some tortur'd, of their harsh Conversion die; Others the Oar in cruel Gallies ply, Till what their Hearts avow, their Lips deny.

Of all the Blood in fuch a Quarrel spilt, Who shall absolve th' Absolvers from their Guilt? If here thy Hind has loft some vocal Blood. In France and Ireland she has spilt a Flood; Not in a Legal way, where Treason mixt With breach of Law, the double Guilt perplext. For still the boasted Martyrs on her side, Not for Religion, but for Treason dy'd: They stuck so close, that we could never part The Priest from Traytor in the Tyburn Cart, Nor yet in open Field, where Force with Force The Brave repel, and kill without remorfe; But in \* cold Blood, all Enmity laid down, Friendship and Joy restor'd throughout the Town. Supinely resting on a Monarch's Word, Ten thousand felt e'er they could fear the Sword. Lodg'd in his Palace, on pretence of care, They for Protection ran into the Snare, So rushes on the Hounds the frighted Hare. The King relenting as it nearer drew, Having the mighty Ruin full in view, Wou'd have gone back, but Zeal knew no retreat; Then kill, faid he, all Hereticks you meet. Keep this black Action from succeeding time, Leave none alive, that may reproach the Crime. Now rings the fatal Bell, Death is let loofe, He ranges uncontroul'd thro every House: Down every Street he pours a Purple Flood, And mounting Souls prevent their vocal Blood: The Guise not spares the Husband of his Child; Next the too easy Admiral is kill'd; A Cross their Badg, and Heretick the Word, (A strange Commission to a Christian Sword) Alike all Ranks, all Ages, Sexes, fare: Thy Hind bids kill, and 'tisa Crime to spare.

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<sup>\*</sup> The Massacre under Charles the 9th of France, 1572.

The \* Lion and his Shaggy Dam stood by, And from their Windows clapt the Tragedy. Zeal runs through every Province with like Rage, Nor cou'd two Months the Purple Flood affwage. The Pope himself did the vast Murder bless, And gave God Publick Thanks for the Success: . Before King Philip, in a Spanish Rant, Twas stil'd the Triumph of Church Militant. Thus Romish Fury like the Plague destroys, Baths in Kings Blood, and Massacres enjoys. So the third Henry fell, from the Priest's Knife; In vain Ten Legions guard His Sacred Life. The vile Affassinate thought Heaven his own, When he the more than Hellish Act had done; His + Holinefe the Murderer extol'd. And Clement in the Book of Life enrol'd. Next by Ravilliac's Hand great | Bourbon dyes. Belov'd, and guarded by his Enemies: No publick Rage, scarce any private Frown, All but the Church submitted to the Crown; By a hot Novice's misguided Zeal, In his full Glory, that Great Hero fell. Three \*\* Popes with their Church Thunder shake (his Throne,

No Heretick Right their learned Clergy own:
Birth-right, Descent, and Title, they declare
Not to be valu'd in a Pious War;
Nor wou'd the States admit him to the Crown,
Till sirst the Church receiv'd him for her Son.
Kings are but Means, Church-Greatness is the End;
He has best Right who will her Right defend.

Queen Mary's Reign might a just Poem make, Where Prisons, Whips, and Burning at a Stake

<sup>\*</sup> Charles the 9th, and the Queen Mother. † Sixtus Quintus. | Henry the 4th of France. \*\* Sixtus Quintus, Gregory the 4th, and Innocent.

Were common Punishments for Heresy,
And almost grown familiar to the Eye.
Four Reverend Prelates in blest Flames ascend,
And what in Life they taught, in Death defend.
Three hundred Martyrs her few Years devour,
Never did Flames so highly feast before;
She kill'd, and burnt, as if her cruel Mind
A Vestal Fire of Hereticks design'd.

Our Maider Queen in vain the Monsieur woo'd; In vain two Popes declare against her Blood; Courtship and Malice she alike withstood, Unwearied Malice, lasting as her Breath, Teeming with Plots, Conspiracies, and Death. By a fierce Pope her Realms are given away, Spain \* fills with floting Towers the British Sea, But Heaven in Storms forbids th' unlawful Prey; And English Thunder with Celestial joins, Scatters their Fleet, and finks their vaft Deligns. No fooner James on Albion's Throne was plac'd, But Rome prepares t'exalt him with a + Blast; And in loud Flames prefer him to the Sky, While round him Lords, and fcatter'd Commons fly, Short Blazing-Stars of Zealous Cruelty. Nor had it fail'd, but for a filly Scroll Sent to Monteagle from some melting Fool; Who poorly grudg'd to facrifice a Friend To fuch a pious and important End: Dost thou not think him below Judas damn'd, Whom Pity thus unfainted and unman'd?

Unlick'd and Independent, as thy Bear,
'Tis plain, at first, all Christian Churches were;
Nor did St. Paul acknowledg Peter's Chair;
But fill'd with equal Light, and equal Grace,
Withstood him boldly to his Erring Face.

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<sup>\*</sup> The Spanish Expedition in 1588. † The Gunpawder Treafon confest by Garnet the Priest, and others at their Execution.

Too strait enclosed, he overthrew the Fence, And forc'd the Laws, unskilful to difpenfe. But yet for Liberty he nobly fought: That English Plant thou diggs'd up by the Root. Too far alas he carry'd his Success, The better fort oft wish'd it had been less. He chang'd the Legal for a Lawless Lord; So hard it is to rule a Conquering Sword. War has Ten thouland Milchiefs in her Womb. And fruitful Seeds of every I'll to come; 9 1 Instead of Curing she provokes the Smart, Or drives the deadly Poyfon to the Heart. Thy \* Apes will a the chosen Party take, Whilst thy for Munber the Conversion make. Like a starv'd Dog now faunsthy quaking t Hare, Can lye, and can diffemble; the not fwear. Puss is familiar with our Nymrods grown, Makes up the Gry to run the Panther down, And has a fort of Leopard of her own. A Motly Prince fhining with inward Light, Whose unarmid passive Subjects never fight, Drink no Mah's Health, undover not the Head. As twere wmark of Grace to be ill-bred in I all a Titles because they want, they never give, him Cheat in few words, and without Oaths deceive : Break for Ten thonfand Pounds with Tea and Nay, And when the Spirit moves-um, run away 1014 3614 Proudly our Forms and Ways of speaking flight, For what's their inward Spirit but their Wit 100 Which good or bad is their pretended Light? This Leopard, once a Gay and Spotted Beaft, A fair Hybernian Nymph wou'd have comprest; Bold in his Youth, and Lustful in his Kind, In Nightly howlings he exprest his mind.

and Felix Paper. Il Comeil hold at Arles, another at Branch of T. The Athein Ather the The Quaker.

A Rival Wolf, the Terror of the Wood,
Who of whole Herds had drank the reaking Blood;
His Jaws well arm'd, his frightful Briftles rear'd,
A dreadful Champion, for the Dame appear'd:
Offers the Combate, which the Leopard shuns,
For sakes the Dame, and from the Forest runs:
Thus he \* for shame and fear became a Saint,
And thinks to cover all with Thred-bare Cant,
With which he got a Wife for his supply,
The highest Prize of their poor Lottery;
Such was the doughty Scribe against the Test, to he find
From whom all Sides must learn their Interest.

A new-born Child should cov'nant with his God,
Or go to Hell e'er he deserve the Rod.
From Holy Scripture they their Doctrine draw,
And may mistake, but do not break the Liaw;
While thy Infallible presumptuous Hind
To Bread alone the Eucharist confin'd, (join'd.)
Tho Wine, as well as Bread, the Sacred Text en-

Thy graceles Fox, by Arbanasus chain'd,

† Popes, || Councils, \*\* Emperors, awhile maintain'd,

Till the loud Nicene Hunt quite run her down,

And with thy Hind confest thee Three in One,

Th' Eternal Father, Spirit and the Son.

Tho above Sense, this does not Sense oppose,

What Mortal the Divine Existence knows?

The Bread we see, we handle, tast, and smell;

Nor can a God within a Waser dwell,

Or be devour'd by Thousands at a time,

<sup>\*</sup> W.P. being challeng'd by a Gentleman, turn'd Quaker, that he might not be deem'd a Coward in not accepting the Challenge. † Liberius and Felix Popes. || Council held at Arles, another at Blois.

\*\* Valens, Constantius, and other Emperors.

A Body glorify'd mends not the matter, Such things agree not with Corporeal Nature; If on the Cross he ceas'd not to complain, Can Christ be eaten now and feel no Pain? Or like Prometheus Liver grows his Flesh, That still these Eagles feed on him afresh? Heaven for our Weakness does in vain provide, Since erring Judgments may mistake the Guide, Who tho unerring, is not fo to me, Unless I were Infallible as he. Thy Throne of Darkness in a Pit of Light, If not quite Nonsense, is a lofty Flight; Since either damns us, why took Heaven no care We should not sin? Yet such we should not err. Th' Omnipotence of God who dares deny? Yet that he can't destroy himself or lie, Release the Damn'd, recall the Time once past, Is on all hands without offence confest. Christ stood before his Train in open Light, With the same Body that escapes our Sight; Which had none feen, the World had not believ'd, Nay Thomas felt e'er he was undeceiv'd. If our Redeemer then appeal'd to Sense, To doubt their Verdict we have no pretence: By Godlike Acts he prov'd his Deity, The Lame he made to walk, the Blind to fee; Souls to their former Mansions he restor'd, These Miracles Men saw e'er they ador'd. But fay what Sense, what Miracles attest The Corp'ral Presence in the Eucharist, That lying Wonder of a coz'ning Priest; When God upheld, and Princes on their Knees, Heaven Gates he shuts, and opens as he please. All Reverence to the Word Divine is due, But Man's Deductions are not always true; The Turks, as well as we, make Faith their Guide, So all Religions in the World beside;

But Faith should grafted upon Reason be, Reason the Stock, and Faith the deathless Tree.

Thy Ifgrim next with famish'd Face appears, A Haggard Look, Predestinating Ears, For what thou wilt still thy own Mother wears. Teaching the Scriptures of themselves are plain, And fully every faving Truth contain; He barks at Miter'd Popes in Peter's Chair, At Bishops grins, and would the Surplice tear: Among their Brethren would their Charge divide, Check their Ambition, and abate their Pride. Affirms th' Elect are the true Church, and here Since others may, Councils and Popes may err. If they alone the Scripture might explain, Christ spoke, and his Apostles writ in vain, Till they were settled in their Spiritual Reign; He grins at Picture-Worship, Saints, and Cross, And would refine the Metal from the Drofs; Yet fets no foot on the Imperial Head, As fair Matilda's \* Paramour once did; When, all the Marks of Majesty laid down, Fasting and Barefoot \* Henry alone, Without his Guards, like a poor Pilgrim dreft, Beg'd for Admittance, and his Guilt confest In vain, till fair Matilda us'd her Interest; Her softer Charms over his Rage prevail'd, And his Church-Thunder he at length recall'd. So Venus beg'd, and would not be deny'd, While the grim God lay panting by her Side; And in the Flames of Love half melted down, Promis'd bright Armour for the Godlike Son. These are thy Isgrim's Doctrines; tell me now Where's their Contempt of Heaven, or Kings below? I'll not exempt some Times and Men from Blame, For Priests of all Religions are the same;

<sup>\*</sup> Gregory VII. Pope, and Henry IV. Emperor. Anno 1080.

No not the Panther, nor thy harmless Hind; Full Power is of the persecuting Kind.

Unhappy Regions, Italy and Spain, Under the Myter'd Tyrants double Reign, Where Fire and Sword, Church-unity maintain. Rome, once the gentlest Mistris of Mankind, That Arms exalted, or that Arts refin'd; Whose conquering Eagles travel'd with the Sun, And a like Race of deathless Glory run, One spreading Vertue, and the other Light Through every Region in their prosprous Flight; Nobly she fought, to Conquer, not Enslave, And won Renown, but Peace and Plenty gave; To injur'd Kings their Empire she renew'd, And lawless Tyrants with just Arms pursu'd, Improving still what ever she subdu'd; Is now coetent, under a Sp'ritual Head, And petty Dukes from his Corruption bred, Poorly to languish in inglorious Peace. Rebel to Honour, and mean Slave to Ease. The Fruitful Regions of all Italy Unpeopl'd, unmanur'd, deserted lie. Nature in vain pours forth her various Store. Rich is the Soil, but the vext Country poor, While Prince or Priest their Industry devour. So the Jackal upon the Lyon waits, And what he leaves, the hungry Vermin eats. These are the Blessings that she now enjoys, Under a Tyrant of the Conclave's Choice, Where French, or Spanish Pistols sway the Voice. Thy noble Lyon do's bought Converts hate, But Hope's a Bribe, Preferment is a Bait, And mighty Bleffings on all Converts wait; Valiant they grow, and in an instant Wife, And what their Nature wants, their Faith supylys. One of these rising things who wou'd not be, That were neglected, scorn'd, decay'd like thee?

Thy \* Panther next appears, Spotted 'tis true,
But like thy Hind, of a Celestial hew.
Her generous Lyon how can she offend,
Whose Sons and Writings for his Power contend?
Her Duty, Casar and her God divide,
Allowing no Supremacy beside.
When expert Huntsmen had the Wood beset,
All Arts, all Instruments of Ruin met;
Some at his Life, some aiming at his Crown,
None cou'd prevent his Fall, but Heaven alone:
(Tho well content thy Hind shou'd be ensured)
Her Loyal Sons, thy generous Lion spared;
Th' Exclusive Bill in the Lords House they damn'd,
Pulpit and Press against the Act exclaim'd,

Not so the Clergy of too Jealous Rome, Look'd on the Right of + Henry to come; Lest o'er the Flock one Heretick should reign, Popes with the League, the League combines with Spain. They level their Church-Thunder at his Crown, Bishops and Nobles must their King disown, Or else involv'd in the same Sentence lie, The last effect of Spiritual Tyranny. The League with Spanish Arms their King oppose; And Zeal unites, whom Nature had made Foes; Ten thousand men th' Italian Clergy send, That might their Choice of a new King defend. Our Church not thinks the Heart can go along With Prayers utter'd in an unknown Tongue, No more than how old Women can do harm With barbarous words repeated in a Charm: Nor from the Vulgar do's the Word conceal, But opens wide to all that Heavenly Weal, Where in plain words all faving Doctrines dwell. All necessary Truths are short and clear, She and th' Apostle bids us seek 'um there.

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<sup>\*</sup> Church of England. + The 4th of France.

Finding no Track of an unerring Guide, She fets Rome's haughty Plea to it aside; Exacts no lewd Confession to a Priest, Lodging our fecret Sins in others Breafts, A burden which the Primitive Church declin'd, And which long after \* Innocent enjoin'd, When first he Transubstantiation coin'd. She makes no Saints, nor Pictures to adore, Obeys her Maker, and enquires no more: He Images forbid in Sacred Writ, She fears the nice distinctions of your Wit; Nor will Doulis nor Latria truft, But to the plain and Sacred Text be just. The Godhead's every where, we know not how, Such real Presence all of us allow; But that we eat his Flesh, or drink his Blood, Is neither meant, believ'd nor understood. So Jews, when their Old-Feasts they celebrate, Call 'um the bitter Herbs their Fathers eat; Not literally those which they did tast, When by their Gates th' avenging Angel past; But fuch as were in after-times delign'd To bring that great Deliverance to their mind. From purging Flames, no Masses for the Dead At a fet Price are in our Churches faid, Nor act we Scriptures which all ought to read. Your antient Doctrines we indeed reject, But 'tis when elder Truths they contradict. Of new Opinions thus we stand accus'd, While we revive the Old too much abus'd. Our Reformation's new, it is confest, But our Religion is as old as Christ's. The Ifraelites when out of Egypt led, By Wonders rescu'd, and by Wonders sed,

In the 4th Lateran Council, 1215.

Did not the Substance of the Calf adore, Which was but their own Gold and Rings before. Under that Figure they ador'd their God, Who gave such Virtue to the facred Rod; Created Locufts, that devour'd their Corn, And smote thro Pharoab's Kingdom the first-Born; Made the Red-Sea retire on either fide, Banish her rolling Waves, absent her Tide; While they upon her fandy Bosom trod, To Mortal men a new Impervious Road. Yet God those fly Idolaters abhor'd, And in their Calf disdain'd to be ador'd. Scarce holy Mofes cou'd his Wrath allwage, Obtain their Pardon, and disarm his Rage; Yet they directed their Intention right, The Calf but brought their God before their fight; What pleads thy Hind more than these Wretches (might?)

The Wolf and Bear too lately she escap'd, In their rough Paws to be again entrap'd; They but for fook her for refembling thee, Worst Foe to man's and Christian's Liberty; O Hind unchang'd! but'tis in Cruelty. To their mistaken sight she did appear No Panther, but a fort of spotted Deer, That might, when past the Glorys of her Prime, Grow grey with Age, and become white in time; They thought unlighted Tapers useless things, Abfurd as Altars without Offerings; That Real Presence might grow Corporal, And Men from Kneeling to Adoring fall. Tho she resemble thee alas too much, With Joy they find the never will be fuch; She like a Loving Spoule endur'd it long, And much abus'd, diffembled with the Wrong;

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Till driven from the Table, fhe withdrew, Forc'd from the Board, she left the Houshold too; And never will the odious Tye renew. Where is it said a Priest shall have no Wife? Where's the command for a Monastick Life? Our Wife Creator bid us fill the Land, And shall we yow to break his first Command? Our Sons and Daughters into Convents thrust, And their hot Youth with untam'd Fryers truft? 'Tis true, they pay a fort of forc'd Consent, But Pride and Friends forbid 'em to repent; Like Cowards in a Battel they go on, Asham'd and loth to run away alone; Till tam'd by Custom and benum'd with Age, Like Birds long kept they cannot leave the Cage. A Rofy-colour'd Face Religion shews, This every Convent, and Fat Abby knows. The Pride of Cardinals, what Pen can trace? When they appear, the Royal Blood gives place; They may on Earth but by the Pope be try'd, To kill 'um is a fort of Parricide. This \* Henry found; the Guife unheeded falls, But Bourbons Blood for the Church-Thunder calls; Paris and Orleans reject his Reign, And Sorbon Doctors their Revolt maintain, Affirming that the People Safely might Against their King, when thus excommun'd, fight. See here the boafted Loyalty of Rome, And by their past, expect their Faith to come. Men need not fear how they their Lives pollute, Penance and Fasts kind Father will commute, The Price of Sins they reasonably compute. A tedious Lent th' Arabian Prophet made, But Dispensations were no Eastern Trade;

The 3d of France.

His temperate Law the Joys of Wine abhor'd, When he plurality of Wives restor'd; Wifely forefeeing that Excess might fooil The wish'd Increase of his unpeopled Soil; Indulging thence their Nobler Appetites, His new Religion to the Clime he fits. But Natures Frailtys both alike relieve. The Turks allow but what your Priefts forgive. The Text which bids a Bishop have one Wife, Excuses Luther in his Married Life : Nor has that Sacred Bed fuch Toys of Love. To be mistook for Bacchannals above. Tis true, our Church is to our Ille confin'd, No cruel Swords inforce it on Mankind : No harsh Conversions stain our peaceful Faith, Ours are th' Effects of Charity, not Wrath; While Turks their Errors with their Empire Spread. And from Dragoons our Neighbours learn their Cred Japan and China with your Priests abound, And Mass is said wherever Gain is found. What Swede, what Norway Converts can you boalt? You never trade to any barren Coast. Your Zeal burns dim, benum'd with Northern Cold, But flames and rages in the Climes of Gold. Once for three Years the Church had loft her Head, Princes and Cardinals in no Pope agreed. At length the weary'd Faction with one Voice To Cardinal Dolla left the Sacred Choice. He nam'd himself, defeating all their Hopes, And shew'd us a new way of making Popes. Urban and Clement did the \* World divide ; Scarce forty Years cou'd the dark Right decide.

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<sup>\*</sup> Gregory at Rome, Benedict at Avignion, and Alexander chifen at Pisa under Charles the VI. See Mezeray, Tinuanus, and other French Historians. 1409.

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